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Representative English Comedies

FROM THE BEGINNINGS

TO

SHAKESPEARE

The
Co.

REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH COMEDIES

WITH INTRODUCTORY ESSAYS AND NOTES

AN HISTORICAL VIEW OF OUR EARLIER COMEDY

AND OTHER MONOGRAPHS

BY VARIOUS WRITERS

UNDER THE GENERAL EDITORSHIP OF

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in the University of California

FROM THE BEGINNINGS TO SHAKESPEARE

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PREFACE

"'Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale . . . nor ginger hot i' the mouth?' Or knowest not that while man, casting the dice with Fate and Mistress Grundy, imagineth a new luck, there shall be new comedy? Why, then, reprint these old?"

In part, because the comedies of a nation are for literature as well as for the footlights, and literature, in most cases, begins after the footlights are out. In part, because old comedies make good reading, not only for lovers of fiction and the stage, but for the student of society and the historian. Until rival forms of literary art began to usurp their function, comedies were — in England, not to speak of other and older lands — the recognized and cherished exponent of the successive phases of contemporary life. For us they still are living sketches of the social manners, morals, vanities, and ideals of generations of our ancestors; history "unbeknownst" as written by contemporaries. Unfortunately, many of these old comedies are inaccessible to the public; and, therefore, we venture to hope that the general reader may find such a collection as the present acceptable, whether he care to enter upon a historical and technical study of the subject or not.

To the student of literary history, however, this series will, we trust, justify its existence for quite another reason. For the aim of this volume and those which will follow is to indicate the development of a literary type by a selection of its representative specimens, arranged in the order of their production and accom-

panied by critical and historical studies. So little has been scien tifically determined concerning evolution or permutation in literatur that the more specific the field of inquiry, the more trustworth are the results attained, — hence the limitation of this research nc merely to a genus like the drama, but to one of its species. Wha is here presented to the public differs from histories of the drama i that it is more restricted in scope and that it substantiates the nar rative of a literary growth by reproducing the data necessary to a induction; it differs from editions of individual plays and drama tists, on the other hand, because it attempts to concatenate its text by a running commentary upon the characteristics of the specie under consideration as they successively appear. It is an illustrated if not certified, history of English comedy.

The plays, in this series called representative, have been chose primarily for their importance in the history of comedy, generall also for their literary quality, and, when possible, for their practica dramatic, or histrionic value. Of the studies accompanying them some are special, such as those dealing with the several authors an plays; some general, the monographs upon groups or movements and the sketch introductory to the volume. The essay prefator to a play includes, when possible, an outline of the dramatist's life, concise history of his contribution to comedy, with reference, whe appropriate, to his productions in other fields, an estimate of hi output in its relation to the national, social, literary, and technica development of the type in question, and to such foreign move ments and influences as may be cognate, and, finally, an expositio and criticism of the play presented. By the insertion in prope chronological position of occasional monographs, it is intended t represent minor dramatists or groups of the same school, period, c movement, — sometimes, indeed, an author of exceptional impor tance, — in such a way that the historical continuity of the specie

may be as evident in its minor manifestations as in the better known. The general introductions to these volumes will usually attempt to discuss matters of historical interest not covered by the editors of special portions of the work. It has been necessary, therefore, to open the series, in this book, with an historical view of the beginnings of comedy in England. While the various contributors to the enterprise have exercised their individual preferences in matters of literary treatment, judgment, and style, the general editor has attempted to secure the requisite degree of uniformity by requesting each to conform so far as his taste and historical conscience might permit to a common but elastic outline of method previously prepared. If the attempt has succeeded, there has been gained something of continuity and scientific value for the series. The presence, at the same time, of an occasional personal element in the several articles of the history will enhance its value for our dear friend, the good old-fashioned reader, who sets no store by literary science, but judges books by his liking, and likes to read such judgments of them.

The texts of the comedies presented are, to the best ability of their respective editors, faithful reprints of the best originals; where possible, those published during the authors' lives. Spelling and language have been preserved as they were; but for the convenience of readers, the punctuation and the style of capitals and letters, such as *i*, *j*, *u*, *v*, *s*, have been, unless otherwise specified, conformed to the modern custom.

The general editor regrets that it has not been feasible to preface the series with some of the still earlier experiments in comedy, but he indulges the hope that such a volume may later be added, and, also, that it may soon be possible to publish in its proper proportions the materials which have been condensed into the *Historical View* here submitted. He takes this opportunity to express his

appreciation of the courtesy of the scholars who have engaged with him in this undertaking, and especially to thank Mr. Pollard of the British Museum, and Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson of the Bodleian Library, Professor Gummere, Professor Dowden, and the Master of Peterhouse for assistance, encouragement, and counsel which have contributed to make this labour a delight. Other volumes of this series are well under way, and will follow with all reasonable celerity.

CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY.

University of California,
February 3, 1903.

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An Historical View

OF THE

BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH COMEDY

By Charles Mills Gayley

AN HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH COMEDY

1. Liturgical Fragments, Early Saints' Plays and Parodies

The earliest evidence of dramatic effort in England is to be found in Latin tropes of the Easter service, composed for use in churches at different periods between 967 and the middle of the eleventh century. While these are, of course, serious in nature and function, they interest the historian of comedy because they show that the dramatic spirit was at work among our ancestors before the Anglo-Saxons had passed under the yoke of the Normans. Likewise naturally devoid of comic interest, but of vital importance in the development of a dramatic technique, are certain fragments of liturgical plays, belonging to the library of Shrewsbury School, which were published in 1890 by Professor Skeat.[1] Each of these deals, as an integer, with a crisis in the career of our Lord; and, except for occasional choruses and passages from the liturgy in Latin, the plays are English — the English, in fact, translating and enlarging upon the Latin of the service. Though the manuscript is probably not older than 1400, it is a fragment, as Professor Manly has said, of a series of plays of much earlier date, which were "performed in a church on the days and in the service celebrating events of which the plays treat."[2] These fragments are of great importance as constituting a link between the dramatic tropes of the tenth and eleventh centuries and the scriptural pageants presented at a later period outside the church: first by the clergy, with the assistance, perhaps, of townspeople (as may have been the case when a Resurrection play was given in the churchyard of St. John's, Beverley, about 1220); afterward by the civic authorities and the several gilds when church plays had come to be acted commonly in the streets, that is, after the reinstitution of the feast of Corpus Christi in 1311.

The existence of tropes at a period earlier than that in which mention is made of plays based upon the miracles of the saints appears to me to negative Professor Ten Brink's conjecture that in the development of our sacred drama legendary subjects preceded the biblical. Indeed, the fact that dramas on

[1] In *The Academy*, January 11, 1890.

[2] Manly, *Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama*, vol. I., p. xxvii; for examples of dramatic tropes from the *Regularis Concordia Monachorum* and the Winchester troper see p. xix–xxvi.

subjects both biblical and legendary, and of a technique even more highly developed than that of the Shrewsbury, were, as early as 1160, produced for liturgical functions in France, not only by Frenchmen, but by one Hilarius, who was presumably an Englishman, favours the opinion that the earliest saints' plays in England, also, were as frequently derived from scriptural as from legendary sources. It is, moreover, likely that the first saints' plays on legendary subjects in England of which we have record were neither the first of their kind in the period attributed to their presentation, nor a notable advance in dramatic art when they were presented. There is nothing in the earliest record of a legendary saint's play, the miracle of St. Katharine, presented by Geoffrey, afterwards Abbot of St. Albans, at Dunstable about 1100, to warrant the inference that it was a novelty, even at that date. Since Geoffrey was at the time awaiting a position as schoolmaster, he was probably within his function, *de consuetudine magistrorum et scholarum*,[1] when he produced the play; and it is to be noticed that when Matthew of Paris writes concerning the matter, about 1240, he appears to be much more interested in an accident which attended the performance than in the mere composition and presentation of what he calls "some play or other of St. Katharine, of the kind that we *commonly* call Miracles."[2] Indeed, William Fitzstephen, writing some seventy years before Matthew, speaks of such plays of the saints as in his time quite customary. The probabilities are, then, that this first legendary saint's play recorded as acted in England had been preceded by others of its kind, and they in turn by miracles of biblical heroes and by liturgical plays and dramatic tropes of the services of the church.

It is not unreasonable to surmise that this legendary kind of miracle, although sometimes used as part of the church service on the saint's day, and originally possessed of serious features, speedily developed characteristics helpful in the progress of the comic drama. All we know of the St. Katharine play is that it was written for secular presentation at a date when no mention is yet made of the public acting of scriptural plays. The dramatist would, however, be more likely to adorn the useful with the amusing in the preparation of a play not necessarily to be performed within the sacred precincts; and while the technique of the legendary miracle was presumably akin from the first to that of the biblical, it is natural to suppose that the plot was handled with larger imaginative freedom.

But our knowledge of these early saints' plays need not be entirely a matter of surmise. We may form a fair idea of their character from con-

[1] *Non novo quidem instituto, sed de consuetudine*, etc., says Bulæus, *Hist. Univ., Par.* II., 226 (edit. 1665); Collier, *English Dramatic Poetry, and Annals of the Stage*, I. 14.

[2] In his *Lives of the Abbots of St. Albans.*

temporary testimony, from the style of the Latin or French saints' plays of the time that have survived, from the nature of the legends dramatized, and from the analogy of contemporary biblical plays. To the *locus classicus* of contemporary testimony in William Fitzstephen's *Life of Thomas à Becket* (1170–82) I have already made reference. Speaking of the theatrical shows and spectacular plays of Rome, the biographer says that "London has plays of a more sacred character — representations of the miracles which saintly confessors have wrought, or of the sufferings whereby the fortitude of martyrs has been displayed." According to this, the *ludi sanctiores*, or marvels, as they seem later to be called,[1] are of two classes: the marvel of the faith that removes mountains, the marvel of the fortitude that endures martyrdom. In either case the saint's play is of the stuff that produces comedy; for, whether the miracles are active or passive, the Christian saint and soldier always proceeds victorious, and with increasing merit abides as ensample and intercessor in the church invisible.

This relation of the saint's play to comedy appears the more evident when we read in the *Golden Legend* and elsewhere the histories of the saints who became favourites in English or foreign drama or pageant, — St. Katharine, St. George, St. Susanna, St. Botulf, and the like. In most cases the triumph of the marvel naturally outweighed the terror; and in the one of the few English plays of the purely legendary kind that survives, the *St. George* — degenerate in form and now merely a folk drama — the self-glorification of the saint and the amusing discomfiture and recovery of himself and his foes are the only elements that have outlived the stress of centuries. *The Miracle of St. Nicholas*, written in the middle of the twelfth century, affords still better opportunity of studying the dramatic quality of the kind in question. For the author, Hilarius, wrote also in a like mixture — Latin with French refrains — a scriptural play of Lazarus; and in collaboration with others, but entirely in Latin, a magnificent dramatic history called *Daniel*. These, like the *St. Nicholas*, were adapted to performance in church at the appropriate season in the holy year, and no better illustration can be found of the essential difference between the scriptural or so-called 'mystery' play, on the one hand, and the saint's play, on the other, than is offered by them. The two scriptural plays, stately, reverent, adapted to the solemn and regular ritual of which they are an illustration in the concrete betray not a gleam of humour; the play of the other kind, written as it is for the festival of a jovial saint, leaps *in medias res* with bustle and surprise; and from the speech with which Barbarus entrusts his treasure to the saint even to the last French refrain, after Nicholas has forced the robbers to restitution, we are well over the brink of the comic. By the con-

[1] In the *Household Book*, Henry VII.; Collier, *Hist.*, vol. 1, p. 53 n.

cluding scene, serious and in Latin of the church, setting forth the conversion of the pagan, the feelings of the congregation are restored to the level of the divine service, momentarily interrupted by the comedy but now resumed.

These, and all saints' plays not, like the St. Anne's play, of a cyclic character, were, from the first, dramatic units; they represented a single general plot, generally of a single hero; the action was focussed on the critical period of his life; and a considerable incitement was consequently offered to invention of incident and development of character. A comparative study of the plays concerning St. Nicholas will justify the statement that the dramatist was by way of taking liberties with, or varying, his selection from legend. The Einsiedeln Nicholas play of the twelfth century deals with a different miracle from that dramatized by Hilarius; and of the four Fleury plays of St. Nicholas, probably composed in the same century, the two that deal with these miracles vary the treatment; the other two are on different themes, but all would appear, from the editions which we have of them, to be promising little comedies. The possibilities of this kind of drama are best displayed in still another play of St. Nicholas, written in the vernacular by a Frenchman of Arras, Jean Bodel, about the year 1205. Throwing the traditional legends entirely overboard, he gives his imagination free course with favouring winds of knightly adventure, but over the waters of everyday life. He produces a play at once comic, fanciful, and realistic, the first of its kind — of so excellent a quality that Creizenach says that it would appear as if dramatic poetry were even then well on the way of development from the ecclesiastical model to a romantic kind of art in the style of the later English and Spanish drama: chivalric, fantastic, and realistic.[1]

Unfortunately, other plays of this kind, like the *Theophilus* of Rutebeuf, do not always avail themselves of their chances; but we may in general surmise that such plays in English — and we have evidence of many — contributed as much as the biblical miracle to the cultivation of a popular taste for comedy and the encouragement of inventive power in the handling of dramatic fable. I believe that they contributed more than the pre-Reformation morals, and from an earlier period.

I have said that in all probability there was nothing unusual in the presentation of saints' plays by Hilarius and Geoffrey. Latin plays were not a novelty in the twelfth century, at any rate to men of culture and the church. When we consider the history of the Terentian and Plautine manuscripts, how carefully the former were cherished, and with what appreciation a portion at least of the latter, during the Middle Ages, we cannot but apprehend the extent of their influence, even when unapparent, upon taste, style, and

[1] *Gesch. des neueren Dramas*, I. 141.

thought. Plautus (in whose comedies, with those of Terence, St. Jerome was wont to seek consolation after seasons of strenuous fasting and prayer) was imitated in a *Querolus* and probably a *Geta*, as early as the fourth century ; and Terence was adapted by Hrosvitha in the tenth. We are, therefore, not at all surprised when we find Latin comedy during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries clothing itself through France and Italy in the verdure of another spring. To be sure the new style of production — a declamation by way of dialogue or conversational narrative, in elegiac verse — was not intended for histrionic presentation ; but it was nevertheless of the dramatic *genus ;* little by little the narrative outline dwindled and the mimetic opportunities of the speaker were emphasized. His success was measured by his skill in representing diverse characters merely by changes of voice, countenance, and gesture. He is the impersonator in transition to the actor. These elegiac comedies indicate the continuing influence of Latin comedy upon the literary creativity of the day ; they furnish, besides, both the material for the regular drama that was coming, and the taste by which it should be controlled. I am, indeed, of the opinion that from this source the farce interludes of England, France, and Italy drew much of their content during the next three centuries, and that the saint's plays of that period, at least those in Latin, derived therefrom their dramatic technique. The revival of Latin comedy during the twelfth century was partly by way of adaptations, as in the dramatic poems of Vitalis of Blois ; partly of independent productions, fashioned upon classical models but dealing with *contes*, *fabliaux* or *novelle* of contemporary quality. Of the latter kind the more interesting examples upon the continent were the *Alda* of William of Blois, and two elegiac poems, perhaps Italian, of lovers and go-betweens, — a graceful and passionate comedy of *Pamphilus* and a dramatic version by one Jacobus of the intrigue, so dear to mediæval satirists, between priest and labourer's wife. The subject and treatment of the last of these suggest, at once, a kinship with an *Interludium de Clerico et Puella* in English of the end of the thirteenth century, and with an earlier English story from which that is derived ; also with Heywood's much later play of *Johan*. That there was a Latin elegiac comedy in England during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, — comedy of domestic romance with all or some of the characters common to the kind — youth and maid, wife and paramour, enamoured cleric, faithless husband, cuckold, enraged father, parasite, slave, go-between, and double, — is rendered probable by the survival of two such poems, one of which bears internal evidence of its origin in England, while the only manuscripts extant of the other were found in that country. The first lacks a title, but has been called the *Baucis* after the manipulator of the intrigue, a procuress ; the second is named *Babio* for the unhappy hero who is at one

and the same time fooled by his wife whom he doesn't love, and his step-daughter whom he does. Both comedies display the influence of classical Latin, but the latter sparkles with the humour and spontaneity of the comedy of contemporary life.[1]

I agree, therefore, with Dr. Ward that the burden of proof is with those who assert that the Latin comedy of the Middle Ages made no impression upon the earlier drama of England. That the former was one of the tributaries of the farce interlude and the principal source of the romantic play of domestic intrigue I have no doubt whatever. And, considering the influx of French clerics and culture during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, and the French affiliations of Geoffrey of St. Albans and Hilarius, our earliest recorded writers of saints' plays, not to speak of the latinity of our Maps, Wirekers, and other scholars of Henry II.'s reign, and their familiarity with the literature of the Continent, which was Latin, — it would be unreasonable to assume that the authors of our saints' plays, whether in Latin or not, did not derive something of their technique from the elegiac comedies of their contemporary latinists in France and England, or indeed from the adaptations of Plautus and Terence in previous centuries, or from the originals themselves.

When the religious drama passed into the hands of the crafts, it carried with it such individual plays, of both scriptural and legendary kinds, as were suitable to the collective character which it was assuming. The Corpus Christi, Whitsuntide, Easter, or Christmas cycle, though it aimed to illustrate sacred history and so justify God's ways to man, drew its materials, not only from the scriptures of the canon, but from the Apocrypha, the pseudo-Gospels, and mediæval legends of scriptural and sometimes non-scriptural saints. There was no real ground for distinction, and there is none now, dramatic or didactic, between the non-scriptural stories of scriptural characters, St. Joseph, and St. Thomas, stories of the Death, Assumption, and Coronation of the Virgin, stories of St. Paul and St. Mary Magdalene, which happened to be absorbed into this or the other miracle cycle, and the non-scriptural stories of extra-biblical saints in plays which have retained their independence : that of Nicholas, for instance, or of Katharine or Laurence or Christina, except that these and their heroes are concerned with events later than those which conclude the earthly career of our Lord and of the Virgin Mary. All religious historical plays, biblical or legendary, cyclic or independent, of events contemporaneous with, or subsequent to, the scriptural, were miracles, properly so called by our forefathers ; and as the didactic intent of the species waned, one

[1] See Wright's *Early Mysteries*, etc., Klein's *Geschichte des Dramas*, III. 638 *et seq.*, Creizenach, *Gesch. d. n. Dramas*, I. 37 *et seq.* Quadrio speaks in his *Storia*, III. ii. 52, of a Pietro Babyone, an Englishman, who, according to Bale, wrote a Latin comedy in verse, *c.* 1366.

was as likely as another to develop material for amusement. Indeed, the authors of the *Manuel des Pechiez* and *The Handlynge Synne*, — the preacher of that fourteenth-century attack upon miracle plays which has been preserved in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, — these, and Chaucer, Langland, and Wyclif make no distinction between miracles of the central mystery from the Old and New Testaments and miracles worked and suffered by saints, whether legendary or biblical. The distinction, if any, made by them, is between miracles acted to further belief by priests and clerks in orders in the church, and those acted for amusement by these or by laymen in the streets and on the greens. And it is safe to say that as soon as a play became more amusing than edifying, it fell under the censure of the church. This happened as early as 1210, when a decretal of Innocent III. forbade the acting of *ludi theatrales* in churches. Indeed much earlier, for Tertullian and St. Augustine and the Councils had consistently condemned the performances of *histriones*, *mimi*, *lusores*, and others who perpetuated the traditions of the pagan Roman stage. In 1227 the Council of Treves took such action. Gregory IX. attempted to put a stop to the growing participation of the clergy, "lest the honour of the church should be defiled by these shameful practices." [1] And during the succeeding decades more than one Synod issued orders of the same tenor. Now, even though it is practically certain that these fulminations were directed against perversions of divine worship, mock festivals and profane plays with the monstrous disguisings or mummings involved,[2] there is also no doubt that the prohibition came speedily to apply to the use of masks and other disguises in sacred plays, and then to the presentation of plays in church for any other than devotional purposes. Such for instance was the *animus* with which William of Wadington, in the *Manuel des Pechiez*, about 1235, called attention to the scandal of the foolish clergy who, in disguise, acted miracles *'ky est defendu en decré.'* To play the Resurrection in church, *pur plus aver devociun*, was permissible ; but to gather assemblies in the streets of the cities after dinner, when fools more readily congregate, that was a sacrilege. At this early date, we may be sure that the kind of drama which was extruded from the church had already invested such of its subjects as were biblical or legendary with the realistic and comic qualities which made for popularity, and so was fitting itself for adoption by the crafts. Indeed, we are told by a thirteenth-century historian of the Church of York,[3] that, at a date which must be set near 1220, there was a representation *as usual* of the Lord's Ascension by masked performers, in words and acting ; and that a large

[1] Ward, I. 52.

[2] Creizenach, I. 101.

[3] Historians of the Church of York, Rolls Series, No. 71, i. 328. Quoted by A. F. Leach in *Some English Plays and Players*, Furnivall Miscellany, p. 206.

crowd of both sexes was assembled, led there by different impulses, *some by mere pleasure and wonder*, others for a religious purpose. This was the play in the churchyard of St. John's, Beverley, to which I have referred before. The *miracula* of the story cited by Wright[1] and conjecturally assigned to the thirteenth century, had also passed beyond the sheer didactic stage, for the auditors, who resorted to the spectacle in the "meadow above the stream," expressed their appreciation *nunc silentes nunc cachinnantes*. When, after the reinstitution of the festival of Corpus Christi, in 1311, these plays began to be a function of the gilds, their secularization, even though the clerks still participated in the acting, was but a question of time; and the occasional injection of crude comedy was a natural response to the civic demand. It would be erroneous, however, to imagine that the church abandoned the drama when the town took it up: the church maintained a liturgical drama, in some places, until well into the sixteenth century; and as late as 1572 individual clergymen are condemned for playing interludes in churches.[2]

If the writers of saints' plays, with their attempt to satisfy the yearning for ideal freedom which is natural in all times and places, took, in their fictions of the religious-marvellous, a step towards what may be called romantic comedy, — a step no less important, though nowadays often unnoticed, was taken toward the comedy of ridicule, satire, and burlesque, at a date quite as remote, by the contrivers of religious parodies. It is curious, though not at all unnatural, that some of the earliest efforts at comic entertainment should proceed from the revolt against ecclesiastical formality and constraint. I cannot in this place do more than remind the reader of the antiquity of three of the most notable of these dramatic travesties: the Feast of Fools, the election of the Boy Bishop, and the Feast of the Ass. The first of these was celebrated on the Continent as early as 1182, one may say with reasonable certainty, 990. It is indeed more than a conjecture that the Feasts of Fools and the Ass inherited the license of the Roman Saturnalia, the season and spirit of which were assimilated by the Christian Feast of the Nativity. Whether adopted by the church in its effort to conciliate paganism, or tolerated for reasons of secular policy, these mock-religious festivals were soon the Frankenstein of Christianity; and it was doubtless against them rather than the seductions of the sacred drama that most of the ecclesiastical prohibitions of the Middle Ages were aimed. With its necessary comic accessories, the Feast of Fools was well established in England before 1226, and it was still flourishing in 1390 when Courtney forbade its performance in London. "The vicars," he said, "and clerks dressed like laymen, laughed, shouted,

[1] In Supp. Dods. *Old Plays*, Introd. to *Chester Plays*, ix.; *Latin Stories*, p. 100.
[2] *An Answer to a Certain Libel*, &c., in Collier, II. 73.

and acted plays which they commonly and fitly called the Feast of Fools." They travestied the dignitaries of the church, they turned the service inside out, put obscenity for sanctity and blasphemy for prayer. While it does not appear that in England, as on the Continent,[1] the procession of the Boy Bishop was attended with frivolity or profanity, it was certainly celebrated with mummings and plays of suitable kind, not altogether serious. This ceremony dates as far back as St. Nicholas day, 1229, and was still to the fore in 1556. The Feast of the Ass appears to have been recognized by the church as early as the Feast of Fools. I do not know when it was introduced into England, but it was played upon Palm Sunday as late as the middle of the sixteenth century. In France it had been notoriously wanton since the beginning of the thirteenth; and it could not exist anywhere without promoting the spirit of burlesque and farce. Although the initial purpose of these festivals was to satirize the hierarchy and ecclesiastical convention, they applied themselves after they had been repudiated by the church to the ridicule of social folly in general; and, according to the descriptions of Warton, Douce, Hone, Klein, Petit de Julleville, and others, they came to be a vivid interpreter of the popular consciousness, a most potent educator of critical insight and dramatic instinct, an incitement to artistic even though naïve productivity. In France, indeed, the Fraternities of Fools produced national satirists and dramatic professionals in one. In England, if they did nothing else, they helped to stimulate a taste for realistic and satiric drama.

2. The Miracle Cycles in their Relation to Comedy

Miracle plays and 'marvels,' morals too as we soon shall see, were a propædeutic to comedy rather than tragedy. For the theme of these dramas is, in a word, Christian: the career of the individual as an integral part of the social organism, of the religious whole. So also, their aim: the welfare of the social individual. They do not exist for the purpose of portraying immoderate self-assertion and the vengeance that rides after, but rather the beauty of holiness or the comfort of contrition. Herod, Judas, and Antichrist are foils, not heroes. The hero of the miracle seals his salvation by accepting the spiritual ideal of the community. These plays contribute in a positive manner to the maintenance of the social organism. The tragedies of life and literature, on the other hand, proceed from secular histories, histories of personages liable to disaster because of excessive peculiarity, — of person or

[1] As early as 1304 in Hamburg: Meyer, *Gesch. d. hamburg. Schul- und Unterrichtswesens im Mittelalter*, s. 197: cited in Creizenach, I. 391.

position. Whether the rank of the tragic hero be elevated or mean, he is unique: his desire is overweening, his frailty irremediable, or his passion unrestrained, — his peril unavoidable; and in his ruin not the principal only, but seconds and bystanders, are involved. Tragedy, then, is the drama of Cain, of the individual in opposition to the social, political, divine; its occasion is an upheaval of the social organism.

While the dramatic tone of the miracle cycle is determined by the conservative character of Christianity in general, the nature of the several plays is modified by the relation of each to one or other of the supreme crises in the career of our Lord. The plays leading up to, and revolving about, the Nativity, are of happy ending, and were doubtless regarded, by authors and spectators, as we regard comedy. The murder of Abel, at first sombre, gradually passes into the comedy of the grotesque. The massacre of the innocents emphasizes, not the weeping of a Rachel, but the joyous escape of the Virgin and the Child. In all such stories the horrible is kept in the background or used by way of suspense before the happy outcome, or frequently as material for mirth. Upon the sweet and joyous character of the pageants of Joseph and Mary and the Child it is unnecessary to dwell. They are of the very essence of comedy. The plays surrounding the Crucifixion and Resurrection are, on the other hand, specimens of the serious drama, the tragedy averted. It would hardly be correct to say tragedy; for the drama of the cross is a triumph. In no cycle does the *consummatum est* close the pageant of the Crucifixion; the actors announce, and the spectators believe, that this is "goddis Sone," whom within three days they shall again behold, though he has been "nayled on a tree unworthilye to die." By this consideration, without doubt, the horror of the buffeting and the scourging, the solemnity of the passion, the inhuman cruelty — but not the awe — of the Crucifixion, were mitigated for the spectators. Otherwise, mediæval as they were, they could have taken but little pleasure in the realism with which their fellows presented the history of the Sacrifice.

To indulge in a comprehensive discussion of the beginnings of comedy in England would be pleasant, but I find that I cannot compel the materials into the limits at my command. Accordingly, since the miracle cycles (to which Dodsley, following the French, gave the convenient, but un-English and somewhat misleading, name of 'mysteries') have been more frequently and generously treated by historians than those other miracles, non-scriptural, which I would call 'marvels,' and the no less important popular festival plays and early farces, and 'morals' or moral and 'mery' interludes, it seems that, in favour of the latter, I should defer much that might be said about the cycles until a more spacious occasion.

The manuscript of the York plays appears to have been made about 1430–40; that of the Wakefield, or so-called Towneley, toward the end of the same century; the larger part of the N-town, or so-called Coventry, in 1468; and the manuscripts of the Chester between 1591 and 1607. The last are, however, based upon a text of the beginning of the fifteenth or the end of the fourteenth century; and there is good reason to believe that some of the plays were in existence during the first half of the fourteenth. A tradition, suspicious but not yet wholly discredited, assigns their composition to the period 1267–76. The York cycle, according to Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, was composed between 1340 and 1350. As to the Towneley plays, Mr. Pollard decides that they were built in at least three distinct stages, covering a period of which the limits were perhaps 1360 and 1410. While the composition of the so-called Coventry (apparently acted by strolling players) may in general be assigned to the first half of the fifteenth century, some parts give evidence of earlier date. The authenticated dates of the representation of miracles in Coventry, 1392–1591, I prefer to attribute not to this N-town cycle, but to the Coventry Gild plays, two of which still exist.[1] They possess no special importance for our present purpose. The Newcastle Shipwrights' Play is the much battered survivor of a cycle that was in existence in 1426. The Ms. of the three Digby plays of interest to us is assigned by Dr. Furnivall to the latter half of the fifteenth century. The subject of the first of them, the *Killing of the Children*, is of early dramatic use, and the treatment of the poltroon knight corresponds suggestively with Warton's account of the Christmas play given by the English bishops at the Council of Constance in 1417. The two Norwich pageants which survive are by no means naïve: they were touched up, if not written, during the second third of the sixteenth century.

Other cycle plays which might be enumerated must be omitted, with the exception of the Cornish. These were written in Cymric, apparently somewhat before 1300. They are suggestive to the historian of comedy particularly because they yield no faintest glimmer of a smile, save at their exquisite credulity and unconsciousness of art. They are a noble instance of the sustained seriousness of the scriptural cycle in its early, if not its original, popular stage, and, also, of that familiar handling of the sacred that prepares the way for the liberty of the comic.

In approaching the English miracle plays we notice that, as in the Cornish, the earliest secular form of the older cycles was principally, if not entirely, serious. Reasons which I cannot stay to enumerate prove that comic plays

[1] The Shearmen and Taylors' Pageant, from the *Annunciation* to the *Flight into Egypt* (Ms., 1533), and the Weavers' Pageant of the *Presentation in the Temple*.

in the older cycles are not of the original series, and that humorous passages in plays of the older series are of later interpolation. Now, so far as the direct effect upon the comedy of Heywood, Greene, and Shakespeare is concerned, it may appear to some of no particular importance in what order the cycles in general were composed or the plays within the cycles. But the Tudor dramatists did not make their art, they worked with what they found, and they found a dramatic medium of expression to which centuries and countless influences had contributed. An extended study of the beginnings of English comedy should determine, so far as possible, the relative priority, not only of cycles, but of the comic passages within the cycles: what each composition has contributed to the enfranchisement of the comic spirit and the development of the technical factors of the art; to what extent each has expressed or modified the realistic, satirical, romantic, or humorous view of life, and in what ways each has reflected the temper of its time, the manners and the mind of the people that wrote, acted, and witnessed. If I arrange the plays that bear upon the development of comedy according to my conclusions regarding priority of composition, the order, broadly stated for our present rapid survey, is as follows: first, the Cornish and the Old Testament portions of the Chester and Coventry; then the productions of the second and third periods of the York, and, closely following these, the crowning efforts of the Towneley; then the New Testament plays of the Chester and Coventry; and, finally, the surviving portions of the cycles of Digby and Newcastle. This order, which is roughly historical, has the advantage, as I perceive after testing it, of presenting a not unnatural sequence of the æsthetic values or interests essential to comedy: first, as a full discussion would reveal, the humour of the incidental; then of the essential or real, and, gradually, of the satirical in something like their order of appearance within the cycles; afterwards, the accession of the romantic, the wonderful, the allegorical, the mock-ideal; and, finally, of the scenic and sensational.

Of the significant lack of humour in the Cornish plays I have already spoken. I find, though I may not stay to illustrate, a livelier observation and a superior faculty of characterization and construction in the early comic art of Chester than in that of Coventry, but in both a cruder sense of the humour of incident than in the other English cycles. In the York cycle there are fewer situations that may be called purely comic than in the Chester, and none of these occurs in the oldest plays of the series; but for its other contributions to dramatic art and its relation to the remarkable productions of the Wakefield or Towneley school of comedy it deserves special attention. A comparative study of its versification, phraseology and dramatic technique, leads me to the conclusion that the original didactic kernel of the York cycle was en-

larged and enriched during two well-defined periods, which may be termed the middle and the later, and that there was at least one playwright in each of these periods or schools who distinctly made for the development of English comedy. Of the middle period, to which belong *Cain*, *Noah*, and the *Shepherds' Plays*, the playwright or playwrights are characterized by an unsophisticated humour; the distinctive playwright of the later or realistic period is marked by his observation of life, his reproduction of manners, his dialogue, and the plasticity of his technique. That the later school or period, to which belongs a group of half a dozen plays[1] gathering about *The Dream of Pilate's Wife*, and *The Trial before Herod*, was, moreover, influenced by the manner of its predecessor is indicated by the fact that of its two most efficient stanzaic forms one, namely that used in *The Conspiracy*, is anticipated (though in simpler iambic beat) by that of *Noah*, the typical play of the middle, that is the first comic, school,[2] while the other, of which the variants are found in *The Mortificacio* and *The Second Trial*, has its germ more probably in *The Cayme* of that same school than in any other of the middle or of the earlier plays.[3] With these two stanzaic forms the later group, so far as we may conclude from the mutilated condition of the surviving plays, seems to experiment; and the second of them, that of the *Mortificacio*, may be regarded as the final and distinctive outcome of York versification. To the leading playwrights of each of these schools, — the former the best humorist, the latter the best realist, of the York drama, — to these anonymous composers of the most facile and vivid portions of the York cycle our comedy owes a still further debt; for from them it would appear that a poet of undoubted genius derived something of his inspiration and much of his method and technique — our first great comic dramatist, the Playwright of Wakefield.

We know that Wakefield actors sometimes played in the Corpus Christi plays of York, and it was only natural that the smaller town should borrow from the dramatic riches of its metropolitan neighbour. We are, therefore, not surprised to find in the Wakefield cycle a number of plays which have been taken bodily from the York cycle.[4] None of these is in the distinctive stanzaic form of which we have just spoken; but imbedded in certain other

[1] V. XXVI., XXVIII., XXIX., XXX., XXXI., XXXIII.; probably XXXII. Perhaps this playwright (if we may use the singular) rewrote XXXIV. I think he remodelled XXXV. and XXXVI., in the old metres.

[2] XXVI., *The Conspiracy*, and IX., *Noah*, — a b a b a b a b^4 c d c c c d^3.

[3] XXXVI., *The Mortificacio*, — a b a b b c b c^3 *d*^{1} e e e^2 d^3.
VII., *The Cayme*, — a b a b b c^4 *d*^{1} b c c^4 *d*^{2}.

[4] Y. XI., W. VIII.; Y. XXII., W. XVIII.; Y. XXXVII., W. XXV.; Y. XXXVIII., W. XXVI.; Y. XLVIII., W. XXX. For particulars see Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith, Pollard, Hohlfeld's *Die Altenglischen Kollektivmisterien*, Anglia XI.

Wakefield plays[1] that in other respects show marks of derivation from earlier and discarded portions of the York cycle, we find occasional affiliated forms of the distinctive later York strophe evidently in a transitional period of its development. We find, furthermore, passages in this transitional York strophe side by side with Wakefield stanzas which display the strophe in a more highly artistic technique than anything found in the York.[2] The writer of the perfected York-Wakefield stanza, such as appears in the Towneley plays, must have, consciously or unconsciously, been influenced by the middle and later York schools of dramatic composition. This fully developed outcome of the distinctive York stanza of the later school is found in the guise of a nine-line stanza in certain Towneley plays which we see reason for attributing to a Wakefield genius, and which we shall presently consider. Suffice it in this place to say that of the Wakefield stanza the first four lines, when resolved, according to their internal rhymes, into separate verses, run thus : a b a b a b a b^2. If to this we add the *cauda*, our stanza runs a b a b a b a b^2 c^1 d d d^2 c^2. Sometimes, indeed, a three-accented line occurs among the first eight, showing the more plainly that this thirteen-line stanza of Wakefield (though set down in nine lines) is a variant or derivative of the thirteen-line York XXXVI., — a b a b b c b c^3 d^1 e e e^2 d^3. And that in itself is, as I have already said, a refinement upon the fourteen-line stanza of the earlier comic school of York, as used in the *Noah*. Whether the rapid beat and frequently recurring rhyme of the Wakefield are a conscious elaboration of the York or a happy find or accident, the stanzaic result is an accurate index to the superiority in spirit and style achieved over their congeners of York by these comedies of Wakefield.

Now, the contiguity of what is undoubtedly borrowed from the York with what is imitated from it and what is elaborated upon it, is strong proof of a conscious relation between these Wakefield productions and those of York ; and since the work of the poet, especially the provincial poet, was in those days (though verse forms, like air, are free to all) likely to be cast in a fixed mould — his favourite metrical and strophaic medium, there is at any rate a possibility that the plays and portions of plays in the Wakefield cycle, written in this fully developed and distinctive stanza, were the work of one man. When we examine the contents of the plays and their style, we find that the possibility becomes more than a probability, practically a certainty ; and that

[1] Such as stanza 57 in Wakefield XXIX. *Ascension*, and 97–100 in Wakefield XX. *Conspiracy*.

[2] Cf. stanzas 1 to 4 with those that follow in Wakefield XXII., *Fflagellacio* ; and stanza 6 of Wakefield XXIV. with those that precede it ; and stanza 58 of Wakefield XXIX. with stanza 57.

being so, I can hardly deem it an accident that the most dramatic portions of the Wakefield cycle show so close an external resemblance to the best comic and realistic portions of the York. It is, then, with something of the interest in an individual, not a theory, that one may segregate the plays and bits of plays bearing this metrical stamp, look for the personality behind them, and attempt to discover the relation of the Wakefield group of comedies to its forerunners of York.

The Wakefield cycle is still in flux when its distinctive poet-humorist takes it in hand. Insertions in his nine-line stanza are found in one[1] of the five plays derived from the York cycle. Of the two plays which show a general resemblance to a corresponding York, one[2] is in this stanza, and to the other[3] a dozen of the stanzas are prefixed. The *Fflagellacio* (XXII.), the second half of which is an imitation, sometimes loose, sometimes literal, of York XXXIV. (*Christ Led up to Calvary*), opens with twenty-three of these stanzas, — nearly the whole of the original part. One of them, No. 25, is, by the way, based upon stanza 2 of that part of York XXXIV. which is *not* taken over by the Wakefield play. In the Wakefield *Ascension* (XXIX.), which adapts, but in no slavish manner, a few passages from the York (XLIII.), we find two of this playwright's nine-line stanzas ;[4] and in the Wakefield *Crucifixion* (XXIII.), which has some slight reminiscence of York XXXV. and XXXVI., we find one. In that part of the Wakefield less directly, or not at all, connected with the York cycle, four whole plays,[5] the *Processus Noe*, the two *Shepherds' Plays*, and the *Buffeting*, and occasional portions of other plays[6] are written in this stanza. This contribution in the nine-line stanza amounts to approximately one-fourth of the cycle ; and, allowing for modifications due to oral and scribal transmission, is of one language and phraseology. Not merely the identity of stanza and diction, however, leads one to suspect an identity of authorship ; but the prevalence in all these passages, and not in others, of spiritual characteristics in approximately the same combination, — realistic and humorous qualities singularly suitable to the development of a vigorous national comedy. "If any one," says Mr. Pollard, "will read these plays together, I think he cannot fail to feel that they are all the work of the same writer, and that this writer deserves to be ranked — if only we knew his name ! — at least as high as Langland, and as an exponent of a rather boisterous kind of humour had

[1] XXX. *Judicium*, stanzas 16 to 48, 68 to 76.
[2] XVI. *Herod*.
[3] XX. *a*, *Conspiracy*.
[4] Stanza 57 might just as well be arranged like stanza 58.
[5] III., XII., XIII., XXI.
[6] Minor passages in the nine-line stanza are II., 35, 36; XXIV., 1–5, 56–59; XXVII., 4. Passages in a closely similar stanza are XXII., 1–4; XXIII., 2; XXVII., 30.

no equal in his own day." And, speaking of the *Mactacio Abel*, where we lack the evidence of identity of metre, this authority continues, "The extraordinary youthfulness of the play and the character of its humour make it difficult to dissociate it from the work of the author of the *Shepherds' Plays*, and I cannot doubt that this, also, at least in part, must be added to his credit." [1]

To this conclusion I had come before reading Mr. Pollard's significant introduction to the *Towneley Plays*; and I may say that I had suspected the Wakefield master in the *Processus Talentorum* as well; for though, with the exception of some insertions, the stanzaic form of that pageant is not his favourite, the humour, dramatic method, and phraseology of the whole are distinctly reminiscent of him. In the revising and editing of the Wakefield cycle as he found it this playwright was brought into touch with the York schools of comic and realistic composition. What he derived from them and what he added may be gathered from a comparative view of the related portions of these cycles. That, however, I must defer until another time. The best of his plays are of course the *Noe* and the *Secunda Pastorum*; the latter a product of dramatic genius. It stands out English and alone, with its homespun philosophy and indigenous figures, — Mak and Gyll and the Shepherds, — its comic business, its glow, its sometimes subtle irony, its ludicrous colloquies, its rural life and manners, its naïve and wholesome reverence: with these qualities it stands apart from other plays of cycles foreign or native, and in its dramatic anticipations, postponements, and surprises is our earliest masterpiece of comic drama. A similar dramatic excellence characterizes all this poet's plays, as well as the insertions made by him in other plays. But he is no more remarkable for his dramatic power than for his sensitive observation and his satire.

Of the realism of his art much might be said. To be sure, we cannot accredit to him the grim photography of certain plays — the preparations for the crucifixion, for instance, which are the counterpart of scenes in the York. But the *Buffeting* proves his power in this direction, and parts of the *Scourging* — each a *genre* picture on a background of horrors. Of conversations caught from the lip those in the second and fourth scenes of the *Processus Noe* are his, and those between the shepherds in *Prima* and *Secunda Pastorum*, — all of them unique. So also the description of the dinners in these *Shepherds' Plays:* the boar's brawn, cow's foot, sow's shank, blood puddings, ox-tail, swine's jaw, the good pie, "all a hare but the loins," goose's leg, pork, partridge, tart for a lord, calf's liver "scored with the verjuice," and good ale of Ely to wash things down. What more seasonable than the afterthought of collecting the broken meats for the poor? what more naïve than the

[1] *The Towneley Plays*, Introd., p. xxii.

night-spell in the name of the Crucified just preceding the angelic announcement of his birth? what more typical of unquestioning faith than the reverence of these "Sely Shepherds" before the Saviour Child, the simplicity and acceptability of their rustic gifts? This is the fresh and sympathetic handling of a well-worn theme. But the Wakefield poet is no sentimentalist: his anger burns as sudden as his pity. Otherwhere genially ironical, it is in his revision of the *Judicium* that he displays his full power as a satirist. Here his hatred of oppression, his scorn of vice and self-love, his contempt of sharp and shady practice in kirk or court, upon the bench, behind the counter, or by the hearth are welded into one and brought to edge and point. He strikes hard when he will, but he has the comic sense and spares to slay. We may hear him chuckling, this Chaucerian "professor of holy pageantry," as he pricks the bubble of fashion, lampoons Lollard and "kyrkchaterar" alike, and parodies the latinity of his age. When his demons speak the syllables leap in rhythmic haste, the rhymes beat a tattoo, and the stanzas hurtle by. Manners, morals, folly, and loose living are writ large and pinned to the caitiff. But the poet behind the satire is ever the same, sound in his domestic, social, political philosophy, constant in his sympathy with the poor and in godly fear.

Though there are comic scenes of some excellence in the later Chester and so-called Coventry plays, they add little to the variety of the Wakefield. I would, however, call attention to a few other comparatively modern, but, generally speaking, contemporaneous, characteristics of these and the remaining cycles: the foreshadowing of the chivalrous-romantic in the Joseph and Mary plays of York, Wakefield, and especially Coventry; of the melodramatic in the wonder and mediæval magic of the York and Chester cycles, and again especially in the Coventry; of the allegorical in the Coventry, and of the burlesque in all cycles when Pride rides for a fall or Cunning is caught in his own snare.

In respect of the sensational, the older cycles are surpassed by the surviving plays of Newcastle and Digby; so also in the increasing complexity of motive and interest. These Digby plays were acted, probably one by one in some midland village from year to year during the latter half of the fifteenth century, and maybe somewhat earlier. They are of interest, not only because they emphasize the sensational element, but because they stand half-way, if not in time, at any rate in spirit and method, between the miracles that we have so far discussed and the moral plays of which we shall presently treat. The Digby *Killing of the Children of Israel* lends a decided impetus to the progress of the comic and secular tendencies of the drama. The Herod brags as usual, but he is artistically surpassed in his *metier* by a certain *miles gloriosus*, the

descendant of Bumbommachides and Sir Launscler Depe, and himself the forerunner of Thersites and Roister Doister, and countless aspirants for knighthood, whose valour "begynnes to fayle and waxeth feynt" under the distaff of an angry wife. Such is the Watkyn of this Digby play. Both here and in the *Conversion of St. Paul*, the joyous element has been enhanced, as Dr. Furnivall points out, by the introduction of dancing and music. In the *Conversion* the charm supplied by the ammoniac Billingsgate of Saul's servant and the ostler adds thrills galore. Saul, "goodly besene in the best wyse, like an aunterous knyth," the thunder and lightning, the persecutor felled to earth, "godhed speking from hevyn," the Holy Ghost, the "dyvel with thunder and fyre" sitting cool upon a "chayre in hell, another devyll with a fyeryng, cryeng and roryng," — the warning angel, Saul's escape, — there is sign enough of invention here. To be sure, these seductions are counterbalanced by a didactic on the Seven Deadly Sins, worthy of a preceding or contemporary moral drama; but that was part of the bargain. The spectacular plays of this group, especially the *Mary Magdalene*, comic and didactic by turns, denote a further advance in a still different direction. They portray character in process of formation: the rejection of former habits and motives, and the adoption of new, the resulting change of conduct, and the growth of personality. From this point of view Mary Magdalene is a figure of as rare distinction in the history of romantic comedy as the Virgin Mary, — perhaps even of greater importance. Interesting as the sensational elements of the play may have been, and novel — the vital novelty here is that of character growing from within. Wonderful as the career of the virgin mother was, — an essential propædeutic to that woman worship which characterizes a broad realm of Christian romance, — her career could never have awakened the peculiar interest, dramatic and humane, that was stirred by the legend so often dramatized of the wayward, tempted, falling, but finally redeemed and sainted Mary of Magdala.

With regard to the transitional character of the Digby plays, it has been maintained that this particular play, combining materials of the biblical miracle and the saint's play or marvel, approaches more nearly than any other of the group to the morals and moral interludes, because of the prominence of the Sensual Sins in the dramatic career of the Magdalene. Professor Cushman, in his excellent thesis on *The Devil and the Vice*, even asserts that the downfall of the heroine, as the result of sensual temptation which is the office of seven personified deadly sins "arayyd lyke vij dylf," is a special 'development' of this play. I can hardly go so far: the church of the Middle Ages, Caxton's *Golden Legend* of 1483, and Voragine's of 1270–90 had already amalgamated the biblical narratives of the Mary of seven devils, Mary

of Bethany, and the woman who was a sinner. In fact, the suggestion of the 'device,' if such was necessary, is contained in seven consecutive lines of Caxton's *Life of the Magdalene*. This biblical and legendary play is, however, undoubtedly well on the way toward the drama of the conflict of good and evil for possession of the human soul. And this appears, as the author just cited has pointed out, when we consider a later work on the same subject, called a Moral Interlude, by Lewis Wager. Although the Seven Deadly Sins no longer figure as such, their place is here supplied by four characters, — Infidelitie the Vice, and his associates, Pride of Life, Cupiditie, and Carnal Concupiscence, — who, arrayed like gallants, instruct the Magdalene in their several follies, and are themselves all "children of Sathan." These later Vices are nothing other than selected Deadly Sins, — the Pride, the Covetyse, and the Lechery of the earlier miracle play.

3. The Dramatic Value of the English Miracle Plays

Taken as a whole, the craft cycle possesses the significance, continuity, and finality requisite to dramatic art; taken in its parts or pageants, however, it presents to the modern reader the appearance of a mosaic, an historical panel picture, or stereopticon show. I set down these words, "the modern reader," because I do not believe that the audience of contemporaries was aware of any break in the sequence of the collective spectacle. This histrionic presentment of the biblical narrative lacked neither motive nor method to the generations of the ages of belief. For them the history of the world was thus unrolled in episodes the opposite of disconnected, — each a hint or sign or sample, a type or antitype of the scheme of salvation, which was itself import and impulse of all history. No serious scene, but was confirmation or prophecy. Characters, institutions, and events of the Old-Testament drama had their *raison d'être* not only in themselves but in the New Testament antitype which each in turn prefigured. No profound theological training was needed to comprehend each symbol and its significance, to esteem all as centring in the Person of history, in the sacrifice and atonement. And still it is largely because historians have failed to appreciate the scriptural training of our ancestors that they have unfairly emphasized the episodic nature of the miracle cycles, at any rate of the English.

The integral quality of the English cycle is infinitely superior to that of the French; and the separate plays are more frequently artistic units. This is due, among other things, to facts long ago pointed out by Ebert.[1]

[1] *Die englischen Mysterien, Jahrb. rom. u. eng. Lit.*, I. 153.

The smaller stage in England, which in turn restricted the scope of the play, made it impossible to split up the action into two or more parallel movements, such as frequently occupied the stage in France. The scene, moreover, was in England limited to earth, save when the plot expressly required the presentation of heaven or hell. It very rarely required all three at once. The conduct of the English play is therefore less dependent upon the supernatural, and the persons bear a closer resemblance to actual human beings. Neither plot nor character is distracted by the irresponsible intrusion of devils, whereas these, idling about the French stage, frequently turned the action into horse-play, — if the fool (likewise absent from the English miracle) had not already turned it into a farce out of all relation to the fable. The comic element in the English play had to exist by virtue of its relation to the main action or not at all. It was therefore compelled to conquer its position within the artistic bounds of the drama. The comic scenes of the English miracle should accordingly be regarded, not as interruptions, nor independent episodes, but as harmonious counterpoint or dramatic relief. Those who have witnessed in recent times the reproduction of the *Secunda Pastorum* at one of the American universities bear testimony to the propriety and charm, as well as the dramatic effect, with which the foreground of the sheep-stealing fades into the radiant picture of the nativity. The pastoral atmosphere is already shot with a prophetic gleam, the fulfilment is, therefore, no shock or contrast, but a transfiguration — an epiphany. I do not forget that a less humorous analogue of the *Shepherds' Play* exists in such French mysteries as that of the *Conception*, but I call attention to the fact that by devices, technical sometimes, sometimes naïve, elaborated through the centuries in response to the demands of a popular æsthetic consciousness, the cycles, preëminently in England, acquired a delicacy and variety of colour, an horizon, and an atmosphere, not only as wholes, but in the parts contributing to the whole.

It is, therefore, only with reservation that I can concur with what one of our most scientific and suggestive historians has said concerning the dramatic qualities of the English miracle play:[1] "In the mystery, not only were the subject and the idea unalterable, but the way in which the subject and idea affected each other was equally unchangeable. The power of expression was exceedingly defective. The idea in the finished work still seemed to be something strange and external — conception and execution did not correspond. It is only by a whole cycle that the subject could be exhausted, and this cycle was composed of the most heterogeneous elements, and is, in fact, a work of accident. The cycle play very seldom formed a unit or whole; it seldom contained anything that could be called

[1] Ten Brink, *Eng. Lit.* II: 1. 306.

a dramatic action. The spectators were therefore interested only in the matter. Only a few details made any æsthetic effect — such as character, situation, scenes; the whole was rarely or never dramatic." I will grant that, since the subject of the individual pageant was prescribed by tradition, and the solution of the dramatic problem already fixed, the author did not always penetrate the shell of his story and assimilate the conception. Consequently the execution has frequently the faults of the ready-made suit of clothes: it creases where it should fall free and breaks where it should embrace. As the writer is not expected to exercise his invention, the onlooker estimates the conduct of the fable as a spectacle, not as a revelation. Many of the miracles, therefore, lack the element of dramatic surprise, and almost none attempts anything in the way of character development. This is, in part, because, severally, the plays are squares of an historical chessboard, upon which the individual — king or pawn — is merely a piece; and even if the board be not historic, the squares are over strait for the gradual deploy of motive; many of these plays are scenes, consequently, and limited to single crises of an individual life. In other words, the character, if familiar, is regarded as an instrument toward a well-known end; if unfamiliar, as an apparition momentarily vivid. Slight opportunity exists for interplay of incident and character, for the production of conduct, in short, which is the resultant of character and a crisis. It must also be conceded that, since each play was the dear delight of its proprietary gild — and each rare performance thereof the chance that should grace these craftsmen ever or disgrace them quite — the effort of actor, if not always of playwright, was towards a speedy and startling effect, such as might be procured by the extraneous quality of the show, rather than by the story in itself or in its relation to the cycle.

But still we must be careful not to generalize from a play here and there to the quality of a cycle as a whole or to the common qualities of various cycles. When we say that the mysteries, that is, the scriptural miracles, possessed this, that, or the other merit or defect, to what area and what object does the remark apply? Do we refer to all the extant plays, or only to the one hundred and fifty plays in the five cycles that may be called complete? Do we draw the inference from a majority of all plays that might fall within the purview, or from the plays of one cycle, or from a majority of the plays in that cycle, or from a single striking example here or there in one or another cycle or fragmentary collection? Do we draw the inference from, or apply the conclusion indiscriminately to, later as well as earlier cycles and plays? A generalization from the Chester does not *prima facie* fit the Towneley, nor does a dramatic estimate of the Coventry characterize the isolated miracle morals of the Digby. Between the composition of the earliest and the latest

of the Chester plays alone, centuries elapsed; centuries between the earliest Coventry and the earliest Digby; generations between Chester and Coventry plays upon the same subject, and generations more between the York and Newcastle. York includes some of the youngest pageants of the species and many of the oldest. Towneley is generally later than York; but it sometimes retains an original which York had long ago discarded for something more modern. Returning, therefore, to Professor ten Brink's generalization, we must submit that most of the defects which he lays at the door of the cyclic miracle were not inherent in the species, but incidental to the period. Some attach to the crudeness of the playwright, some to the simplicity of the audience; they no doubt attached to the collective "morals" of the fourteenth century, such as the *Paternoster Play*, and they would have characterized plays of any other species attempted under like conditions. The best miracle plays are as mature products of dramatic art as the best of the allegorical kind, except in one point only — the development of character. That "the subject and its idea should be unalterable" and their interrelation fixed, is by no means a peculiarity of the scriptural play, but a characteristic of period or place. If the reader will cast even a rapid glance by way of comparison over the French *Corpus* of mysteries and the English, he will observe that the scope of subjects possible to a religious cycle was amenable to widely different conditions of restriction, selection, and enlargement, and that the treatment of the same and similar subjects was infinitely varied. To illustrate at length would be a work of supererogation. Everybody knows that the French cycles have plays upon subjects, the Job, for instance, and Tobias and Esther,[1] not touched by the English, — at any rate when in their prime; and that the same subject or episode is frequently treated in a way dissimilar to the English. When we turn to details we note likewise the independence of the playwright: none of the English plays avails itself, for instance, of Adam's difficulty in swallowing the apple, though the incident figures both in *Le Mistère de la Nativité* and that of the *Viel Testament;* nor of the attractive possibilities of Reuben and Rachel's maid, Joseph and Potiphar's wife, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and many another conjunction known to all readers of the French religious play. And these discrepancies between national cycles hold true even where, as in the case of the Chester plays, the influence of the French mysteries of the thirteenth century and of the later collections is in other respects evident. Of the four English cycles, moreover, each does not select exactly the same subjects for its pageants as the others, — Balaam and his Ass, for instance, appear only in the Chester,

[1] I do not forget that belated *Tobias* at Lincoln, 1564-66, nor the *Godly Queen Hester* of 1561; but they have nothing to do with the case.

— nor do all introduce the same incidents in the handling of a common subject.

Professor ten Brink is by no means alone in his estimate of the technical quality of the English scriptural miracle, but I must say that the estimate seems to me to be hardly up to the deserts of the species. The frequent absence of such refinements as the unities of time and place was of the essence both of play and period ; but it was not of the essence of the miracle cycle that the expression should be defective, or that conception and execution should fail to correspond, or of the miracle play that it should be unable economically and adequately to develop a dramatic action and produce an artistic whole. It may be an insufficient argument to say that the plays of the Wakefield dramatist are anything but defective in expression. Let us, therefore, be somewhat more comprehensive in the scope of inquiry. I have gone carefully through the four English cycles with Professor ten Brink's censures in mind, and I conclude that at least twenty of the individual plays have central motive, consistent action, and well-rounded dramatic plot. Indeed I think a good case might be made for thirty. That would be to say that one-fifth of the miracles of the great cycles were artistic units in themselves, and must have interested their spectators, not alone by the materials displayed, but by a subject that meant something, and situations, scenes, and acting characters by which it was sometimes not at all unworthily presented. The inheritors of English literature will indeed carry away a false impression of the artistic achievements of their ancestors, if they believe that in spite of a development of five hundred years the miracle play was "rarely or never dramatic."

Even though the sacred and traditional character of the biblical narrative must have exercised a restraint upon the comic tendencies of the cyclic poet not likely to have existed in the case of the writers of saints' plays and single morals, still it is when he attempts the comic that the cyclic poet is most independent. For as soon as plays have passed into the hands of the gilds, the playwright puts himself most readily into sympathy with the literary consciousness as well as the untutored æsthetic taste of his public when he colours the spectacle, old or new, with what is preëminently popular and distinctively national. In the minster and out of it, all through the Christian year, the townsfolk of York and Chester had as much of ritual, of scriptural narrative, and tragic mystery as they wanted, and probably more ; when the pageants were acted, they listened with simple credulity, no doubt, to the sacred history, and with a reverence that our age of illumination can neither emulate nor understand ; — but with keenest expectation they awaited the invented episodes where tradition conformed itself to familiar life, — the impromptu sallies, the cloth-yard

shafts of civic and domestic satire sped by well-known wags of town or gild. Of the appropriateness of these insertions, spectators made no question, and the dramatists themselves do not seem to have thought it necessary to apologize for æsthetic creed or practice. The objections thereto proceeded from the authorities of the church, but the very tenor and tone of them are a testimony to the importance attained by the comic element in the religious plays. It is principally the "bourdynge and japynge" which attended the "pleyinge of Goddis myraclys and werkes," that called forth the wrath of the sermon that I have already cited from the end of the fourteenth century.[1] And it was for similar reasons that Bishop Wedego ordered, in 1471, th suppression of both passion play and saints' plays within his continental diocese. In France, indeed, not only horse-play characterized the performance of the mysteries, but absolutely irrelevant farces invaded them, merely *afin que le jeu soit moins fade et plus plaisans.*

I have alluded to the distinctively national note that characterizes the com contributions to the sacred plays, and I find that my opinion is confirmed ' the examples cited by Klein and Creizenach. The French mystery poet while they develop, like the English, the comic quality of the shepherd scenes, introduce the drinking and dicing element *ad lib.*, — and sometimes the drabbing; they make, moreover, a specialty of the humour of deformity, characteristic which appears nowhere in the English plays. The German in their turn, elaborate a humour peculiar to themselves, — elephantine, prim itive, and personal. They seem to get most fun out of reviling the idiosyncrasies of Jews, whose dress, appearance, manners, and speech they caricature, — even introducing Jewish *dramatis personæ* to sing gibberish, exploit cunning, and perform obscenities under the names of contemporary citizens of the hated race. In general a freer rein seems to have been given to the sacrilegious, grotesque, and obscene on the Continent than in England. In the *Passion* of A. Greban (before 1452), Herod orders Jesus into the garb of a fool; and in some of the German plays the judges dance about the cross upo which the Saviour hangs. Much of the ribaldry was of course impromptu and on that account the more grotesque; as in the story related by Bebel of how a baker playing the part of Christ in the *Processus Crucis* bore the gibes of his tormentors with admirable composure, until one actor Jew insisted upon calling him a corn thief, — "Shut up," retorted the Christ, "or I'll come down and break your head with the cross." There is, of course, an occasional license in the English plays, such as the dance about the cross in the Coventry; but the excess of ribaldry, *grotesquerie*, and *diablerie* does not assault the imagination as in the continental mysteries.

[1] *Rel. Antiq.* II. 43.

4. The Contribution of Later "Marvels" and Early Secular Plays

The advance which remained to be made upon the quality of play presented in the miracle cycle before England could have an artistic comedy were threefold: *first*, from the collective to the single play; *second*, from the reproduction of traditional or accidental events to the selection of such as possessed significance and continuity; and *third*, from the employment of the remote in material and interest to the employment of the immediate and familiar.

To attribute to the allegorical play all improvements that were made in this transition is a mistake. Some steps in the right direction were already necessitated by the popular demand, and had been taken by the later miracle plays before the allegorical drama had itself passed out of the experimental stages, — by the Digby *Magdalene*, for instance. In that play, the dramatic management of a plot, invented and romantic rather than scriptural in its nature and interest, and the portrayal of commonplace events and characters side by side with the occasional allegory, are evidence not only of contemporary taste, but, as Mr. Courthope has said, of an artistic approach to the representation of fables of simple secular interest. The play, in fact, bears a close resemblance to and was apparently influenced by the popular life of St. Mary Magdalene which appeared in Caxton's translation of 1483 of the *Golden Legend*, — or perhaps by the French edition which Caxton follows, or the original of Voragine. In the *St. Paul* of the Digby collection we note a similar fusion of secular and legendary material, and an imaginative handling of the plot. Although the dramatist has buried his opportunities of psychological invention in the apostle's homily upon the deadly sins, he has at the same time crossed the border of the "moral play" rich with psychological opportunity. In the same direction of advance various steps had also been taken by other saints' plays, purely legendary, like the *Sancta Katharina* already mentioned, and by such a 'marvel' as the Sacrament Play, or Miracle of the Host, which we shall presently describe. A movement in advance had, moreover, been made by our early secular drama, which comprised, besides the farce interlude prepared by scholars for profane consumption, like the *Interludium de Clerico et Puella*, certain popular festival plays, for instance, the *Hox Tuesday* and *Robin Hood*, and plays of saints turned national heroes like St. George and St. Edward.

Concerning the plays of the miracles of saints I have already expressed the belief that, whether these workers of marvels got off with their lives or not, the representations in which they figured were, generally speaking, of the

essence of comedy: the persistent optimism which in the end routs the spectres of temptation, persecution, and unbelief. This would hold, with even greater probability, of the purely legendary miracles, the nature of which is, of course, that of popular religious thought and faith in the Middle Ages, and is embalmed for us in the *Golden Legend*, in Eusebius and St. Jerome, and other writers from whom the legend was derived. In spite of their exceeding interest, these legendary saints' plays and pageants can be considered in this place only with brevity; but in order that the reader may better appreciate the variety of their subjects and the extent of the period over which they were acted, I subjoin a list of some that we know to have been presented.[1]

I have little doubt that the romantic combination of tragic, marvellous, and comic later noticeable upon the Elizabethan stage was in some degree due to the ancient and continuous dramatization of the irrational adventures, blood-curdling tortures, and dissonant emotions afforded by the legends of the saints. These 'marvels,' moreover, must, because of their early emancipation from ecclesiastical restraints and their adoption by the folk, have contributed to the development of the freely invented, surprising, and amusing fable which is congenial to comedy. That we have not more notices of them is owing, not to their insignificance nor to any disappearance before the advancing popularity of the craft cycles, for even the pageants of the saints still flourish in Aberdeen as late as 1531, and the plays elsewhere much later, but, as Ebert has already noted, to the fact that they were seldom presented with the magnificence and publicity of the cyclic miracles; but whenever a saint's play is taken up by a city or gild, it enjoys frequent official notice and maintains its dignity for years.

Passing to the marvel or miracle of the Host, we notice that only one in our language has survived. This *Play of the Blyssyd Sacrament* bears the name of one of the East Midland Croxtons, and it was composed between 1461 and 1500. Although some critics have a low opinion of the play, I venture to say that it is one of the most important in the early history of Eng-

[1] *St. Katharine* (Dunstable *c.* 1100, Coventry, 1490); *St. George* (1415 and later); *St. Laurence* (Lincoln, 1441); *St. Susanna* (Lincoln, 1447); *St. Clara* (Lincoln, 1455); *St. Edward* (Coventry, 1456 and later); *St. Christian* (Coventry, 1504); *St. Christina* (Bethersden in Kent, 1522); *Sts. Crispin and Crispinian* (Dublin, 1528); *St. Olave* (London, 1557). Some of these were church plays, like the *St. Olave*; some, like the *St. Katharine*, were school plays; some, craft plays, like the *St. Crispin*. It is hard sometimes to distinguish between the play and the mumming or the mute pageant; to the dumb show may be assigned some of the *St. Georges* and the pageants of Fabyan, Sebastian, and Botulf, displayed, in 1564, by the religious gild of Holy Trinity (St. Botolph without Aldersgate). For some conception of the frequency and vitality of such shows one need only turn to Hone, Stow's *Survey*, the *Records of Aberdeen*, Toulmin Smith's *English Gilds*, the *History of Dublin*, Davidson's *English Mystery Plays*, and other books of this kind.

lish comedy. The subject, the desecration by Jews of a wonder-working Wafer and the discomfiture and ultimate conversion of the offenders, is popular in the legend of the later Middle Ages.[1] With ours a Dutch Sacrament Play, written about the year 1500 by Smeken and acted in Breda, naturally calls for comparison; but, though the latter exhibits the miraculous power of the Host and has a certain diabolic humour, it lacks altogether the realism, the popular reproduction of Jewish malignity, and the effective close of the Croxton. The Croxton avails itself of the possibilities of the subject. The idea has a significance; the plot possesses legitimate motive, due proportions, unity ethical and æsthetic; and the conclusion is happy. The mood, by turns serious and comic, and the *dramatis personæ*, various and well-characterized, combine to furnish a most diverting drama of the wonderful, horrible, elevated, and commonplace. Colle's announcement of his master the leech, "a man off alle syence," who "syttyth with sum tapstere in the spence," is excellently ironical; and Master Brundych himself, like the doctor in the St. George plays, must have furnished a figure exactly suited to the popular taste. Nor is the realism confined to the intentionally comic scenes; but it is as vividly successful in the corruption of Aristorius by Jonathas and in the futile and richly avenged efforts of the Jews to torture the Host. Here certainly was a play adapted to meet the demands of its time, — exhibiting closer affiliation with the folk than with church or patron or school, acted perhaps by strolling players, an unforced product of the artistic consciousness; a play which, though it dealt with a sacred subject, still focussed itself in a single plot, discarded all material, sacred or historical, not available for its purpose, completed an alliance with the natural and the familiar, and emphasized the comic realities of life. No miracle, cyclic or individual, no allegorical drama, and no secular play of the same or previous date excels the Croxton in dramatic concept and constructive skill. Without the mediation offered by such Croxton plays, the English drama would have had "old" bridging the space between miracles, marvels, and morals of the earlier time and the comedy of Shakespeare.

The consideration of our early farce interludes may be conveniently postponed for the present in favour of the more popular plays, or shows, with which our forefathers celebrated festival occasions. Of the pageants in honour of royal entries, to which reference has already been made, it is impossible to say more here than that, developing gradually into dramatic spectacles, and at the same time retaining their symbolic character, they must have contributed to the taste for allegorical plays, the moral, and the moral interlude. If we

[1] German ballads on the subject in 1337 and 1478. A case similar to the material of this drama is assigned to 1478 in Train's *Gesch. d. Juden in Regensburg*, pp. 116–117.

turn to the secular shows presented on regular festivals, such as May-day, Hox Tuesday, and the Eve of St. John and St. Peter, while we may at once conclude that they were less efficient as dramas than some of which we have spoken, such as the Sacrament play, they have the advantage, from our present point of view, of indicating more directly the nature of popular demand and the primitive conditions of popular art. Indeed, Dodsley regards the mummers who commonly acted them as the earliest genuine comedians of England. Of such disguisings, masks, and mummeries there is evidence in the Wardrobe Accounts of 1389, according to which a company of twenty-one men was disguised as the Ancient Order of the Coif for a play before the king at Christmas; and of other mummings — not satiric nor in mockery of church ritual, but genial — we have mention in Stow and citations in Warton and Collier that take us to the first half of the fourteenth century. They doubtless existed much earlier, though I do not think that they anticipated the parodies of sacred rites or the ecclesiastical saints' plays.

Naturally a much-loved figure in festival games was Robin Hood, and that some kind of drama was made out of the ballads surrounding him is proved by a Ms. fragment of 1475 or earlier of *Robin Hood and the Knight*, and a play of *Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar* with a portion of *Robin Hood and the Potter*, printed by Copland, in 1550, as "very proper to be played in May-games."[1] These May-games occurred not only in May, but June, and gave employment to St. George and the Dragon, the Nine Worthies (at whom Shakespeare poked fun in *Love's Labour's Lost*), the morris-dance, with its Lords and Ladies of the May, giant, hobby-horse, and sometimes devils, as well as to Robin and Little John, Maid Marian, and Friar Tuck; and they were popular through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, perhaps even earlier. If we may trust old Fenn's editing, Sir John Paston wrote in 1473 of a man whom he had kept for three years to play "Seynt Jorge and Robyn Hod and the Shryff off Nottingham." There may be even earlier mention of such plays. For, with all deference to the best of authorities, Professor Child, I cannot but think that when Bower wrote, between 1441 and 1447, of the popular "comedies and tragedies" of *Robinhus Hodi et Litill Johanne*, he had reference to acted plays, since he took pains to specify in his account of them the *mimi*, as well as the *bardoni* who chanted them. These entertainments, he says, were then more popular than any other, and it is only natural to suppose that they had existed long before his time. The earliest mention of Robin in England is in *Piers Plowman*, 1377, and then as the subject of a ballad; but, as Warton long ago pointed out, pastoral plays of *Robin et Marion* had been given in France upon festival occasions before

[1] Child, *English and Scotch Popular Ballads*, vol. III., pp. 44, 90, 127, 114.

the end of the thirteenth century. Although there appears to be no similarity between the incidents of Adam de la Halle's comic opera of 1283 upon Robin and his Marion and the English stories, and although we are ignorant of the nature of the spring game, or play, of the same title, which was already an annual function in Anjou, in 1392, the principal characters and conditions of life in the two series are sufficiently similar to suggest a connection by derivation or common source. If such connection exist, it is not impossible that some kind of Robin pageant or play was known in England earlier than we ordinarily think. The ballad plays, at any rate, had attained popularity long before an artistic level was reached by the allegorical drama, and while yet the craft cycles were in their prime. Stow, in respect of Mayings, which he leads us to believe were common in the reign of Henry VI., says that the citizens of London "did fetch in May-poles with divers warlike shows, with good archers, morris-dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long; and towards the evening they had stage-plays and bonfires in the streets." Robin Hood and his archers are the heart of a Maying devised under Henry VII. in 1505 and for Henry VIII. in 1516; and the archers of the Maying in the time of Henry VI. are suggestive of the Robin Hood as an accepted figure for some kind of pageant in the middle of the fifteenth century, when Bower was writing of "comedies and tragedies," mentioned above. The pageants and probably the plays of Robin Hood are still alive in the seventeenth century and later. Their dramatic quality was of a very primitive sort, but the plot, wherever existent, displayed sequence of motive and effect. The popular dramatist had, as in the Sacrament play and saints' plays, learned how to magnify a hero by making him the pivot of the action, how to interest the spectators in the affairs and manners of their own class, how to produce a comic effect by means of dialogue, as well as by the humour of the situation. But he knew nothing of the development of character, and in that respect, without doubt, was inferior to the contemporary author of the moral play.

Passing the Hox Tuesday play, of which we cannot be sure that it was anything more than a crude and entirely serious representation of the historic massacre which it commemorated, and of which no adequate account survives, we may turn with profit to the most popular and long-lived of English festival dramas, the St. George play. Of this Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says that numerous versions are used in the north of England, and that they are doubtless a degraded form of an old "mystery."[1] Of course, he means legendary miracle or saint's play. Ward more accurately describes this rural drama as a combination of miracle and processional pageant. As the latter, it appears

[1] In his introduction, *Contributions to Early English Popular Literature*, London, 1849, privately printed.

frequently to have formed part of a mumming or disguising, and was early associated with the morris-dance of May-day or Christmas. The first indubitable mention of a St. George pageant is in 1416, and would appear to refer to a "splendid dumb show" rather than a play, which, as Caxton tells us, was presented for the entertainment of Emperor Sigismund of Almayne when he "brought and gave the heart of St. George for a great and precious relique to King Harry the fifth." It is, however, more than probable that the soldier saint had figured in saints' plays, and in popular play and pageant, long before this time. He had been honoured in the eastern church even in the fourth century, and in England there had been churches and monasteries devoted to him before the Norman invasion. On account of his fabled services in the crusade he was already the patron of individual knights, and orders of chivalry and even of kingdoms, when Edward III., in the years 1348–50, built the chapel in his honour at Windsor, confirmed him as the saint and champion of England and instituted the order that still bears his name. It is likely, indeed, that the *ludi* exhibited before the same monarch at Christmas, 1348, were to some extent of St. George, for we read that the dragon figured extensively in them.[2] And it would appear that when, in 1415, the 23d April, St. George's Day, was "made a major double feast and ordered to be observed the same as Christmas day, all labour ceasing," his play was no new thing. From that time on, at any rate, the procession of St. George was one of the "pastimes yearly used," of which Stow tells us that they were celebrated "with disguisings, masks, and mummeries." Gilds were organized in his name, and the ceremony of 'Riding the George' spread over England. When Henry V. visited Paris, in 1420, he was appropriately welcomed with a St. George show, and the saint appears again in a pageant of 1474 performed at Coventry in honour of young Prince Edward. We have already mentioned Sir John Paston's reference to the play in 1473. A long-winded and serious German dramatization of the legend exists in an Augsburg manuscript of the end of the same century. In all probability the expensive miracle play of the saint that was acted in the croft or field at Bassingbourne in Cambridgeshire, in 1511, was of the same didactic kind, but enlivened by *impromptus* of the villagers who took part. St. George and the dragon were features of the May-games at London, evidently in procession, as late as 1559. There appears in Warburton's list a play of *St. George for England*, by Wentworth Smith, of the first quarter of the seventeenth century, and in the latter part of that century, a droll called *St. George and the Dragon* was by way of being acted at Bartholomew Fair. The play seems from an early date to have been performed on the occasion of other festivals besides that of the Saint himself.

[1] Collier, *Hist.*, vol. I., p. 29.

[2] Warton, *H. E. P.*, vol. II., p. 72.

The versions of the play best known of recent years are the Oxfordshire, acted during the eighteenth century and taken down from an old performer in 1853, and the Lutterworth (Leicestershire) Christmas play, acted as late as 1863.[1] Professor Child, in his *Ballads*, mentions another, which was regularly acted on All Souls' Day at a village a few miles from Chester. I would call attention, in addition, to four others of interest; the Derbyshire Christmas play,[2] acted by mummers as late as 1849, which is fuller than any other and appears to me to retain traces of a fifteenth-century original; the two Bassingham (Lincoln) Christmas plays,[3] 1823, and the Shetland play from a 1788 Ms., recounted in Scott's novel of *The Pirate*. The last three make the connection between the St. George play proper and the sword play, which was undoubtedly common in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and of which the Revesby version of 1779 is still extant.[4]

The following is the outline of the Derbyshire play: Enter Prologue, who is apparently the same as "noble soldier," "Slasher," or "Jack," to clear a way for St. Gay. — Enter St. Gay, announcing himself with proper bombast, pretending that "from England's ground he sprung and came," and stating his purpose, which is to find King George. — Enter King George, "in search of his enemy," St. Gay, who as "a stranger, exposed and in danger," calls upon Slasher for help. — With loud words Slasher threatens King George, who in his turn boasts of "close escapes," giants and dragons subdued, and the King of Egypt's daughter won. — They fight, and Slasher "tumbles down and dies."—Enter Doctor, who has "travelled" imaginatively and can "fetch any dead man to life again." He begins with Slasher, who signalizes his recovery by summoning the "Black Prince of Paradise, black Morocco king," to renew the fray. — "Here am I," cries that hero; it was I who "slew those seven Turks," and it is I who now will "jam King George's giblets full of holes, And in those holes put pebble stones!" George doubts the Black Prince's ability, even though he be a "champion's squire," — they are about to fight, when Prologue intervenes with "Peace and Quietness is the best," and "Enter in, owld Beelzebub!" That personage on entering turns out to be, in dress, a kind of Devil and Vice combined, in spirit a kind of Father Christmas summoning all to drink. — This queer jumble is worth more space than I can afford it. Just a word or two in passing. St. Gay is given up by Halliwell-Phillipps as an "addition to the calendar not noticed

[1] Repr. in Manly's *Specimens*; the former from *Notes and Queries*, Fifth Series, II. 503–505; the latter from Kelly's *Notices of Leicester*.

[2] Halliwell's *Contributions to E. Engl. Lit.*

[3] British Museum, Add. Mss. 33,418.

[4] Repr. Manly, *Specimens* from *Folk Lore Journal*, VII. 338–353.

elsewhere." But one observes that his squire is a foreigner, as his name and garb both proclaim,[1] and that he is the squire of a champion. This limits us to the three foreign champions of Christendom, and from St. Gay's second speech we discover, not only that he is San Diego of Spain, but (unless I am gravely mistaken) that some author of the various generations of authors of this play had acquaintance with Caxton's *Golden Legend* of 1483, where, in the *Life of St. James the More*, we find the original, in oddly similar terms, of one altogether unintelligible phrase used by this English makeshift for a Spanish champion.[2] Further not very definite but suggestive similarities with the *Life of St. George* add to the presumption that the Caxton translation of the *Legenda Aurea* underlies portions of this folk play. Of course a play of the martyrdom of St. George may have existed earlier still, but if, as would seem to be the case, Voragine invented the dragon, that monster cannot have played a part before 1270–90; it does not play a part even in the *South English Legendary* of 1285, but is prominent in Caxton's narrative.

With the play just described the Lutterworth is identical in some seven or eight passages, and save that there is no Black Prince, and that a Turkish Champion takes the place of St. Gay, the principal characters are the same. The introduction of Beelzebub and a clown, with remarks appropriate to each, would, however, indicate that this part of the play is earlier than the amalgamated Beelzebub-clown of the Derbyshire. Both plays preserve reminiscences of the crusades. As to the Oxfordshire, I can say only that it is a rigmarole from history, legend, and nursery tale, culminating in the destruction of the dragon (or Old Nick) and the appearance of Father Christmas. The Bassingham plays present the stock characters, but little of the original story. They add elements of scandal and love, however, — the former in connection with Dame Jane, who tries to fasten the paternity of her child on a "Father's Eldest Son, And heir of all his land"; and the latter in connection with a Fair Lady, who is wooed by Eldest Son, Farming Man, Lawyer, Old Man, and refuses them all, in the end apparently to accept the Fool. This part of the story is a link between the St. George plays and the sword-dance plays, as is also the Shetland, where St. George himself sustains the part of principal dancer. In the Revesby sword-dance play, acted in 1779 by morris-dancers, the Fair Lady of the Bassingham reappears as Cicely to refuse

[1] Stow speaks of mummers, "with black visors, not amiable, as if legates from some foreign prince."

[2] Cf. "Two balls (i. e. *bulls*) from *yonder mountain* have *laid me* quite *low*," with *Golden Legend*, vol. IV., p. 103, Temple Classics ed. There is no such close similarity in the language of the Early South English Legendary, Laud Ms., Seint Ieme, and Seint George (Horstmann, Ed. E.E.T.S., 1887).

Pepper-breeches, "My father's eldest son, And heir of all his land," Ginger-breeches, Blue-breeches, the Knight of Lee, and Pickle Herring, the Lord of Pool, in favour of Rafe the Fool. Though the phraseology of the Bassingham and Revesby is occasionally the same, the latter is utterly removed from the St. George original save in the mention of dragon and worm which accompany the morris-dancers. How far back the Revesby sword-dance play may date I do not know. The dance was common on the continent in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and a similar performance with a fool in the middle is recorded as taking place in Ulm in 1551. The name of the merry-andrew, Pickle Herring, may possibly take us back to the first quarter of the sixteenth century. For, as is well known, it is the usual designation for the clown in the 1620 collection of plays acted by the so-called English comedians in Germany. According to Creizenach,[1] the character was introduced by Robert Reynolds, who was perhaps himself the Robert Pickelhäring mentioned in connection with an entertainment given at Torgau in 1627. Floegel and Ebeling speak of "der alte Pickelhering aus der Moralititäten des fünfzehnten Jahrhunderts," as if he were the "old Vice"; but surely without justification. I know of no mention of Pickle Herring before 1620, and since he still held the stage in Löwen's *Prinz Pickelhering*, about the middle of the eighteenth century, it is not impossible that the character was borrowed by the English sword play at a comparatively recent date. The continuance of the Devil and his relation to the clown in these plays are a subject of historical interest, but it would be a mistake to say, as Halliwell-Phillipps has said of the Beelzebub, that either of them is "a genuine descendant of the Vice."

Perhaps I should not have stayed to make these remarks, but they will, I hope, direct attention to a phenomenon unique in the history of English drama. The St. George play is an example of how a legendary miracle, sacred in its origin, may pass into a folk drama of a national hero, and that again degenerate into a mumming or dance; and how this, oblivious of the original plot and finally of all fable, may first transform the saintly hero into a performer in a sword dance, as in the Shetland play, and then, as in the Revesby, eliminate even him and substitute a fool. Both literary career and literary indignity of this kind have been escaped by the other national saint of England, Edward the Confessor. In earlier days he figured in frequent pageants, records of which are preserved, for instance, in the Old Leet Book of Coventry, of the years 1456 and 1471, but he readily gave way to St. George and disappeared from the dramatic horizon.

[1] *Schauspiele d. engl. Komödianten*, Einl. XCIV.

5. The Devil and the Vice

The nexus between the comic qualities of the miracle plays and those of the morals cannot well be made without some discussion of the rôles of the Devil and the Vice. The treatise which I have before cited,[1] and which appears to me fairly conclusive, shows that the Devil of the English stage is originally a creation, not of folk mythology, but of theology. He is concrete, to be sure, in accordance with scriptural and legendary tradition, but in the 'mysteries' his character is almost entirely serious, not ludicrous, as appears to be vulgarly reported. The association of the genuinely comic or satirical with the conception of the Devil is first evident in later representations of that character, and then only in the case of lesser denizens of the lower world. The humorous scene in the Chester *Harrowing* between the demons and the alewife abandoned in hell is, for instance, as Dr. Deimling has said, a late interpolation. The Wakefield dramatist's contribution to the *Judicium*, of *Tutivillus* and his ilk, is about the only diabolic humour in the miracles; and that the satirical speech of the Coventry demon in the *Conspiracy* was a still later borrowing from *Tutivillus*, I have but little doubt. To credit the Devils of the earliest miracles with a tendency and an ability to criticise manners and morals would be just as wrong as to attribute to them a buffoonery which accrues only at a later date. Of the Mephistophelian style, more serious than Chaucer's and more satirical than Langland's, we have no historical trace before the witty Devil of Wakefield — or his maker. The humour of the miracle Devils shows itself in bombastic, grotesque, or abusive language, rather than in anything of comic utterance or incident. The uproarious laughter caused, according to tradition, by this character cannot, therefore, have depended upon the lines of the dramatist, except in so far as those consist of threats, objurgation, profanity, and the like. There is little in the asides of the printed page, or in the rare addresses of the Devil to his audience, or the deportation of souls to hell[2] to account for amusement. Rewfyn,[3] Rybald, and Tutivillus are the only humorous devil-names in the five cycles of which we have been speaking; and of the shouting and fireworks in which we are told the infernal spirits were wont to indulge, we find scarcely any mention except in the plays concerning the fall of the angels and the harrowing of hell. That the merriment of the crowd was provoked by

[1] L. W. Cushman, *The Devil and the Vice*, Halle a. S., 1900.

[2] I remember only Herod and Antichrist outside of the Digby plays and of the Cornwall cycle (where the devils act as chorus and carry off everything in sight), and the souls of those already damned who are claimed by the devils of the Towneley.

[3] Whether the Rewfyn and Leyon of the Co. were Devils, I have my doubts.

the appearance and antics of the Devil — that is to say, by the improvisation of the actor — and his raids upon the spectators is natural to infer. The dramatists themselves did not provide for close association between the spirits of hell and living men. The Devil addresses the audience but seldom, and then, perhaps, to threaten with his club. In fact, the Devil of the old miracles, as we usually conceive him, is an anachronism created by certain historians of the drama; the buffoon roaring, pyrotechnic, and familiar, springs into prominence only with the Digby plays, and is but slowly developed in the moral plays and interludes. Though the aspiring angels of the York and Chester plays "go down" in actual fact, and the Lucifer of the former cycle complains of heat and smoke, there is no mention of hell-mouth in the account-books before 1557, nor in the stage directions of the Digby[1] before we reach the Digby *Paul* and *Magdalene* Mss. of about 1480–90; and even then the entries appear to be the insertions of some later hand. In these plays the flames of hell-mouth, the fireworks, and thunder are distinctive accessories of the Devil's presence. Still, it is not in a miracle play after all, but in a moral — the *Castell of Perseverance* (about 1400) — that the first stage direction of this nature is found. In the transitional miracle morals, *Paul, Wisdom, Magdalene,* the Devil by his own account as well as by stage direction "rores and cries." He was abusive in the *Castell of Perseverance;* but in the later morals or moral interludes he "rores and cries" for mere fun — in the *Lusty Juventus,* for instance, the *Disobedient Child,* and *All for Money.*

Concerning the Devil even of this later birth, many false conceptions, due to insufficient research, have obtained currency. It is commonly imagined that he was the mainspring of the play, that he came into close contact with human beings, that he represented phases of human character, that he was a comical figure, — jester, or "roister," or butt, — and that he held some fixed relation to the Vice, who was "his constant attendant," says Malone. But the Devil was the principal personage only in the earliest of the morals that survive, he rarely associated with mankind, and he assumed the human rôle, such as that of judge or sailor, only once or twice.[2] In the moral plays not more than four or five comic Devils are extant — the Titivillus of *Mankynd,* the Beelzebub of the *Nigromansir,* the Lucifer of *Like wil to Like,* and the Devil of *All for Money;* and the last of these is the only roysterer of the lot, one of the very few to serve as butt for the Vice. Such jokes as that of the Devil taking "a shrewd boy with him" from the audience in *Wisdom*

[1] Furnivall, *Digby Plays,* p. 43; ten Brink, *Gesch. engl. Lit.,* II. 320, and Sharp's *Dissertation on the Co. Mysteries,* 1825.

[2] In the *Nigromansir,* and the *Shipwrights' Play* of Newcastle.

are interpolations, and it is only after the moral has passed its zenith that, as in *Like wil to Like* and the early comedy *Friar Bacon*, the Devil carries off the Vice-clown. As early as 1486–1500 the moral play, *Nature*, — called, when printed in 1538, a goodly interlude, — dispenses with the Devil altogether, and from that time on the character appears only in some half-dozen extant plays of the kind and its derivatives, and is subordinate. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, however, the Devil is revived, and in comedies of concrete life and character he frequently swaggers as a blusterer or comic personage: in *Grim the Collier*, for instance, in the *Knack to know a Knave*, and *Histrio-Mastix*, as well as seventeenth-century plays like *The Devil is in It* and *The Devil is an Ass*. I have said that his office in the genuine moral was not comic, neither was it satirical. It consisted largely in directing or commissioning his agents, the Vices. Professor Cushman, who makes this statement, further points out that this conception of the Devil did not develop in any popular sense, nor gain in variety in the English moral plays; but that the case is altogether dissimilar in the German and French drama of the same period, where the devils are not only numerous, but carefully differenced as representatives of the various foibles of mankind, — a rôle which was assumed in England, as we shall presently see, by the Vice.

Between the detached, and sometimes serious, Devil of the cycles and the Vice of the moral plays, ever present, dominant and comical, concrete in manifold person and guise, a middle or transitional position is occupied by the fiend of the later miracle and the demon of the earlier moral. Examples of the former are Tutivillus and his humorous associates in the Wakefield *Judicium*, Lord Lucifer of the Coventry *Council* (who, like the Vice, euphemizes his attendant Deadly Sins), the Prynse of Dylles of the *Magdalene*, and the sailor devil of the Newcastle play; examples of the latter are the gunpowder Belial of *Perseverance*, the intriguing Lucifer of *Wisdom*, now in "devely aray," anon as a "prowde galaunt," the farcical and efficient Titivillus of *Mankynd*, and Beelzebub, the judge and buffoon of the *Nigromansir*. But though the demon of the morals bears some relation to his predecessor of the miracles, he is not borrowed from the miracles. He grows out of a common tradition.

Just as the Devil persists in spite of lapse and change through miracle play, moral, and interlude into Elizabethan comedy, so the Vice, though he did not obtain so early a footing upon the stage. There are previsions of him in the later miracles and earlier morals; he flourished in the morals of the middle period and the moral interludes, and there are traces of him in the regular comedy. He disappeared only in deference to the differentiated humours, follies, or vices of social life, of which no controlling Folly or Vice may be

regarded as the sole incarnation, — for in the culture of them each of us indulges a genius of his own.

The term Vice is not used as the designation of a stock dramatic character till the appearance of Heywood's *Play of the Wether* and *Play of Love*, before or about 1532. It is next employed in *Respublica*, 1553, and *Jacke Jugeler*, 1553–61. These and similar notices of that period, however, occur only on title-pages of plays or in lists or stage directions. The earliest mention of the Vice in the text of a play is found in *King Darius*, 1565. It is not until 1567, with the *Horestes*, that we find the designation "used consistently throughout, in the title, the list of players and the rubric."[1] But whether the generic name of Vice was introduced by the authors of these plays, or, as is more likely, by the actors, it was a well-known designation of a stock figure, especially in the moral drama from 1530 onward; and from that time was used by publishers to advance the interest of certain plays. Since, however, the idea of the Vice seems to be inseparable from that of the moral play, the character had achieved a prominence long before it was listed as a generic designation. Collier defines the moral, or moral interlude, as "A drama the characters of which are allegorical, abstract, or symbolical, and the style of which is intended to convey a lesson for the better conduct of human life." And the differencing quality of the moral is, as Mr. Pollard has said, "the contest between the personified powers of good and evil for the possession of a human soul. As the allegorical representatives of the good were the Seven Cardinal Virtues, so the representatives of the evil were the Seven Deadly Sins and their master the Devil." From these Seven Deadly Sins or Vices, the Vice *par excellence* of the morals and interludes is without doubt descended. With the opinion of Ward and Douce, however, that he is proved to be of native English origin, I cannot unreservedly concur; nor with a statement in the thesis to which I have already referred, that the Germans and French had no Vice, but used instead the "differentiated" devil. Idleness, a Vice, though not so called, appears in the French *Bien-Avisé et Mal-Avisé* (*c.* 1439), about as early as any Vice appears in English drama; and the four confederates of the Devil in *L'Homme Pêcheur*, Desperation, etc., perform the office, though they have not the designation, of Vice. The Hypocrisie and Simonie of Gringoire's attack upon *L'Homme Obstiné* (Julius II.), about 1512, are as true representatives of the Vice as are the corresponding figures in *The Nigromansir*, *Thrie Estatis*, *Kyng Johan*, *Respublica* and *Conflict of Conscience*.

To understand the relations between the Vice and the moral play one should turn, if there were opportunity, to the manifold representations of the

[1] Cushman, p. 66.

World, the Flesh, the Devil, the Seven Deadly Sins and similar allegorical figures in mediæval literature of other kinds than the dramatic. It must suffice here, however, to consider the relation of these characters to each other in the later miracles and the earlier moral plays. In the pageants of the *Play of Paternoster* the Seven Deadly Sins are represented. About the same time, in the Wakefield cycle, they are already written on the rolls of the Doomsday Demon, and discussed "in especiall" by Tutivillus. In the Coventry *Council of the Jews* they are new-named by their Lord Lucifer (after the manner of the later Vice), Pride as Honesty, Wrath as Manhood, Covetousness as Wisdom, and so on. It is through the Seven Deadly Sins that the Belial of St. Paul (Digby) "raynes"; and the Saint himself[1] preaches against them in general and in several, calling them not only mortal sins, but, as if the terms were synonymous, Vices and Folly. In the *Mary Magdalene* they are not only personified, but, further, classified as attendants upon their respective kings — Pride and Covetyse, ministers of the World; Lechery, Gluttony, and Sloth, of the Flesh; Wrath and Envy, of the Devil, — and as such they are sent into action. This distinction by classes is interesting because it shows that from a very early date the Vice was regarded as the servant, not of the Devil alone, but of the World and the Flesh as well. And it will be noticed later that, while the minor Vices of the moral interludes frequently bear the names of specific sins, the leading Vice is still likely to be called by a name which sums up all the specific sins of just one of these three satrapies of the Flesh, the World, the Devil, — Sensuality for the first, Hypocrisy or Avarice for the second, and Sedition or Riot for the third, — when he is not indicated by some synonym of Evil in general, such as Folly, Sin, Iniquity, Inclination, or Infidelity. Gradually the minor Vices pass into dramatic insignificance as compared with their principal representative, who becomes the Vice in chief. The morals before 1500 or thereabouts had one or more of the following figures: Devil, the World, the Flesh; and their representatives, the Vice and minor Vices or Deadly Sins. Of these plays — *Perseverance*, *Mankynd*, *Mary Magdalene*, *Wisdom*, *Nature*, and *Everyman*, — all but the last three display the complete aggregation: *Wisdom* stars with only a Devil, *Nature* lacks a Devil, and *Everyman* lacks both Devil and principal Vice. The morals of the middle period, 1500 to 1560, generally eliminate the Devil and concentrate the sins, temptations, and mischiefs in the Vice, sometimes with, sometimes without, his foils, the minor Vices. In the *Castell of Perseverance*, about 1400, the Deadly Sins are "children of the Devil"; in *The World and Child*, about 1506, they are expressly summed up in one Vice, — Folly; in *Lusty Juventus*, *Like wil to Like*, and several

[1] Furnivall's ed., Pt. II. 510, 517, 531, 536, 541.

other moral interludes after 1550, the Vice parades as son or grandson to the Devil; and finally, about 1578, while each of the minor Vices represents "one sin particularly," the Vice himself embodies "all sins generally."

It must be sufficiently evident by this time that the derivation of this name, in spite of a half-dozen misleading conjectures, is no other than that which is obvious. I notice, however, that Mr. Pollard regards the etymology from *vitium* as still doubtful, "because in one of the earliest instances in which the Vice is specifically mentioned by name, he plays the part of Mery Report, who is a jester pure and simple, without any connection with any of the Deadly Sins." But the Vice or Folly had been known for two or three centuries in allegorical and satirical literature, and for a century and a half in the religious drama before 1530, and the designation had acquired a supplementary and degraded connotation when used in the *Wether*, *Jacke Jugeler*, etc., as a player's term or means of advertisement. About his function and habits, also, various misconceptions have gathered. I have, for instance, referred to Malone's statement that he was a constant attendant upon the Devil. Nothing could be more misleading. The Devil appears in at least two morals unattended by a Vice of any kind,[1] and the Vice appears in twenty-five or thirty without a Devil. They appear together in but eight[2] that I know of; and in only four[3] can the Vice be said to "attend." That he eggs the demons on to twit or torment the Devil, I cannot discover in more than two plays, — *Like wil to Like*, and *All for Money*. Since the days of Harsnet and Ben Jonson it has been reported that the Vice of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries made a practice of riding to hell on the Devil's back. But I have already pointed out that he does this in only one play before 1580. The same *Like wil to Like* is the only play in which he specifically "belabours the fiend." I know of no other in which that merriment was even likely to occur. In fact most of these attributions belong, not to the Vice of the morals and interludes, but to one of the later substitutes for him, the Vice-clown, such as Miles in *Friar Bacon*, or Iniquity in *The Devil is an Ass*.

A general view of his history shows, then, that the Vice is neither an ethical nor dramatic derivative of the Devil; nor is he a pendant to that personage, as foil or ironical decoy, or even antagonist. The Devil of the early drama is a mythical character, a fallen archangel, the anthropomorphic

[1] *Wisdom*, *Disobedient Child*.

[2] *Perseverance*, *Mankynd*, *Mary Magdalene*, *Nigromansir*, *Juventus*, *Like*, *Conflict of Conscience*, *Money*.

[3] *Mankynd*, *Mary Magdalene*, *Juventus*, and *Like*.

Adversary. The Vice, on the other hand, is allegorical, — typical of the moral frailty of mankind. Proceeding from the concept of the Deadly Sins, ultimately focussing them, he dramatizes the evil that springs from within. Though at first directed by God's Adversary, who assails man with temptations from without, the Vice is the younger contemporary of the Devil rather than his agent. As he acquires personality, he assumes characteristics and functions unknown to the Adversary, scriptural or dramatic. The functions were gradually assimilated with those of mischief-maker, jester, and counterfeit-crank; the characteristics, more and more affected by the Fool-literature of Wireker, Lydgate, Brandt and Barclay, Skelton, and the rest (which included vice in Folly, and by the Fool connoted vicious characters in all variety), were insensibly identified with social rather than abstract ethical qualities, and so came to be distributed as tendencies or "humours" among the persons of the drama, — who themselves are no longer allegorical, but representative of the concrete individuals of everyday life. Though the conduct of the interlude Vice may be anything but dignified, his function was, accordingly, at first serious. It was only gradually, and as the conflict between good and evil was supplanted by less didactic materials, — in other words, as the moral became more of a play, — that the Vice grew to be farcical, a mischief-maker, and ultimately jester. So long as he acts the seducer in disguise, and the marplot, he remains dramatically supreme. When he, however, assumes the rôle of parasite, counterfeit-crank, or simple, he enhances the variety of his fascination at the expense of his distinctive quality; and when he once has identified himself with the Will Summer, the actor, wag, or buffoon by profession, he plays below the function and level of his pristine quality. The Vice proper should, therefore, not be confounded with the Shakespearean fool, nor with the country clown. The country clown or booby he in reality never is; indeed, in some earlier manifestations[1] the clown exists contemporaneously with the Vice, and is his natural though not always complaisant quarry. Though the Vice, however, did not turn clown, the clown imperceptibly usurped qualities of the vanishing Vice.

In connection with the misconception concerning the derivation of the Vice from the domestic fool, of course incompatible with his descent from the Deadly Sins, there lingers a report that he was ordinarily dressed in a fool's habit. Such is the opinion of Klein[2] and Douce; and Morley[3] writes, "The Vice, when not in disguise, wore — as Brandt or Barclay would have thought most fitting — the dress of a fool." The dress of some typical fool of every-

[1] *The Witt and Wisdome*, *King Cambyses*, *Like*, and *Horestes*.
[2] *Gesch. d. engl. Dramas*, II., p. 4. [3] *English Writers*, VII., p. 182.

day life, some social "crank,"— yes; but not until the latter third of the sixteenth century, when the Vice was in his dotage, did he lose himself in the habit of the domestic fool. The Vice "shaking his wooden dagger," of whom Ben Jonson gives us a glimpse in *The Devil is an Ass* and *The Staple of News*, is without doubt the domestic fool in the characteristic long coat, or in the juggler's jerkin with false skirts. But we must remember that Ben Jonson was writing some sixty or seventy years after the Vice properly so called was in his prime. From 1450 to 1570 and later, the distinctive Vice of the moralities was accoutred in the costume of his rôle, first of a Deadly Sin or little "dylfe"; then of some social class, trade, or type: messenger, herald, beggar, rat-catcher, priest, pharisee, gallant, dandy, or 'cit.' Occasionally he assumed a succession of costumes according to this dramatic necessity. He was indeed frequently equipped, in addition, with horn spectacles and wooden dagger, and sometimes with a burlesque of ceremonious attire,[1] or he was furnished with squibs and other fireworks,[2] or with hangman's rope or bridle. Professor Cushman surmises that he was, even, sometimes made up like Punch, for instance, in *Horestes* and *Cambyses*. I don't know about that, but of this we may be sure, that as a Vice he was not distinguished by the traditional costume of the domestic fool. That character, soon to play an important part in comedy, appropriated certain tricks and aspects of the Vice, but the distinctive figure of the moral drama did not proceed from or ape the domestic fool of contemporary life.

Oddly enough it has lately been asserted that this character had no part in the 'morality' proper. An implication to the same effect is to be found in Halliwell-Phillipps's notes to *Witt and Wisdome* as early as 1846, where he says that "the Vice is the buffoon of the old moral plays which *succeeded* the Reformation." The fact is that the Vice takes part in all the plays under consideration, whether called morals proper or moral interludes, from 1400 to 1578, except only *Wisdom* of the pre-Reformation series and the *Disobedient Child* of the post-Reformation. Two other of the thirty-odd morals and moral interludes, namely, the *Pride of Life* and *Everyman*, resort to a substitute. They distribute the rôle among minor representatives of the World, Flesh, and Devil, but they do not dispense with the idea of the Vice.[3] From him proceeds most of the human interest of these earlier comedies. Like the inclinations that he personifies, he is first sinful, then venial, then amusing;

[1] *Cambyses*; cf. Roister Doister's array.

[2] *Play of Love*; cf. the braggart Crackstone in *Two Ital. Gent.*, much later.

[3] In *Wisdom* he may be regarded as Vice and Devil (Lucifer) rolled into one; in *Everyman* he is probably represented by the friends who desert the hero in time of need; in the *Disobedient Child* he is concrete as the prodigal son.

and to his tradition the comedy of a later age owes more than we are wont to suspect. It owes to him the development of certain spiritual characteristics, a cynical but rollicking superiority to sham, a freedom from the thrall of social and religious externality, a reckless joy of living, but an aloofness, withal, and a humour requisite to the exercise of satire. It is, indeed, as satirist sometimes virulent, but usually jocose, that the Vice is most to be esteemed. In so far as the genial character of the domestic fool of Green, Lodge, or Shakespeare reflected his irony and shrewd wit, some memory of him survived; and the clown-Vice of *Friar Bacon* renews a passage or two of his later career, but not every usurper of his comic appanage, his mimicry, puns, irrelevance, and horse-play can lay claim to be descended from the Vice.

The dramatic importance of this figure can therefore not be overrated. He forms the *callida junctura* between religious and secular, didactic and artistic, ideal and tangible, in our early comedy. He found a house of correction and he left a stage. Garcios, Pilates, Doomsday demons, and Maks precede, or flit beside him; but he, with his ancestral Sins, dependent Follies, and succeeding Ironies and Humours, occupies the central and the foremost place. Even while representing the superfluity of naughtiness with an eye to its reprobation, he is the life of the 'moral,' — its apology for artistic existence, its appeal to human interest. But when he steals a further march and rounds up for ridicule the very components of the allegorical drama that are most removed from laughter, and most liable thereto, — the long-faced abstractions that regard the comic spirit as sinful and are impervious to a joke, — he fulfils his destiny. He is the dramatic salt and solvent of the moral play. At first it couldn't thrive without him; at last it couldn't thrive with him. For, what *raison d'être* could a moral have that no longer regarded the comic as immoral, knew a joke at sight, perhaps adventured one on its own account? Step by step with the development of a popular æsthetic interest in the affairs of common men the playwright asserted his superiority to social and allegorical make-believes, and the Vice proved his utility as a dramatic reagent. Once the Vice had gathered all sins in himself, his career was from 'inclination' to 'humour,' from abstract to concrete, from the moral to the typical, the one to the many, and so from the service of allegory to that of interlude, moral and pithy, but merry, all in preparation for farce, and social and romantic comedy.

6. The Relation between Miracle, Moral, and Interlude

An unfortunate misapprehension has obtained currency to the effect that there was a deliberate transition, chronological and logical, from the miracle

cycle to the "morality," and thence to a something entirely different, called the interlude ; and it is supposed that definite advances in the development of comedy were made *pari passu* with this transition. It is even said, by one of the most genial and learned of English scholars, who of course was not intending anything by way of scientific accuracy, at the time, that "in the progress of the drama, Moralities followed Mysteries, and were succeeded by Interludes. When folk tired of Religion on the Stage they took to the inculcation of morality and prudence ; and when this bored them they set up Fun." [1] But the moral play [2] was rather a younger contemporary and complement of the miracle than a follower, or a substitute for it. Moreover, allegory in the acted drama commanded the attention of the public contemporaneously with the scriptural plays of the later fourteenth century; in literature it had occupied attention long before. People, therefore, did not wait until they were tired of religion upon the stage, before taking to the inculcation of morality ; nor could they have hoped to escape religion by any such substitute. Moral plays, like plays which were originally liturgical, aimed at religious instruction. But as the scriptural-liturgical illustrated the forms of the church service and its narrative content, the moral illustrated the sermon and the creed. The former dealt with history and ritual, the latter with doctrine ; the former made the religious truth concrete in scriptural figures and events, the latter brought it home to the individual by allegorical means. The historical course of the drama was not from the scriptural play to the allegorical, but from the collective miracle and collective moral, practically contemporary, to the individual miracle and individual moral. The dramatic quality of the moral was, as we shall presently remark, not the same as that of the miracle, but it neither supplanted nor fully supplemented that of the miracle.

The distinction between 'morality' and 'interlude' has likewise been unduly and illogically emphasized. The former term may properly be said to indicate the content and aim of a drama ; the latter, its garb and occasion ; but the essential characters of the moral play, the human hero and the representatives of good and evil contending for his soul, may be common to interlude and 'morality' alike, and both terms may with justice refer to the same drama. After 1500 the rôle of hero is, to be sure, sometimes filled by an historical character, or by one or more concrete personages representative of a type ; but it must not be supposed that the play possessing such a hero is therefore to be called an interlude, for similar heroes are to be found in the morals before 1500. Nor should the statement be accepted that morals are

[1] Furnivall, *Digby Plays*, Forewords, xiii.

[2] Never 'Morality' to our ancestors ; that is a futile borrowing from the French.

distinguished from interludes by the presence in the former of both Devil and Vice; for several interludes of a later date have both Devil and Vice, while some of the earlier morals, written before 1500, have but one or the other of these characters, or neither.[1] The attempt to characterize the moral by its professed didactic intent, and the interlude by the lack thereof or the profession of mirth, is equally unavailing; for that manifest moral, the *Pride of Life*, one of the earliest extant, makes explicit promise in its prologue "of mirth and eke of kare" from "this our game"; while *Mankynd*, a moral of 1461 to 1485, which advertises no amusement, is as full of it as any late interlude. On the other hand, several plays written after 1568, calling themselves "comedies or enterludes," and promising brevity and mirth, are tedious. But, for the advertisement, sub-title, or specification of the play we must of course hold the publisher, and not the author, generally responsible. The common belief that 'moralities' were succeeded by 'interludes' is probably due in large part to the fact that 'interlude' has been used in England at different periods for entirely different kinds of entertainment, some of which, notably that to which Collier in 1831 restricted the term, — the play after the style of Heywood, — were of later production than the moral. But other kinds of 'interlude' date back to 1300, and precede the first mention of the moral play; while later kinds include the moral, and finally are synonymous with any humorous and popular performance. Collier's restriction of the term was, therefore, unfortunate. It interpreted a *genus* as a species; for, although the interlude was originally any short entertainment, occupying the pauses between graver negotiations of the palate or intellect, it had, in the course of its history, acquired a significance almost as broad as 'drama' itself. The interlude was of various form and content and covered many species. As farce, the interlude anticipated moral plays; as allegorical drama, it absorbed them; and as comedy, it is their younger contemporary, It is not merely the play after the style of John Heywood. It is long or short; religious, moral, pedagogic, political, or doctrinal; scriptural, allegorical, or profane; classical or native; imaginative or reproductive of the commonplace; stupid or humorous; satirical or purely comic. It seems to me, therefore, unwise to perpetuate a distinction between moral plays and interludes which was not recognized by those who wrote and heard the plays in question.

The reduction of the number of actors, the abbreviation of the play, the concentration of the plot, wherever these exist in the later morals or moral interludes, are not evidence of a change of kind, but merely of a natural evolution through a period of some two hundred years. When ten Brink says

[1] *Wisdom* has only Lucifer; *Nature* has only Sensuality and minor Vices; *Pride of Life* had Devils in all probability, but no Vice, for Mirth is not one; *Everyman* has neither.

that the interlude was the species best adapted to further the development of dramatic art, we must understand by interlude the individual, as opposed to the collective drama, — or the occasional performance by professionals for the delectation, and sometimes at the order, of private persons or parties, as opposed to expository or perfunctory plays, plays manipulated by crafts, or associated with times, places, and ends external to art. The improvement in scope and elasticity which marks the individual play is due to various causes : to patronage, which prefers amusement to instruction, and the work of artists to that of journeymen ; to the development accordingly of a bread-and-butter profession of acting, with its accompanying *stimuli* of necessity and opportunity. Poetic invention, dramatic constructiveness and style, are sometimes spurred by hunger ; they are always responsive to the appreciation of the cultivated, and maybe to the reward.

7. The Older Morals in their Relation to Comedy

The remaining dramas within the compass of this survey may be considered in the following order : first, the older morals and moral interludes, between the years 1400 and 1520 ; second, various experiments of native and foreign, classical and romantic, origin which distinguish a period of transition extending approximately from 1520 to 1553 ; and, third, some nine or ten plays of prime importance which succeed these and unite, in one way or another, qualities of structure and aim hitherto distinctive of separate dramatic kinds. The period during which these plays, which I shall venture to call polytypic, were produced, roughly coincides with the years 1545 to 1566, and among these plays are the first English comedies really worthy of the name. We must then notice a group of rudimentary survivals, some of which, falling between 1550 and 1570, illustrate simply an artificial adaptation of the 'moral' species, while other few, appearing between 1553 and 1580, are a persistent flowering of the decadent stock, fruitless in kind but genuine in comic quality. We shall finally pass in brief review the crude romantic plays of morals or intrigue or popular tradition written between 1570 and 1590. And if it were not for lack of space, we should also glance at the satirical comedies which appeared when Shakespeare was beginning and Greene was ceasing ; but, so far as possible, I must omit all subjects to which any consideration has elsewhere been accorded in this volume.

A sympathetic examination of the older morals — those that were produced before 1520 — will reveal, even though the period is comparatively early, a twofold character of composition. We find, on the one hand, plays inter-

pretative of ideals of life, constructive in character, relying upon the fundamentally allegorical, and making principally for a didactic end. We find, on the other hand, plays that deal with the actual have a critical aim, reproduce appearances and manners, and tend toward the amusing and satirical.

Of the half-dozen morals that made for the development of constructive or interpretative comedy, one of the earliest (about 1400) and most important was the *Castell of Perseverance*. In the quality of its dramatic devices it sustains a close relation to the Digby *Magdalene*, — the siege of the Castell by the Seven Deadly Sins, and their repulse under the roses which the Virtues have discharged. It also makes use of characters already prominent in the eleventh Coventry play, the *Pax* and *Misericordia*, who there, as here, intercede for mankind. Collier calls this a well-constructed and much varied allegory, and says with good reason that its completeness indicates predecessors in the same kind. It is itself an early treatment of a fruitful theme, variously handled in later plays like Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, and in narratives like *The Holy War*. Though the abstractions are not of a highly dramatic character, still one or two of them, — for instance *Detractio*, the Vice, who is a cousin of the Coventry Backbiter, and of *Invidia*, "who dwellyth in Abbeys ofte," foreshadow the comedy of manners and satire, that is to say, the comedy of criticism. Other morals or moral interludes of the constructive kind, which I must forbear to describe, even though they contributed in one way or another to the improvement of dramatic consciousness or skill, are the *Pride of Life*, of antiquity perhaps as high as the preceding; the *Wisdom that is Christ*, 1480–1490, a comedy in the mediæval sense, insomuch as it portrays the ultimate triumph of a hero in his contest with temptation; *Mundus et Infans*, printed 1522, but written perhaps by the beginning of the century, which, beside giving us a vivid satirical picture of low life, makes a twofold contribution to the technique of comedy, — an iteration of crises in plot, and a sequence of changes in the character of the hero; Skelton's *Magnyfycence*, 1515–1523, significant for "vigour and vivacity of diction," and his *Nigromansir*, written somewhat earlier, which, though now lost, appears by Warton's account to have contributed, by its attack upon ecclesiastical abuses, to the beginnings of satirical comedy; the *Moralle Play of the Somonynge of Everyman*, printed before 1531, but of uncertain date of composition, — a tragedy to be sure, but "one of the most perfect allegories ever formed." All these, even when not purposively comic or even entertaining, assist the dramatic presentation of an imaginative ideal; occasionally also, though less directly, they contribute to dramatic satire and the portrayal of manners.

Of moral plays written before 1520 that contributed to the comedy of real life and critical intent we still have three or four. *Mankynd* — somewhere

between 1461 and 1485 — is of prime importance to the comedy of the actual, for practically its only claim to consideration as an allegorical or didactic production is that it maintains the plan and purpose of the moral play. Its dramatic tendency is altogether away from the abstract. In spite of its stereotyped Mercie and Myscheff, its minor Vices, and its Devil, it is a somewhat coarse but amusing portrayal of the manners of contemporary ne'er-do-weels. Attach no more meaning to the names Newgyse, Nowadays, and Nowte than the chuckling audience did, or change them to Huntyngton of Sanston, Thuolay of Hanston, and Pycharde of Trumpyngton, and you perceive at once that the individuality, conversation, and behaviour of these characters, and even of the hero, when he is not "holyer than ever was ony of his kyn," are hardly less natural and concrete than those of Englishmen immortalized by Heywood, Udall, and William Stevenson. The plot, to be sure, is dramatically futile, the incidents farcical, the merriment anything but refined; but there are few merrier successors of the Wakefield Tutivillus than his namesake here, who, coming "invysybull," cometh for all that "with his legges under him" and "no lede on his helys" to inform the sanctimonious hero that "a schorte preyere thyrlyth hewyn" and the audience that "the Devil is dead." Like the devil-judge of the *Nigromansir* and the devil-sailor of the *Shipwrights' Play*, he has shaken off his biblical conventions (if he ever had any), he associates familiarly with characters of all kinds, and is marked by his grotesque devices as a wilful worker of confusion, the marplot of the play. The dog-Latin of the Vice Myscheff stands half-way between that of the Wakefield plays and that of *Roister Doister* and *Thersytes;* and the Sam Wellerisms of Newgyse are a fine advance in the reproduction of the vulgar. His "Beware! quod the goode-wyff, when sche smot of here husbondes hede," and his "Quod the Devill to the frerys," and other gayeties perilous to quote — there is something Rabelaisian in all this. So Nowte and Nowadays, with their racy idioms, their variegated oaths, and "allectuose ways," are to the manner born, neither new nor old; they are of the picaresque drama that finds a welcome in every age and land. It is worth while to notice also the parallelism of crudity and progress in the technical devices of the action: on the one hand, the exchange of garments by which a change of motive is symbolized, a ruse that only gradually yields to the manifestation of character by means of action; and on the other hand, the legitimate and dramatic parody of a scene in court.

The concrete element so noteworthy in *Mankynd* is further developed in the "*Goodly Interlude of Nature*, compylyde by" Archbishop Morton's chaplain, Henry Medwall, between 1486 and 1500. This author must have possessed a remarkably vivid imagination, or have enjoyed a closer

acquaintance than might be expected of one of his cloth with the seamy side of London ; for there are few racier or more realistic bits of description in our early literature than the account given by Sensuality of Fleyng Kat and Margery, of the perversion of the hero by the latter, and of her retirement when deserted to that house of "Strayt Religyon at the Grene Freres hereby," where "all is open as a gose eye." Though the plot is not remarkable, nor the mechanism of it, for almost the only device availed of is that of feigned names, still the author's insight into the conditions of low life, his common sense, his proverbial philosophy, his humorous exhibition of the morals of the day, and his stray and sudden shafts at the foibles of his own religious class, would alone suffice to attract attention to this work. And even more remarkable than this in the history of comedy is Medwall's literary style : his versification excellent and varied, his conversations witty, idiomatic, and facile. Indeed, he is so far beyond the ordinary convention that he writes the first bit of prose to be found in our drama.

Several of the characteristics of *Mankynd* are carried forward also in the moral "interlude," named, not for its hero Free Will, but for its Vice, *Hyckescorner*. It appears to have been written between 1497 and 1512. The upper limit of production is fixed by the reference to Newfoundland, and perhaps by the fact that in the same year Locher's translation of the *Narrenschiff* appeared ; the lower limit by the mention of the ship *Regent*, which would not probably have been referred to as existing after 1512.[1] Indeed, the mention of the ship *James* may associate the lower limit with 1503, the date of the Scotch marriage. The tendency of this moral is distinctively didactic, — to denounce the folly that scoffs at religion, — but in quality it smacks more of comedy than any preceding play. Its value was long ago acknowledged by Dr. Percy. "Abating the moral and religious reflections and the like," says he, "the piece is of a comic cast, and contains a humorous display of some of the vices of the age. Indeed, the author has generally shown so little attention to the allegorical that we need only to substitute other names to his personages, and we have real characters and living manners." The plot is insignificant, but the situations are refreshingly humorous, and one of them, the setting of Pity in the stocks, is new. The local references are frequent, and the dialogue is more sprightly than even that of *Nature*. *Hyckescorner* is in many ways the model of another important play of which we shall soon have reason to speak, the *Interlude of Youth*.

[1] I see no reason for assuming with Professor Brandl (*Quellen u. Forschungen*, XXVIII.) that the loss of the navy bound for Ireland, ll. 336–363, has reference to the destruction of the *Regent* by the French, 1512.

While the plot of the *New Interlude and Mery of the Nature of the Four Elements*, calls for no special notice, it interests us because in purpose it is not moral, but scientific, and in conduct makes use of comic and commonplace means not previously availed of. The humour proceeds not simply from the jumble of oaths, nicknames, proverbs, gibes, bad puns, transparent jokes, mimicry, Sam Wellerisms, and *nugae canorae* of which the talk of most Vices consists, but from the cleverly managed verbal misunderstanding between the Vice and the Taverner, the irrelevant question, and the humorous employment of snatches and tags from popular songs. The introduction of a character representing a trade, such as that of the Taverner, who enumerates sixteen kinds of wine, and "by his face seems to love best drinking," is, of course, novel, but is not without precedent in the miracle plays. This interlude was printed in 1519 by its author, John Rastell, evidently soon after it was written.

When we consider that the *Four Elements* was written by a friend of Sir Thomas More, and that, like the plays of John Heywood, another of More's friends, it depends for much of its effect upon its gibes at womankind, we are, perhaps, assisted in realizing the extent to which the literary taste of the day still indulged in this primitive form of amusement, and the distance which was yet to be covered before comedy could safely avail itself of the feminine element as it is, — witty and practical, as well as tender, — and so prepare to fulfil its peculiar function as the conserver of society. For, until it recognizes that women constitute the social other-half, the comic spirit has not come into full possession of its possibilities ; it has not produced comedy, for it has not given us a full and undistorted reflex of life. This is a fact so rarely considered that I cannot refrain from quoting Mr. George Meredith. "Comedy," he says, in his excellent essay on its *Idea* — "comedy lifts women to a station offering them free play for their wit, as they usually show it, when they have it, on the side of sound sense. The higher the comedy, the more prominent the part they enjoy in it. . . . The heroines of comedy are like women of the world, not necessarily heartless for being clear-witted : they seem so to the sentimentally reared only for the reason that they use their wits, and are not wandering vessels crying for a captain or a pilot. Comedy is an exhibition of their battle with men, and of men with them : and as the two, however divergent, both look on one object, namely, life, the gradual similarity of their impressions must bring them to some resemblance. The comic poet dares to show us men and women coming to this mutual likeness ; he is for saying that, when they draw together in social life, their minds grow liker ; just as the philosopher discerns the similarity of boy and girl, until the girl is marched away to the nursery." Of course, if the ways of man and

maid in society ever grew to be exactly alike, comedy would die of inanition. Consequently, though I say that comedy requires for the sexes equality of social privilege, I do not mean identity. The *synalœpha* of the sexes — such as some extremists, political and pedagogical, project — would just as surely destroy comedy as in former days the inequality of the sexes dwarfed it. The sentimental and romantic give-and-take is as essential to society as the intellectual, and as essential to comedy as to society.

8. The Dramatic Contribution of the Older Morals

Before discussing the period of transition upon which comedy now enters, it will be advantageous to determine, if possible, what contributions to the methods of comedy should be credited distinctively to this moral or moral interlude during the years that preceded the change, that is, from 1380 to 1520. Certainly not the introduction of the separate play, as is frequently supposed, nor the substitution of immediate and familiar interests for those that were remote, nor of the invented plot for the traditional, and the significant for the spectacular. Though some of these features distinguish the evolution of the allegorical play, one and another of them is also to be recognized at as early a period, or earlier, in those forms of the drama, kindred and unrelated, that I have already described, — the miracle, the saint's play, the farce, and the secular festival play. I should say that, so far as the materials of drama are concerned, the advances peculiar to the allegorical play were, from the use of the scriptural *dramatis persona*, frequently instrumental and therefore wooden, to the use of the dynamic ; and from the historical or traditional individual to the representative of a type. These are substitutions important to our subject, for, that the individual should come to the front is, as ten Brink has well said, a characteristic of tragedy, whereas in comedy it is the typical that is emphasized, to the end that in an example which is typical the follies of the age may be liberally, and at the same time impersonally, embodied and chastised. By virtue of its didactic purpose and its allegorical form, moreover, the moral play must ascribe to its *dramatis personæ* adequate motives of action. It therefore must and does make an attempt, even though rude, at the preservation of psychological probability in the analysis and development of these motives. Once the dramatic person has been labelled with the name of a quality, not as appraised from without and denoted by a patronymic common to dozens beside himself, but from within and specified by his ethonymic (if I may coin the word), he is no longer a chance acquaintance of the dramatist or the public, but the representative of an ethical family. In the

moral play the characters stand for or against some convention, — educational, ethical, political, religious, — that is to say, social in the broadest sense. With the advent of such characters, therefore, the social drama receives an impulse. Its hero serves to justify or to satirize an institution ; for that end he exists. And therefore in the handling of motives the moral makes a genuine advance in the direction of comedy, both critical and ideal.

We notice next that the author of this kind of drama finds it necessary to devise situations for exploiting the idiosyncrasies of his principal characters ; and that, even though the characters be disguised as abstractions, the friction of what is dynamic with what is real results in something vivid and concrete. I do not mean to say that the dramatist has learned how to develop character, but how to display or manifest it. Skill in the portrayal of character in process of growth came but slowly, and with the passage of the allegorical play into the drama of real life. As to the portrayal of motives and emotions in their complexity, that is an art much more refined, to which the writers of the moral never attained, even though they enriched their abstractions with borrowings from theologians, philosophers, and poets, for in dealing with abstractions at all they were dealing with life at second hand. Indeed, complex characters can hardly be found in English drama before the various tentative dramatic species had merged themselves in the polytypic plays with which comedy, properly so called, made its appearance. The allegorical dramatists found also, like the writers of the later miracle and farce, that critical situations demanded plain language and unsophisticated manners ; and if, in these respects, the realism of the moral excels that of the earlier miracle, it is perhaps because of the superior dynamic quality of the moral *dramatis persona*.

Mr. Courthope and other writers on the drama have conjectured that the improvement characteristic of the allegorical playwright was one to which he was driven of necessity, namely, the introduction, and consequently the invention, of a continuous plot. But there was nothing new in the invention of plot. The novelty, if any, was in the distinctively comic nature of the plot-movement most suitable to the purpose of this kind of drama. In tragedy, the movement must be economic of its ups and downs : once headed downward, it must plunge, with but one or two vain recovers, to the abyss. In comedy, on the other hand, though the movement is ultimately upward, the crises are more numerous ; the oftener the individual stumbles without breaking his neck, and the more varied his discomfitures, so long as they are temporary, the better does he enjoy his ease in the cool of the day. Tragic effects may be intense and longer drawn out, but they must be few ; in comedy, the effects are many, sudden, fleeting, kaleidoscopic. You can enjoy a long, delicious shudder, but not a long-spun joke, or a joke frequently

repeated, or many jokes of the same kind. Hence the peculiar movement of the plot in comedy. Now, the novelty of the plot in the moral play, lay in the fact that the movement was of this oscillating, upward kind, — a kind unknown as a rule to the miracle, whose conditions were less fluid, and to the farce, which was too shallow and superficial. The heart of the 'moral' hero was a battleground; as in comedy, the interest was in the vicissitudes of the conflict and the certainty of peace. Though the purpose of the moral play was didactic and reformatory, its doctrine was optimistic and its end to encourage; and one of the distinctive contributions of the moral play to the English comedy was the movement suitable to these conditions, not the introduction of a continuous or connected plot. When Mr. Courthope further speaks of the moral plays as if they were the sole link of connection between the later miracle plays and the regular drama, and implies that the "morality" was unique in its introduction of a leading personage, who may be called the hero of the play, he is attributing to it qualities that existed in contemporary species of the dramatic kind. As to the statement that the moral play arose, as if a new kind of play, from some modification of the miracle play, on the one hand by secular and comic interests, and on the other by allegorical motives and materials, I think that sufficient has been elsewhere said in this article to show that secular and comic interests existed in the miracle play without altering its essence, both before and after the moral had come into prominence, and that allegorical motives and materials had developed themselves into the moral pageant and play before the miracle was visibly affected by them.

9. The Period of Transition: Farce and Romantic Interlude

The period of experimentation or transition, which may be said to extend from 1520 to 1553, is characterized especially by the gradual abandonment of allegorical machinery and abstract material. The forward movement is, of course, primarily due to the change from the mediæval attitude of mind to that of the renaissance, from artificial thought whose medium, the symbol, succeeded in concealing more than it expressed, to experience. Of the social and political conditions which prepared the way for the transition so far as English comedy is concerned or that shaped comedy once on its way, I cannot here speak, but the following would appear among purely literary antecedents: First, the French *sotties* and *farces*, the technical and satirical qualities of which were a stimulus to invention, not only in England, but in Italy and Germany; second, the *disputations* and *débats*, veritable whetstones of wit and a polish of words *ad unguem;* third, the collateral development of a

farce interlude in England, composed in Latin and English, probably also in Norman French, but generally spontaneous, and wholly unforced; fourth, the adaptation to dramatic and satirical purposes of *contes*, *fabliaux*, *novelle*, and their English translations and congeners, — more especially the Chaucerian episode with its concrete characters and contemporary manners; fifth, the movement of native romance urged during the fifteenth and earlier sixteenth centuries by contact with Spanish and Italian ideals and their fictions of character, adventure, and intrigue; sixth, the discipline of Plautine and Terentian models, and of the Latin and vernacular comedies which imitated them, as well as of the Latin school plays which flourished in Holland and Germany during the latter half of the fifteenth century; and seventh, the examples set by Kirchmayer and other German controversialists in the attempted adaptation of the moral play to historical or quasi-historical conditions with a view to satirical ends.

The plays that call for consideration in this section and the next may be classified roughly as farces, romantic interludes, school interludes, and controversial morals. Each of these kinds reaches a culmination conformable to its nature, within the limits that I have chosen for the period; and each has its own place in the history of comedy. For it must not be supposed that, because a pastoral farce like the *Mak* did not develop into independent existence, or because moral interludes gradually exhausted their career towards the end of the sixteenth century, such species had no influence in maturing English comedy. The peculiar quality and charm of our comedy is that, deriving from sources not only distinct, but remote in literary habitat, — scriptural, allegorical, farcical, pastoral, romantic, classical, historical, or purely native and social, — it has not dissipated itself in a thousand streamlets, but has carried down deposits from each tributary at its best. In *Love's Labor's Lost*, *Two Angry Women*, *As You Like It*, *Old Wives' Tale*, *Every Man in His Humour*, we find, as in a miner's pan, 'colours' from vastly different soils.

Of the indebtedness of comedy to the parody of religious festivals I have already spoken, and I have little doubt that at later periods English comedy continued to draw devices, if not inspiration, from performances whose occasion was a revolt against the straitness of religion. One, at least, of the interludes of John Heywood is closely similar to the French *Farce de Pernet*, and that such farces were, in motive, first a gloss upon the lessons of the divine service, then a diversion, and finally a factor in the extra-ecclesiastical Feast of Fools, any reader of Petit de Julleville will readily concede. It is impossible that the comic features and comic characters of the farces acted by the *clercs de la Basoche*, such as that of the immortal *Maître Pathelin*, should not have

affected the dramatic invention of contemporary and succeeding Englishmen, conversant as many of them were with the literature and society of France. And a like effect might naturally be expected to have been exercised by the *sotties* of the contemporary *enfants sans souci;* for, through the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, drama of that kind convulsed the sides of merrymakers south of the Channel. Such were the occasion and motive of farces and *sotties*. So far as they employed the plot of domestic intrigue for their purposes of satire, I have little doubt that they drew freely upon the Latin elegiac comedies of which I have already spoken as the favourite dramatic species of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The *Farce de Pernet* has connection with more than one of those imitations of Terentian intrigue. It has, also, like many of its kind and of elegiac comedies as well, a kinship with one and another popular tale. The church, then, seems to have furnished the opportunity for these farces, and for some as an object of satire the motive; the *contes* and *fabliaux* of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries furnished much of the material; Latin comedy, its mediæval and renaissance successors, cannot have failed to influence the form.

It will be, of course, recalled that as early as the *Mak* of the Towneley plays, a farce which is not unworthy of comparison with *Maître Pathelin*, the English *Interludium de Clerico et Puella*, probably of the thirteenth century, also indicated an acquaintance with the technique of the farce species. Undoubtedly such interludes were a common feature at entertainments of various kinds, and had matured in the ordinary course into fixed form. But they were frequently extemporaneous, were written for fleeting occasions, and might readily be lost. I am inclined therefore, to look upon the dramatized anecdotes assigned to Heywood as lucky survivals of a form which, since it had been long cultivated both in England and France, may have attained to a degree of excellence before he took it up. The resemblance of these farces to the French is often such that, as M. Jusserand says, one cannot but question whether Heywood had not some of the old French dramas of the type in his hands. Since Mr. Pollard has discussed the question in this volume, it is unnecessary for me to pursue it farther. In any case, it is to the honour of Heywood that he brought to focus the characteristic qualities of the Chaucerian episode, the farce and the dramatic debate. "This I write," says he, "not to teach, but to touch." In his work, accordingly, we find narratives of single and independent interest, if not exactly plot, and an adaptation of that which is abstract to purposes of amusement. We find characters with motive, and sometimes personality, contemporary manners, witty dialogue, satire; and in at least the *Play of Love*, an adumbration of the sentimental, dare we say romantic, possibilities of comedy, to be realized when it should

have thrown allegory and scholasticism to the winds. The Laundress in the *Wether* envisages fleetingly the straits of life and the recompense ; and in the *Play of Love*, the personification of various phases of that passion is a kind of glass through which we darkly divine the motives of many later comedies. There is, however, with the single exception of the Vice's trick in *Love*, no action which can be called dramatic in Heywood's undoubted plays ; for, as Mr. Pollard reminds us, the *Pardoner* and *Johan*, although they avail themselves of "business" in order to develop a plot, have not the significance of comedy proper.

To understand the nature of the movements that follow we must recur, though with the utmost brevity, to the history of later Latin comedy. The comic recitals of the twelfth century and thereabout were succeeded by the comedy of the Italian humanists, still in Latin, but dramatic in form and apparently in intent, which, though it availed itself, like the elegiac school, of the outworn situations and devices of scabrous amours, contributed considerably to the enrichment of the romantic strain by the passion with which it invested its material, sometimes, also, to the cause of realism by its unconscious, though often repulsive, accuracy of detail. Although Plautus is to some extent cultivated, the Terentian model was still the favourite with youthful imitators until study of the older poet was revived by the recovery of the twelve lost plays and their introduction to Roman circles in 1427. The *Philologia* of Petrarch's earlier years is accordingly fashioned in the style of Terence, and is even reported, for it is unfortunately lost, to have surpassed its classical forbears. Written about 1331, it was the first product of the new dramatic school, and was succeeded by a numerous train of ambitious effusions, — university plays we might call most of them, — a few witty, some sentimental, many libidinous, all very young, and still all, or nearly all, cleverly and regularly constructed. It concerns us here but to mention the *Paulus* of Vergerio, which Creizenach dates 1370, Aretino's *Poliscene*, about 1390, Alberti's *Philodoxeos*, 1418, Ugolino's *Philogena*, some time before 1437, and Piccolomini's *Crisis*, 1444.[1] Of these erotic comedies, — pornographic were perhaps a more fitting term, — the most popular seems to have been the *Philogena ;* the most eminent, according to Creizenach (but I don't see why), the *Crisis*. The *Paulus* pretends to aim at the improvement of youth ; one might for a moment imagine that it was intended to be a prodigal son play. But in none of these plays is there either punishment or repentance. In fact the unaffected verve with which they display the wantonness of life is not the least of their contributions to comedy. The *Poliscene* is notable for its modernity of man-

[1] For some of these see Quadrio, *Della Storia e della Ragione d' ogni Poesia*, Vol. III., Lib. II., 53 *et seq.*

ners and of morals. The sole instance among these plays, so far as I can ascertain, of noble sentiment and harmless plot is the *Philodoxeos*. The use of abstract names for the characters lends it, indeed, somewhat the appearance of a moral interlude.

Of much greater value, however, in the history of the acted drama, and of closer bearing upon the English comedy, were the representations of Plautus and Terence, first in the Latin and ultimately in the vernacular, which marked the last quarter of the fifteenth century in the courts of northern Italy. These in turn were but stepping-stones towards such dramatic dialogues as the *Timone* of Bojardo, 1494, and the still more significant experiments of Ariosto and Bibbiena — the first romantic comedies in prose and in the native tongue. The authors of the *Suppositi* (acted in 1509) and the *Calandria* (written in 1508, but not presented till six years later) derive much from Roman sources, but in general these comedies and their like were original. Their influence upon our own plays of romantic intrigue will presently appear. So, likewise, will that of a Spanish work, of even earlier date, the dramatic novel of *Calisto and Melibœa;* for this tragic production of Cota and De Rojas is the source of our first English romantic drama. The connection between other forms of Italian drama, the *Commedia dell' arte*, the pastoral drama, etc., and the later stage in western Europe has been ably discussed by Klein, Moland, Symonds, and Ward; and to them I must refer the reader of this more summary account.

The decade that saw the first of Heywood's virile plays was probably that which welcomed to England the ebullient, un-English passions of a dramatic species destined to develop the native stock in a far different manner. "A new commodye in englyshe, in maner of an enterlude," ordinarily called *Calisto and Melibœa*, is the earliest romantic play of intrigue in our language. It was "caused to be printed" by that excellent promoter of the dramatic art, John Rastell, about 1530, and was written — perhaps by him — not long before. The appellation "commodye" had been used during the same decade with reference to the English translation of the *Andria* (about 1520–29); it is here used for the first time on the title-page of an English play. And this interesting interlude may, indeed, well be called both English and comedy; for though it derives from romance sources (the Spanish dramatic composition by Fernando de Rojas, before 1500), and is affected by the Italian, it does not follow exactly the plot of its original; and though it is "reduced to the proportions of an interlude," it treats of an idea not farcical, but significant, and it develops the motives of real characters, by way of action, passion, and intrigue, to a happy conclusion within the realm of convention and common sense. It is, indeed, a comedy, perhaps our first well-rounded comedy,

though in miniature. The *Secunda Pastorum* it excels in singleness of aim; the *Pardoner and Frere* and the *Johan*, in meaning for life. It excels all preceding interludes in the fulfilment of the purpose, now for the first time announced in English drama, "to shew and to describe as well the bewte and good propertes of women as theyr vyces and evyll condicions." For the first time since plays became secular, women are introduced, not as the objects of scurrility and ridicule, but as dramatic material of an æsthetic, moral, and intellectual value equal to that of men. What the author of *Johan* did for the amusing and real action desirable in a comedy, the author of this play did for vital characterization and passion. Melibœa is the first heroine of our romantic comedy; she is so fair that for her lover there is "no such sovereign in heaven, though she be in earth." She is, if the play was written before the *Play of Love*, our earliest heroine "loved, not loving." She is a woman and pitiful and to be wooed; frail and repentant; but then indignant and not to be won. Calisto is, likewise, our first lover in despair. This element of woman worship — not worship of the Blessed Virgin or traditional interest in the Magdalene or any other saint — is no slight contribution to the material of comedy. The intrigue of the play, — the foils of character and action, the go-betweens, the plot within plot introduced by Celestina, her realistic account of Sempronio's character, her device of the "girdle," the mysterious agency of the dream, — no better indication of romantic tendency can be detected until we reach Redford's play of *Wit and Science*, of which presently. But first, and that we may keep in mind the parallelism of dramatic tendencies in this momentous first half of the sixteenth century, let us turn to another stream, that of the school interludes and the classical influence.

10. The Period of Transition: School Interlude and Controversial Moral

During the fifteenth century, and the early sixteenth, influences of importance to English comedy proceed not from the literature of Italy and Spain alone. In northern Europe additions most significant to the history of the type were making. To the crop of French *sotties*, *moralités*, and *farces* I have already referred. The German Reuchlin in 1498 put forth a roaring Latin comedy called the *Henno*, which, in modern Terentian style, embodied the chicaneries of Pathelin. About the same time the Germans began to make the acquaintance, through translations in their own tongue, of highly flavoured Italian Latin plays like the *Poliscene* and the *Philogenia;* while those of them who cared not for such things were favoured with a recrudescence of the Christian Terence school. In 1507 the young humanist, Kilian Reuter, in

imitation of the nun of Gandersheim, produced in Latin his pious comedy depicting the passion of St. Dorothea. In Holland, meanwhile, were springing into existence the Latin prototypes of more than one of our own didactic interludes; for in the *comedia sacra* the attempt was made to combine the intrigue of the Italian university play with the moral of the prodigal son and the technique of the Terentian drama. The more important of these plays of the prodigal son, in respect of influence upon English comedy, are the *Asotus* of Macropedius, written before 1529, and his *Rebelles*, 1535, the *Acolastus* of Gnapheus, 1529, and the *Studentes* of Stymmelius, 1549. The most dramatic of them are the second and third as mentioned. The *Acolastus*, indeed, translated into English by Palsgrave in 1540, exerted a long-enduring influence upon our drama. To the same period belong also a species of biblical comedies dealing with heroes, like the *Joseph* of the Dutch Jesuit, Crocus, 1535, and the *Susanna, Judith, Eli, Ruth, Job, Solomon, Goliath*, etc., of Macropedius, the Swiss Sixt Birck, and others; and another kind of play that occupied itself with prototypes of the Roman Antichrist, — Haman, Judas, and the like. The former may be called the idyllic or heroic miracle, the latter the polemic. And of the latter the most influential development was the controversial interlude, *Pammachius*, written by the German Protestant Naogeorgos (Kirchmayer) and dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury. By 1545 this play, in which the Pope figures as the Antichrist, had not only been acted at Cambridge in the original, but translated into English by our own John Bale; and, as we shall presently see, it was, somewhere between 1540 and 1548, imitated by him in one of the most vigorous of our controversial dramas.[1]

Of the cultivation of the drama in Latin in England I have already made mention in treating of the saints' plays and the Terentian drama of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Other indications of a Latin drama occur, although infrequently. William Fitzstephen, who speaks of the *ludus* given by Geoffrey's boys at Dunstable, tells us, also, that it was customary on feast days for masters of schools to hold festival meetings in the churches, when the pupils contested, not only in disputations, but also with Fescennine license in satirical verses touching "the faults of school-fellows or perhaps of greater people"; a practice which could only with difficulty escape development into a rude Aristophanic comedy. We have mention also of perquisites for a *comœdia* in one of the Cambridge colleges as early as 1386, evidently of the Latin type, and of the presentation of a goodly comedy of Plautus at court in 1520. Between 1522 and 1532 the Master of St. Paul's produced a Latin

[1] For the substance of this paragraph see the histories of Klein, Herford, and Creizenach.

school drama of *Dido* before Wolsey, and according to Collier's supposition,[1] the same John Ritwyse was the author of the satiric interlude, in Latin and French, of Luther and his wife, which was acted for the delectation of the not yet reformed Henry and his foreign guests in 1527. Of the nature of this play, unfortunately lost, some conception may be gathered from the still surviving list of its characters (allegorical, religious, and contemporary), from the analogous *Ludus ludentem Luderum ludens*, 1530, and the somewhat more recent and most scurrilous *Monachopornomachia*, both by Germans. Before 1530 and apparently with a view to acting, the *Andria* had been turned into English,[2] and by 1535 at least two Latin comedies of moral-mythological character had been written by Artour of Cambridge, and one, the *Piscator*, by Hoker of Oxford.[3] We have word of a dramatic pageant in English and Latin to which Udall contributed in 1532; in 1534 he issued a book of selections entitled *Flowers of Terence*. In 1540 Palsgrave had introduced the prodigal son drama from Germany; and by 1545 Bale had followed suit with a Latin play of Antichrist. During the same period Udall was producing his *plures comœdiæ*, now lost, and that other schoolmaster-dramatist, Radcliffe of Hitchin, was writing *spectacula simul jucunda et honesta* for his boys to present, — heroic miracles of the type affected by Macropedius, and a romantic comedy of *Griselda*, probably all in Latin, but unfortunately all vanished.

The importance of the English school drama has been well presented by Professor Herford and Dr. Ward, but there is something in the name that leads the ordinary reader to underrate the *genus*. A word or so by way of classification may be of assistance. These interludes fall naturally into four kinds. Those that ridicule folly, vain pretension, and conceit, or Mirth plays, — plays after the model of Plautus, mock-heroic, or purely diverting, like the *Thersytes*. Those that are pedagogical in tendency, directed against idleness and ignorance, or Wit plays. They began with Rastell's *Four Elements*, and reached their highest mark in the *Contract between Witt and Wisdome*. Those that portray the conflict with the excesses and lusts of the flesh, or Youth plays. They consist of such productions as *Mankynd, Nature, Hyckescorner*, and reach their climax, about 1554, in the *Interlude of Youth*. The school drama includes, in the last place, a series corrective of parental indulgence and filial disobedience, aptly called Prodigal Son plays. These are patterned upon Terence, but follow the manner of Dutch school plays like the *Acolastus* or of the still earlier French

[1] *E. Dr. Po.*, I. 107, from Gibson's Accounts.
[2] Warton, *H. Eng. Po.* (1871), IV. 323.
[3] Herford, *Lit. Rel.*, pp. 107–108.

moralités, *Bien-Avisé et Mal-Avisé*, *L'Homme pécheur*, and *Les Enfants de Maintenant*. They make more or less use of the scriptural motif and are sometimes tragical. In the period under consideration their best representatives are the *Nice Wanton* and the *Disobedient Child*. From the point of view of comedy the first of these kinds, the Mirth play, occupies a place by itself; for, though it may sometimes intend to teach, it always aims at, and achieves, laughter. To the three remaining kinds, we must for convenience, join, however, another which, though not of the school species, is primarily didactic, — I mean the controversial interlude. This includes Bale's *King Johan*, Wever's *Lusty Juventus*, and the *Respublica*.

In the Mirth play, *Thersytes*, the influence of Plautus is evident, — a school play, to be sure, but written with a view to amusement or rollicking satire rather than instruction. Acted in 1537, this "enterlude" has for its hero a "ruffler forth of the Greke lande" whose "crakying" stands half-way between the classical Pyrgopolinices and Thraso and the modern Roister Doister. For all its academic flavour, the burlesque is coarse and crude, but still genuinely humorous. It deserves notice, in especial, for the variety of its contents, chivalric, romantic, popular, scriptural as well as Greek and Latin; also for its artistic exhibition of the braggart, — the leisurely proceeding of his discomfiture, the subordination of other characters to that end; and for its mastery of technical devices, — concealment, magic, the play upon the word, and that hunting of the word and letter which was so soon to drive conversation out of its wits. As an interlude of foreign origin, the *Thersytes* has a place in the development of the comic element somewhat analogous to that of the *Calisto* in the development of the romantic. As far as the quality of mirth is concerned it might be classed with *Roister Doister* and *Jacke Jugeler;* but those plays are much more highly developed in form and spirit, and must be reserved for consideration with the polytypic, and early regular, comedy.

The remaining classes of interlude are manifestly didactic; those of Wit and Youth derive, however, more directly from native sources, while those of the Prodigal Son have close affiliation with the Christian Terence of the continental humanists.

Redford's *Wyt and Science*, composed probably between 1541 and 1547, is, in form and intent, like *Lusty Juventus* and other survivals of the moral interlude. It differs, however, in company with the *Four Elements* and other Wit plays, in substituting a scientific for a religious purpose; and it adds a feature not to be found in earlier kinds of moral, a chivalrous ideal of love and adventure, academic, to be sure, but unmistakable. This appears in the wooing of Lady Science by Wyt, and his encounter with the

tyrant or fiend Tediousness "for my dere hartes sake to wynne my spurres;" in the hero's inconstancy, defeat, and subsequent success, and in the dramatic employment of romantic instruments and tokens, such as the magic glass and the sword of comfort; also in the love songs. All of these and similar features of which the sources are not entirely continental make for the development of a romantic and humanistic drama. It may be worth noticing, moreover, that the fiend of the play is neither Vice nor Devil. He seems to be a cross between the Devil of the miracles and a monster of native as well as scriptural ancestry (an early draft of Giant Despair), who figures in a modernization of this play, *The Marriage of Witte and Science*. In chronological sequence the next of the Wit plays is the *Contract of a Marrige betweene Wit and Wisdome* (not *Wit and Science*, as Professor Branul has it). This was probably written about the same time as the *Lusty Juventus*. The mention of the King's most "royal majestie" and the appearance of the Vice Idleness as a priest would point to a date earlier than 1553, while the resemblance to Redford's play, though by no means close, indicates posteriority to that much cruder production. The division into acts and scenes is, on the other hand, less elaborate than that obtaining in the latest play of this series, *The Marriage of Witte and Science*. The *Contract* is altogether the most meritorious of those academic predecessors of the drama of the Prodigal Son which introduce the indulgent mother as a motive force. While the conception is formal and didactic, the action avails itself, like Redford's play, of the romantic element involved in the perilous adventure for love. The *Contract*, moreover, startles the sober atmosphere of the moral interlude by a rapidity of movement, a combination of plots major and minor, a diversity of subordinate characters and incidents altogether unprecedented. The racy and natural wit, the equivoque, the actual, even if vulgar, humanity of the scenes from low life, and the skill with which the Mother Bees, the Dols and Lobs, Snatches and Catches, the Constable, and the thoroughly rustic Vice with his actual resemblance to Diccon the Bedlem, are dovetailed into the action, — these properties make this a very commendable predecessor, not only of *Gammer Gurton*, but of certain plays of Dekker and Jonson where similar features obtain. With the *Contract*, the interlude of this kind attains its climax. *The Marriage of Witte and Science*, which is a revision of Redford's play of similar name, must also be mentioned here, although it is a postliminious specimen of the type. Not licensed until 1569–70, and, according to Fleay, acted as *Wit and Will*, 1567–78,[1] it adds nothing vital to the plot or characters of its model. Still, in literary and dramatic handling, it is

[1] *History of the Stage*, p. 64.

an example of the perfection to which the moral play could come. Collier, indeed, has said that it was the first play of its kind regularly divided into acts and scenes with indication of the same: but that is not true, for the *Respublica* of 1553 has five acts and the proper arrangement in scenes; and so have other plays of 1553 or earlier, though of different kind, like the *Jacob and Esau*.

If now we pass to the Youth plays, we shall find in the *Interlude of Youth* (about 1554) the culmination of dramatic efforts to portray the sowing of wild oats, — efforts avowedly moral in purpose, but with a reminiscent smack of the lips and a fellow-feeling for the scapegrace. The *Interlude of Youth* is characterized neither by the unbridled merriment of the *Miles Gloriosus* type nor by the depth or pathos of dramas portraying solicitous parents and prodigal sons; but it paves the way for 'tragical' comedies of this latter class, and is infinitely more dramatic, because more human, than the pedagogical onslaughts upon idleness, irksomeness, ignorance, and the like of which we have just treated. It has, perhaps, not been noticed that the *Interlude of Youth* holds about the same relation to *Hyckescorner* in matter of motive and treatment that *Hyckescorner* holds to the *Four Elements* and *Mankynd*, — indeed, a closer relation, for in many details of character, device, situation, as well as by literal transference of language, it borrows from *Hyckescorner*. This as indicating the descent of the species is in itself interesting. But the present play generally improves upon all that it derives. In addition, the vivid conversation, shrewd and waggish wit, local colouring, atmosphere of taverns, dicing, cards, and worse iniquities, justify, I think, the statement that it is at once the most realistic, amusing, and graceful specimen of its kind. It is, at any rate, as artistic as a didactic interlude could permit itself to be.

One cannot consider the so-called Prodigal Son interludes, without observing that the theme itself supplies an opportunity for the enlargement of dramatic endeavour. For these productions are directed as much against parental indulgence as against filial disobedience. The "Preaty Interlude called *Nice Wanton*," printed in 1560, was written before the death of Edward VI. Though it may have derived suggestions from the *Rebelles*[1] of Macropedius, 1535, it is of its own originality and dramatic merit, in my opinion, the best of its class in English at the time of writing. While it presents a mixture of scriptural, classical, and moral elements, it is essentially a modern production.

[1] Brandl, *Quellen*, LXII.; cf. Herford, *Lit. Rel.*, p. 156. To trace the suggestion of the model of Barnabas to the *Studentes* of Stymmelius, 1549, is, I think, absurd. It is strange that Creizenach, *Gesch. d. neu. Dr.*, I. 470, should assert, in face of the *Nice Wanton* and *The Glasse of Government*, that no English 'moral' avails itself of *two* representatives of the human race — a good and an evil.

The allegorical lingers only in the character of Worldly Shame. If this be eliminated, there remains a play with realistic, romantic, and ideal qualities, an air of probability, and a plot well conceived and excellently completed. Iniquity, or Baily errand, is a concrete Vice, working by actual and possible methods. The unfortunate heroine and the well-contrasted pairs of mothers and sons are manifest not only by their deeds but by the opinions of those who know them. The plot, in other words, grows out of the characters; it is full of incident, and it falls naturally into acts, which have been elaborated in various and dramatically interesting scenes. The movements, on the one hand toward a catastrophe, on the other toward the triumph of right living, are conducted with skilful suspense, surprise, discovery, and revolution, and are well interwoven. The conversations and songs are racy or sober according to the conditions; the combination of æsthetic qualities, comic, tragic, and pathetic, is an agreeable advance upon the inartistic extremes afforded by most of the contemporary interludes of moral intent. The next of these plays, the "pretie and mery new interlude called *The Disobedient Child*, by Thomas Ingeland, late Student at Cambridge," was acted, Mr. Fleay thinks, before Elizabeth in March, 1560–61. Though it was not published till 1564, it was certainly, like the *Nice Wanton*, written before 1553. The purpose is serious and the conclusion almost tragic, but the play contributes to the comedy of domestic satire. If the main characters were but indicated by name, like those below stairs, Blanche and Long-Tongue, this picturesque and wholly dramatic interlude would have attracted more notice than has been vouchsafed it. Its literary merits, verse, poetic feeling and expression, and its natural dialogue entitle it to high consideration; its decidedly novel dramatic qualities, even though they bear a general resemblance to the *Studentes*[1] of Stymmelius, rank it with the *Nice Wanton* as one of the most vigorous of our early representatives of the dramatic actualities of family life.

For reasons which I have already indicated, the controversial plays of the period between 1520 and 1553 may be considered here. The first of these in chronological order is Bale's *King Johan*, about 1540–47, with later insertions in the author's hand. Its relation to Lyndsay's satire of the *Thrie Estatis* is well known; and Professor Herford[2] has indicated its indebtedness also to the *Pammachius* and the Protestant version of the antichrist legend. It is a dramatic satire on the abuses of the church, its riches, orders, brotherhoods, confessionals, simony, free thought, mummery (judaistic and pagan), Latin ritual, hagiolatry, and papal supremacy. Few more excellent embodiments of the Vice have been preserved than the Sedycyon of this play, who in every estate of the clergy plays a part, sometimes monk, sometimes nun, or

[1] Brandl, *Quellen*, LXXIII.; and Herford, *Lit. Rel.* [2] *Lit. Rel.*, p. 135.

canon, or chapter-house monk, or Sir John, or the parson, or the bishop, or the friar, or the purgatory priest and every man's wife's desire : —

> "Yea, to go farder, sumtyme I am a cardynall;
> Yea, sumtyme a pope and than am I lord over all,
> Both in hevyn and erthe and also in purgatory,
> And do weare iij crownes whan I am in my glorye."

In spite of Professor Schelling's[1] recent rejection of *King Johan* from the list of chronicle plays, I cannot but agree with Dr. Ward that this moral is of considerable importance in the history of that species. That it uses history merely as the cloak for a religio-political allegory, and that it does not quite succeed in drawing together the points of fact and fiction in the development of action and character, — these defects do not alter its significance as the first English play to incarnate the political spirit of its age in a form imaginatively attributed to an earlier period of native history. Although it is not a comedy, it concerns us here as a drama of critical and satirical intent. It is succeeded by plays like *Lusty Juventus* and *Respublica*, which deal more or less with political affairs, and interest us because they enliven the controversial by the introduction of the realistic and comic, and, accordingly, in an age when polemics was politics, contribute to the improvement of comedy by shaping it more or less to a medium for the dissemination of practical ideas. Moreover, though Bale had no disciples in the attempt to construct an historical protestant drama, he may be said to have prepared the way for a protestant series of another kind. This is what Professor Herford has well called the biblical *genre* drama ; it is pedagogical and controversial, and, like the *King Johan*, its representatives, also, such as the *Darius* and *Queen Hester*, had their precursors, and probably their models, more or less distant, in the idyllic or heroic miracle of the Dutch and German humanists.

R. Wever's *Lusty Juventus*, written about 1550,[1] is of the dramatic kindred of *Mankynd* and *Nature*. Its characters are allegorical in name but concrete in person ; and one of them, Abhominable Living, passes, also, under the appellation of "litle Besse." The conversations are sprightly, and the songs show considerable lyric power. But the play is a protestant polemic, and its success must have depended to a large extent upon the bitterness of the satire against

[1] *The English Chronicle Play.*

[2] Hawkins, *Engl. Drama*, I. 145, quotes a passage from one of Latimer's sermons in the presence of Edward VI., which uses the story of "drave me aboute the toune with a puddynge," referred to in *Lusty Juventus*.

"Holy cardinals, holy popes,
Holy vestments, holy copes,"

and various alleged hypocrisies and excesses of the Church of Rome. That this play had a long life is shown by its insertion, though under the designation of an interlude with which it had nothing in common,[1] as a play within a play in the tragedy of *Sir Thomas More* (about 1590). The "merye Enterlude" *Respublica*, 1553, a children's Christmas play, sustains somewhat the same relation to political Catholicism as *King Johan* to Protestantism — without the polemics of dogma. Here, as in the preceding political moral of *King Johan*, the Vice is used for a satirical purpose, and is not only the chief mischief-maker, but, also, the principal representative of the comic rôle. In this play, the Vice is so highly considered that the author, probably a priest, multiplies him by four, and, by way of foil, offsets the group with that of the four Virtues, daughters of God, whose presence in the eleventh Coventry play and in *Mankynd* has already been noticed. I don't see how Collier can call the construction of *Respublica* ingenious; it is childish, clumsy, and trite. The humour consists in old-fashioned disguises and *aliases*, equivoque, misunderstanding, and abuse. But the character of Avarice, who, with his money bags, anticipates the Suckdrys and Lucres of later comedy, is well conceived, the conduct natural, the language simple and colloquial. Of historical interest is the introduction of Queen Mary as Nemesis; of linguistic, the attempt to reproduce the dialect of the common people; of dramatic, the division into acts and scenes, which is to be found in but few other plays of the mid-century, such as *Roister Doister*, *King Johan*, *Jacob and Esau*, and the *Marriage of Witte and Science*.

11. Polytypic, or Fusion, Plays

With the plays just mentioned each of the dramatic kinds so far considered reaches its artistic limit. These kinds, however, during the decades roughly coincident with the years between 1545 and 1566, enter into combinations, by virtue of which English comedy is assisted to a still further advance. The plays that represent this stage of literary history may be called polytypic. *Roister Doister* and *Jacke Jugeler* subordinate the materials of academic interlude and classical farce to classical regulations. Into the *Historie of Jacob and Esau* enter characteristics of miracle play, moral, realistic interlude, and classical comedy. *Gammer Gurton* and *Tom Tyler* (of about the same date)

[1] *The Marriage of Wit and Wisdome.*

subsume, under the domestic play of low life, native elements of both farce and moral. *Misogonus* combines elements of moral interlude and farce with qualities native and foreign, classical and romantic. These are followed by the biblical *genre* drama of *Godly Queen Hester*, partly political and partly pedagogical in intent. In the first five of these plays the tendency to teach is reduced almost to a minimum. In the *Misogonus* and *Hester* it is present, but is counterbalanced by romantic or satirical considerations. When, however, we reach the *Damon and Pythias* and *The Supposes*, the didactic has disappeared altogether in favour of the truly artistic motive. These plays at last combine the comic and serious, the real, the romantic, and the ideal. They are constructive, not primarily critical; in fact, they must be regarded as our first real comedies.

No play of this division better illustrates the impress of the classical model upon native material than *Roister Doister*. This "comedie" or "interlude" was certainly in existence by 1552; indeed, it has not yet been conclusively shown that it was not acted as early as 1534 to 1541. In the last contingency it may have anticipated the *Thersytes;* but, according to Professor Flügel's argument,[1] it was probably not composed till after 1545. With the *Thersytes* it has in common several points of detail, but the essential resemblance is, of course, in the Plautine personage of the braggart. Like Heywood before him, Udall aims to produce that which "is comendable for a man's recreation," but the masterpiece of Udall has the advantage of Heywood's "mery plays," in that its mirth "refuses scurilitie." In *Roister Doister*, also, more decidedly than in previous plays, the amusement proceeds not from the situation alone, but from the organism, — a plot essentially and substantially dramatic, because its characters are concrete, purposive, and interacting. But decided as was Udall's contribution to the art of comic drama, we must not credit him with producing comedy proper. The merit of *Roister Doister* is in its comic intent, its skilful characterization and contrivance. It is a presentation of humours, — corrective indeed, but farcical. It is not significant, constructive, poetic, grounded in the heart as well as in the head. A contribution to the classical type contemporary with the preceding, but of a much more farcical and juvenile appearance, is the "new interlued" named *Jacke Jugeler*, written not later than 1562 and perhaps as early as 1553–54 (after the reëstablishment of the Mass and before the terrifying revival of the sanguinary laws against heretics). It announces itself as a school drama, and in the prologue purports to have been derived from the *Amphitruo* of Plautus. I am inclined to think that the professed modesty of the author has led critics to undervalue the skill and fidelity of that

[1] See below, p. 96.

which was not only the best "droll," but also the best dramatic satire produced in England up to date. Within a narrow compass he has developed a humorous action quite novel in English comedy, and has introduced us, not only to the first English double and one of the first English practical jokers, but, I believe, to our first victim of confused identity. The author is, of course, following his Plautus, but what could be more ludicrous than the scene in which Jenkin, uncertain and undesirous of his own acquaintance, covers himself with ignominy in the effort to discard it. We are led from interest to interest by means of anticipation, surprise, and the clever repetition of comic crises. Characters well drawn like Dame Coy and Alison, distinct like Jacke and Jenkin, suggestive of complexity like Bongrace, were not of everyday occurrence in the drama of 1553. The language, too, is idiomatic, and the wit, though vulgar, unforced. But perhaps more significant for our purpose than any other feature of the play is this, that in spite of its avowed æsthetic intent (even more outspoken than that of *Roister Doister*), it is a subtle attack upon the Roman Catholic Church. This interlude, says the maker, citing the authority of the classics, is written for the express purpose of provoking mirth, and for no other purpose: it is "not worth an oyster shell Except percase it shall fortune to make men laugh well"; but under the artifice we find a parable of the doctrinal Jacke Jugeler of the day, whose mission it was to prove that "One man may have two bodies and two faces, And that one man at one time may be in two places." I do not think that the satirical character of the play has heretofore been remarked, though the controversial allusions of the epilogue are, of course, well known. The innocence of the prologue and the profession of trifles fit for "little boys" are as shrewd an irony as the dramatic attack upon transubstantiation is a huge burlesque.

The third of these fusion dramas is *The Historie of Jacob and Esau*. Although its title may suggest the dignity of a miracle or the didacticism of a moral play, it is the reduction of the miracle to modern conditions and of the moral to concrete and actual characters. This "newe, mery, and wittie comedie, or enterlude" was licensed in 1557, but its decidedly protestant character may indicate composition before Mary's accession to the throne. Collier is quite right in calling it one of the freshest and most effective productions of the kind to which it belongs. But in classifying it with early religious plays, because the subject happens to be scriptural, he is as far astray as Professor Brandl who classes it with plays of the Prodigal Son, because the nature of the subject suggests a faint resemblance to that species. It is an attempt at comedy by way of fusion. The plot is in general scriptural, but it introduces some half-dozen invented characters. The production aims,

like a moral interlude, at inculcating the doctrine of predestination; but, like a classical comedy, it is regularly divided, dramatically constructed, and equipped with tried and telling comic devices. Proceeding with extreme care for probability, with elaboration of motive, with due preparation of interest, enhancement, and suspense, it attains a climax of unusual excellence, considering the date of its composition. The discovery and *dénouement* are naturally contrived; and where the author avails himself of the staples of his trade, the asides, disguises, intrigues, eavesdropping, and the rest, he does so with the ease of the accustomed dramatist. The play, in fact, deserves as high esteem as *Roister Doister* and *Gammer Gurton;* in originality and regularity it is their equal, in development of a vital conception their superior. The language is idiomatic — of the age and soil; or dignified, when the mood demands. It is also free from obscenity; but it lacks nothing in wit on that account, nor the situations in humour. Viewed as a whole, it is a simple and unaffected picture of English rural life — the scene with its setting as well as its figures. And these are coloured from experience, forerunners, indeed, of many in our better-known comedy: the young squire given over to the chase, horses and dogs and the horn at break of day (much to the discomfort of the slumbering environment), — the careless elder born, — victim and butt of his unnatural mother and her wily younger son; the doting father, duped; the clown; the pert and pretty maid; the aged nurse. Consider, in addition, the more subtle characteristics of the *Jacob and Esau,* — the family resemblances, the racial policy with its ripe and ruddy upper layer of morals, the romantic touch, the sometimes genuine pathos, the naïve domestic revelations, the loves in low life, the unaffected charms of dialogue and verse, — and one must acknowledge that this play, no matter what its origin and name, is at least as indicative of the maturing of English drama as either of the plays with which I have placed it in comparison.

Of these *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* was the first to gather the threads of farce, moral interlude, and classical school play into a well-sustained comedy of rustic life. Mr. Henry Bradley has ingeniously shown that in all probability it was a Christ's College play, written by William Stevenson during his fellowship of 1559 to 1560. There may, indeed, be reason for believing that it was composed as early as the author's first fellowship, 1551–54.[1] In this play the unregulated seductions of earlier days are brought under the curb of the classical manner and form: the native element already evident in *Noah's Flood* and the *Shepherds' Plays,* the *Judicium,* the *Conversion of St. Paul,* the *Johan,* and the *Pardoner,* and about this same time in the *Contract*

[1] See below, p. 198. 'Trueman' in the *Historia Histrionica* (pr. 1699) thinks it was "writ in the reign of K. Edw. VI."

betweene Wit and Wisdome (parts of which suggest forcibly the manner of this same Stevenson) ; the rollicking humour of the Vice turned Bedlem, the pithy and saline interchange of feminine amenities ; the Atellan, sometimes even Chaucerian, laughter, — not sensual but animal ; the delight in physical incongruity ; the mediæval fondness for the grotesque. If the situations are farcical, they at any rate hold together ; each scene tends towards the climax of the act, and each act towards the *dénouement*. The characters are both typical and individual ; and though the conception is of less significance than that of *Roister Doister*, the execution is an advance because it smacks less of the academic. *Gammer Gurton* carries forward the comedy of mirth, but hardly yet into the rounded comedy of life.

Another "excellent old play," called *Tom Tyler and His Wife*[1] deserves to be mentioned in this sequence because it combines characteristics of the farce in a peculiar fashion with reminiscences of the moral interlude. *Tom Tyler* was written probably between 1550 and 1560, and is an admirable portrayal of matrimonial infelicities in low life, the forerunner of a series of "shrew" plays, not of the nature of the *Taming*, but of the *Tamer Tamed*. The temporary revolt of the husband, "whose cake was dough," his fleeting triumph by the ruse of the doughty Tom Taylor, and his lapse into irremediable servitude, "for wedding and hanging is destinie," these alone would make the farce worthy of honourable mention. But the dialogue and songs are themselves of snap, verve, and wit not inferior to the best of that day ; and the coöperation of solemn allegorical figures, such as Destinie and Patience, in the humorous programme of Desire the Vice, side by side with the three lusty "shrowes," Typple, Sturdy, and Strife, lends to the farce a mock-moral appearance which entitles it to a place among these polytypic dramas historically unique. For it should not be regarded as an example of the moral in transition from abstract to concrete, but as a conscious and cleverly ironical presentation of a comic episode from utterly unideal life, under the form, and by the modes and machinery, of the pious allegorical drama.

For the printing of the next play in this series, the *Misogonus*, heretofore accessible only in manuscript at Chatsworth, we are indebted to Professor Brandl.[2] This interesting moral comedy was written in 1560, probably by Thomas Richardes,[3] whose name followes the prologue. Brandl points out certain resemblances to the *Acolastus* of Gnapheus, printed 1534. The contrast of the good and wayward sons might likewise be traced to the *Studentes*

[1] Bodl. Libr., *Malone* 172, "second impression," London, 1661; reprinted by F. E. Schelling, Publ. Mod. Lang. Assn., 1900.

[2] *Quellen u. Forschungen.*

[3] Not J. Rychardes, as Mr. Fleay has it, *Hist. Stage*, p. 58.

of Stymmelius[1] (1549), but the more evident sources are Terence, the biblical parable, common experience, and dramatic imagination, Professor Brandl thinks that the play is connected with *The Supposes* or its source, but I must confess that I cannot see the remotest relation. In Mr. Fleay's opinion this is the earliest English comedy. I suppose because it not only applies a classical treatment to certain elements of romantic form, — the Italian scene and baronial life, — and of romantic content and method such as the ideal friendship, the discovery and recognition, but combines therewith a realistic portrayal of native character, and various technical qualities vital to both the serious and comic kinds of composition. If, however, the names of the principal characters had been English, the relation to the moral interlude would at once be evident. This is a Prodigal Son play of the humanist school, save that it has supplemented the general characteristics of the Christian Terence and of Plautus by episodes and minor characters from the native farce. Although it is not superior in technique to *Roister* or *Gammer Gurton*, it is more distinctively polytypic than either. It is, also, of broader ethical significance. But this dominant didactic intent renders it less of a comedy than they, and much less than the *Jacob and Esau* — which is as good a representative of the fusion of dramatic kinds and qualities as the *Misogonus*, and a better specimen of workmanship. The simpler characters of the *Misogonus*, Codrus, poore, but "trwe and trusty"; the stammering Madge Mumbelcrust, who "coude once a said our lordyes saw — saw — sawter by rote"; and her gossip "Tib, who has tongue inough for both"; Alison, who knows "what a great thinge an oth is"; and Sir John, the priest, who knows how to use one, — these, their ways and colloquies, are of a piece with Stevenson's work and Heywood's and the world that their work represents. The conditions and conduct of the leading *dramatis personæ* are, on the other hand, more closely akin to the Plautine and Terentian, to the school of Udall and the humanists. Cacurgus, the domestic parasite and fool, remotely connected with the Vice, but actually a counterfeit-simple and wag, is as good a Will Summer as the early comedy can boast. When Greene made his Nano, Adam, and Slipper, he had in mind a generation of such creatures. If one could eliminate the sermonizing, there would remain a plot as satisfactory in unity, in situations, recognitions, crises, and *dénouement* as any produced during the next twenty years. But, as I have said above, the moral urgency of the play injures the art. Since the Prodigal Son is reclaimed, we are, however, justified in ranking the production among early attempts at English comedy.

Godly Queen Hester, published 1561,[2] is exactly described as a "newe

[1] Herford, *Lit. Rel.*, p. 156.

[2] Unique original, pub. by Pickerynge and Hacket, 1561, in Duke of Devonshire's Libr., Chatsworth; repr. by Grosart, *Fuller Worthies Libr.*, vol. IV., *Miscellanies*, 1873.

enterlude drawen out of the Holy Scripture." According to Fleay, it is the latest "scriptural morality" extant to be acted on the English stage.[1] But it is much more than a scriptural morality. Not only by its fusion of biblical characters, like Assuerus and Hester, with allegorical types, like Pride and the half-moral, half-native Vice, does the play give evidence of its polytypic nature, but by its atmosphere, which is charged with local and personal allusions and ironical references to the economic abuses of the day. In nervous energy of style and in forthright dramatic movement, the play is an improvement upon its predecessors; and as a satirical drama of political purpose, it should have had a numerous progeny. Strange to say, however, this kind of scriptural satire has had no great success in the field of English drama. Its bloom, as in Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, has been in the by-paths of poetry. Of a peculiar historical importance is the character of Hardy-dardy. Mr. Fleay regards him as a domestic fool, and remarks that this interlude and the *Misogonus* are the only two early plays in which the Vice is replaced by such a personage. But neither of these statements is correct, for Hardy-dardy and Cacurgus do not totally abandon the quality of Vice, and various other plays yet to be mentioned have characters closely resembling them. Hardy-dardy is, indeed, a professed jester dressed in a fool's coat; in his assumption of stupidity and his proffer of service to Aman, he resembles Slipper in Greene's *James the Fourth*; and in his shrewd simplicity, repartee, and indirection he anticipates some of Shakespeare's fools. But he still retains characteristics of his ancestry. He stands, in conception, half-way between the minor Vices of the play, Ambition, Adulation, and Pride, to whose jocosities and deviltries he succeeds, — for he appears only when they have departed, — and the waggish weathercocks of later interludes, Haphazard and Conditions.

I wish I could have included among the reprints of the present volume both of the plays next to be mentioned, but limitations of space and other reasons have forbidden. When Puttenham said that for comedy and interlude such doings as he had "sene of Maister Edwardes deserved the hyest price," and Turberville, that "for poet's pen and passing witte," that poet "could have no English Peere," I think that they were not greatly exaggerating. Richard Edwardes' *Damon and Pithias*, written before 1566, maybe as early as 1563–65, takes steps significant in literary history. It is not only entirely free from allegorical elements, and almost from didactic, but it is rich in qualities of the fusion drama. The subject of a classical story is handled in a genuinely romantic fashion, although no previous drama of romantic friend-

[1] As *Hester and Ahasuerus*, 1594. I see no reason for attributing the authorship, with Mr. Fleay, to R. Edwardes.

ship had existed in England. Comic and serious strains flow side by side, occasionally mingling. A quick satire, dramatic and personal, pervades the play. The names and scenes may be Syracusan, and types from Latin comedy may walk the streets, but the life is of the higher and lower classes of England; and the creatures of literary tradition are elbowed and jostled by children of the soil. The farcical episodes may be indelicate, but they have the virility of fact. The plot as a whole is skilfully conducted; while it proceeds directly to the goal, it encompasses a wider variety of ethical interests, dramatic motives, and attractions, than that of any previous play. The relation to an interlude of which we shall presently speak, *Like wil to Like*, is beyond doubt. In both a crude psychological pairing and contrasting of characters may be observed; but in the development of the characters, *Damon and Pithias* is decidedly superior. The author calls this "a matter mixt with myrth and care . . . a tragical comedie"; but while he thus aims at a fusion of the ideal with the commonplace, he makes a close approximation, always, to probability of incident and character, and so observes the criterion which he himself enunciates: —

> "In commedies the greatest skyll is this, lightly to touch
> All thynges to the quicke; and eke to frame each person so
> That by his common talke, you may his nature rightly know."

In its defects, such as the disregard of time and place, as in its merits, the *Damon and Pithias* is a commendable experiment in romantic comedy — a contribution worthy of more attention than historians have ordinarily accorded it. Undoubtedly Edwardes' "much admired play" of *Palamon and Arcite*, which the queen witnessed in hall at Christ Church, Oxford, 1566 (and laughed heartily thereat, and thanked "the author for his pains"), was of the fashion and vogue of the drama which we have discussed, though it had not the abiding influence.

If it were not for the fact that *The Supposes* (acted 1566) is a translation of Ariosto's play of the same title, I should be inclined to say that it was the first English comedy in every way worthy of the name. It certainly is, for many reasons, entitled to be called the first comedy in the English tongue. It is written, not for children, nor to educate, but for grown-ups and solely to delight. It is done into English, not for the vulgar, but for the more advanced taste of the translator's own Inn of Court; it has, therefore, qualities to captivate those who are capable of appreciating high comedy. It is composed, like its original, in straightforward, sparkling prose. It has, also, the rarest features of the fusion drama: it combines character and situation, each depending upon the other; it combines wit of intellect with humour of heart and fact, intri-

cate and varied plot with motive and steady movement, comic but not farcical incident and language with complications surprising, serious, and only not hopelessly embarrassing. It conducts a romantic intrigue in a realistic fashion through a world of actualities. With the blood of the New Comedy, the Latin Comedy, the Renaissance in its veins, it is far ahead of its English contemporaries, if not of its time. Without historical apology or artistic concessions it would act well to-day. Both whimsical and grave, its ironies are *pro bono publico;* it is constructive as well as critical, imaginative as well as actual. Indeed, when one compares Gascoigne's work with the original and observes the just liberties that he has taken, the Englishing of sentiment as well as of phrase, one is tempted to say, with Tom Nashe, that in comedy, as in other fields, this writer first "beat a path to that perfection which our best poets have aspired to since his departure." He did not contrive the plot; but no dramatist before him had selected for his audience, translated, and adapted a play so amusing and varied in interest, so graceful, simple, and idiomatic in its style. It was said by R. T., in 1615, that Gascoigne was one of those who first "brake the ice for our quainter poets who now write, that they may more safely swim through the main ocean of sweet poesy" — a remark which would lose much of its force if restricted to the poet's achievements in satire alone; in the drama of the humanists he excelled his contemporaries, and in the romantic comedy of intrigue he anticipated those who, like Greene and Shakespeare,[1] adapted the Italian plot to English manners and the English taste. Nor are these the only claims of Gascoigne to consideration: *The Supposes*, as Professor Herford has justly remarked, is the most Jonsonian of English comedies before Jonson.

12. Survivals of the Moral Interlude

Though we must refrain from description, we cannot forbear mention of a few survivals of the moral interlude, which, though themselves rudimentary, were not without esteem even in an age when the drama, by combination and adaptation of its possibilities, was producing other results infinitely superior to the older strain. These functionless survivals of the moral were the following, all controversial: *Newe Custome*, an anti-papist play, perhaps written as early as 1550–53; *Albyon Knight*, a political fragment acted between 1560 and 1565; *Kyng Daryus*, a peculiarly insipid disputation, evidently anti-papist, printed in 1565; and *The Conflict of Conscience*, a doctrinal drama by Nathaniel Woodes, Minister in Norwich, which presents a mixture of individual

[1] The relation of *The Taming of the Shrew* to this play is well known.

and even historical characters with abstractions, stands midway between the allegorical interlude and the drama of concrete experience, displays a commendable realism in spots, and is a more virile production than the others of this group. It was not published till 1581, but was probably written soon after 1563.

Of the decadent stock of morals and interludes, there were, however, some specimens between the years 1553 and 1578 that exhibited an advance in quality, if not in kind. Three of these, *The Longer thou Livest*, *All for Money*, and *Tide Taryeth no Man*, Mr. Fleay[1] lumps together as simple instances of the survival of the older 'morality' after the introduction of tragedy and comedy on the models of Seneca and Plautus, and makes the further statement that none of them teaches us anything as to the historical development of the drama in England. With the utmost respect for the knowledge of this most helpful historian, I must say that, as a matter of judgment, none of these dramas, least of all, *Longer thou Livest*, should be classed with the moral plays of mere survival. While the authors of these and similar specimens did not produce a new kind, they did more than repeat the old. They revived and enriched the moral interlude by infusion of new strains, and so produced, by culture, a most interesting group of what may be called variations of the moral. To this class of morals belong also the *Triall of Treasure*, *Like wil to Like*, and the *Life and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalene*. It must be said also that a few moral tragedies of the period, like R. B.'s *Apius and Virginia* (about 1563, pr. 1575), and Preston's *King Cambises* (S. R. 1569–70), have some claim to belong to this group, and that if there were space they should receive attention for their vital dramatic quality and their development of the character of the Vice. The Hap-hazard of the former, far from being, as Dr. Ward has said, "redundant to the action," suggests the "conspiracies" which Apius adopts, and is the heart of rascality and fun; he is consequently a Vice of the old type; but he is also the representative (in accordance with his name and express profession) of the caprice of the individual and the irony of fortune. He is the Vice, efficient for evil, but in process of evolution into the inclination or humour of a somewhat later period of dramatic history: the inclination not immoral but unmoral, the artistic impersonation of comic extravagance, in accordance with which Every Man is in his Vice, and every Vice is but a Humour. The Ambidexter of the latter tragedy plays "with both hands finely" in the main action, and at the same time serves to provoke the jocosity of those admirably concrete ruffians, Huf, Ruf, and Snuf, and of the clown of the play. The *Horestes*, written by John Pikerynge in 1567, must, although a tragedy, also

[1] *Hist. St.*, p. 66.

be mentioned here.[1] The Vice under his dual designation of Corage and Revenge is of the weathervane variety ; and in realistic and humorous qualities the play closely resembles the preceding two. They were a noble but futile effort to bottle the juices of tragedy, classical-historical at that, in the leathers of moral interlude.

13. The Movement towards Romantic Comedy

We may now proceed with the main current of comedy. Between 1570 and 1590 the best plays are coloured by a distinctively romantic element ; and this is noticeable, not only in the productions of the greater authors, Lyly, Peele, Greene, and the like, elsewhere discussed in this volume, but in those of minor writers too frequently ignored. As I have already said, the romantic in life appears to spring from a desire to assert one's independence and realize the possibilities of the resulting freedom. "Our pent wills fret And would the world subdue." But since the conditions of life are largely opposed to the complete fulfilment of our desires, it is the privilege and function of romance, and of romantic comedy according to its kind, to idealize the stubborn facts — the "limits we did not set" in favour of our ecstatic but still human urgency. This privilege the comedy of romance exercises sometimes with an eye to nature and probability, and sometimes with some respect for imaginative possibility, but quite frequently with no other guide than mere caprice. The subjects of such comedy may be briefly summarized as passion, heroism, and wonder. Of these the first is manifest in examples of ideal friendship, its devotion and self-sacrifice ; and a play of such nature we have already considered in the *Damon and Pithias*. It also yields the furnishings of love, the resulting obstacles, and the issue ; and a play of this kind we have considered in *The Supposes*, which is a domestic comedy of intrigue. Of heroism the possibilities are suggested by the words travel, adventure, chivalry, war, conquest ; those of wonder are as various as the chances of birth, wealth and fortune, pomp and power, myth and fable : they are fostered by that which is remote, preternatural, supernatural.

To the romance of wonder, saints' plays, legends, and biblical stories had purveyed from early times. From 1570 on the narrative of chivalry and adventure, of which shadowy lineaments had already appeared in one or two miracle plays and in the interludes of Wit and Science, began to gather to itself kindred elements of romantic interest, and to occupy the stage with such plays as *Common Conditions*, written perhaps between 1572 and 1576,

[1] Brit. Mus. c. 34, g ; Collier's *Illustr. O. Engl. Lit.*, II. 2 ; Brandl's *Quellen*.

and *Sir Clygmon and Sir Clamydes*, written perhaps as early, — dramas of love, fable, and adventure, absolutely free from didactic purpose. At the same time still another variety of romantic comedy, unhampered by the trammels of instructive intent, but dealing essentially in domestic intrigue, kept alive the method of *The Supposes*. This variety was represented by *The Bugbears*, between 1561 and 1584, and *The Two Italian Gentlemen* (S. R. 1584), which, based upon Italian models, availed themselves on the one hand of a burlesque parody of the magical, and on the other of genuine English mirth. The latter indeed added something of the 'humours' element soon to be exploited by Porter, Chapman, and Jonson. Beside these dramas, there sprang into notice a certain half-moral, half-romantic kind of play which, availing itself of the mould of the interlude, fused therein the materials of the chivalrous, the magical, and the passionate, and produced certain anomalous comedies of great popularity between the year 1580 and the end of the century. The best of these "pleasant and stately morals" are: *The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune*, *The Three Ladies of London*, *The Three Lordes and Three Ladies of London*.

While Collier thinks that, in point of positive dramatic interest, the *Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune* requires but brief notice, Dr. Ward holds that the beginnings of romantic comedy were foreshadowed by the play.[1] It is, in fact, both dramatically and historically, one of the most important productions of its date. It was printed in 1589, but played, perhaps, as early as 1582. Mr. Fleay has assigned it to Kyd, but I do not see sufficient reason for the attribution; if we must find an author for it, Robert Wilson's claims might be urged. The *Rare Triumphs* affords an excellent instance of the fusion of moral and romance. In the Induction, Love and Fortune dispute concerning their respective influence in the affairs of mankind. By mutual agreement the *débat* seeks its solution in a practical demonstration of the issues involved. And so we find our intellectual as well as emotional interest enlisted in the chances of an Italian story of love, adventure, and magic. Within a moral interlude of classical and mythological origin we discover a romantic comedy. The influence of the supernatural not merely envelops, but permeates the whole; the Acts present the destinies of the mortals of the inner play, the inter-acts the continued intervention of the immortals of the outer. The spectacular effect is, moreover, heightened by the introduction of dumb shows, after the fashion of the masque. In dramatic interest proper few romantic fables of 1582 can compare with the inner story: the love of Hermione for Fidelia, the duel between Hermione and Fidelia's brother, the exile of the lover and his retirement to the cave of his unknown father, the

[1] Collier, *E. Dram. Po.*, II. 432; and Ward, *Hist. E. Dr. Lit.*, I. 264.

hermit Bomelio ; Bomelio's attempt to right matters by magic, the destruction of his necromantic books, his madness, his recovery, and the resolution of difficulties through the instrumentality of the heroine. Such a fable is anything but silly and meagre, as Collier would have it, especially when we consider its conjunction with the humorous and vivid. In the outer play the clown is Vulcan, at whose call Jupiter mediates, "like an honest man in the parish," between the disputatious goddesses. In the inner play Penulo the parasite and Lentulo the clown, though neither of them a Vice, supply the comic delectations of the rôle. The disguise of Bomelio as physician, his dialect, his misfortune and raving, are excellently contrived and conducted. In at least half a dozen particulars one may detect æsthetic possibilities later to be matured in more than one Shakespearian play : foreshadowings of plot and principal actors, as in *The Tempest ;* foreshadowings of minor characters like Dr. Caius, or like the Francis of *1 Henry IV.* The play is, in brief, refreshing ; the humour, substantial and English ; the language, conversational, dramatic, sometimes in prose and then excellent. The versification, however, is of that stiffer quality which warrants Mr. Fleay's conjecture of 1582, or thereabout, as the date of composition.

The attempt to enliven the "old moral" by an infusion of passion and intrigue, and to parade it in the trappings of romance, across the background of contemporary English life and manners, is what distinguishes Robert Wilson's "right excellent and famous Comœdy called the *Three Ladies of London,*" printed 1584, and its sequel, *The Pleasant and Stately Morall of the Three Lordes and Three Ladies of London,* registered in 1588. Of these plays, the latter trades in pomp and chivalry ; the earlier in something like the motives of romantic interest. "The acuteness and political subtlety evinced in several of the scenes of the *Three Ladies*" have been justly commended by Collier, who points with careful attention also to "the severity of the author's satirical touch, his amusing illustrations of manners, his exposure of the tricks of foreign merchants, and the humour and drollery which he has thrown into his principal comic personage." This is Simplicity, the fool or clown, droll, indifferent, honest, and by no means so simple as he appears : a descendant of the historical Will Summer, a forerunner of the Dogberrys and Malaprops, and the elder brother of an Honesty of another play, *A Knack to Know a Knave,* in which the same author probably had a hand. Standing over against three belated specimens of the Vice, Simplicity unites the shrewdness, manners, and humour of that personage — but in superior quality — with the prudence, the penetration, and the conception of honour peculiar to the professional jester. He also plays a vital part in the main action, and is worthy to be regarded as one of the best clowns, if not the best, in the history of the

moral interlude. His forthright utterances in the *Three Ladies* and his easy and witty prose in the sequel mark him for a model likely to have influenced the younger dramatists of the day. The minor plot-interest of the honest Jew, Gerontus, the rascally Christian, Mercatore, and the Judge, is significant, not only as the reverse of the conception dramatized in the *Jew of Malta* and the *Merchant of Venice,* but as, with one exception, the earliest elaboration of the motif that was to become prominent in the drama of the next few years. Qualities romantic and real invest the career of the three Ladies; and the characterization of the numerous minor personages is both subtle and suitable to their different classes and interests.

Although the *Three Lordes and Ladies,* one of the earliest sequels in the history of English drama, is "more of a moral" than its predecessor and makes no improvement in plot-structure, it is of importance fully equal. For what it lacks in passion and romance is more than counterbalanced by technical qualities — the blank verse, the fluent prose, the wit of Simplicity and the pages, the scenic display, the variety of incidents, and the portrayal of manners. If we consider the definite transition from abstractions to social and individual traits of character in this play and the preceding, — the multifold impersonation of worldly wisdom, fraud, and shoddy, one might say the resolution of the rôle of Vice into its component specialties; the corresponding offset of all these by ensamples of virtuous living, but still human; and the attendant *troupe* of more obvious 'humours,' Simplicity and the pages, Painful Penury, Diligence, and the rest, — it will be evident that these plays of Robert Wilson are the merging of moral interlude in romantic and social comedy. On this account I cannot agree with Dr. Ward,[1] who says that in construction and conception they mark no advance whatever upon the older moralities. I think they mark a significant advance. In them the moral has arrived at a consciousness of the demands of art; and, attempting to fulfil its possibilities, it acquires body, spirit, and *bouquet,* even though, in the moment of fermentation, it bursts the bottle. Still we must remember that we have now reached a date, 1588–90, by which much of the best work of Lyly, Marlowe, Peele, and Greene had already been produced, and we must, therefore, not attribute to Wilson an importance greater than that of an industrious and inventive contemporary, hospitable to ideas, but essentially conservative in practice. He is at once "father of interludes," as interludes then were regarded, and an intermediary between the interlude of moral abstractions and the comedy of humours. He appears, also, to have played so lively a part in the dramatic history of his day that Mr. Fleay is justified in calling this period by his name; and, therefore, a few further

[1] *Hist. E. Dr. Lit.,* I. 141.

words concerning him and other plays which he seems to have written might well be said here, but we must reserve them for another occasion.

14. Conclusion

With but one or two exceptions the plays which we have so far passed in review fail in some respect or other of the plot that makes a comedy. A plot that is argumentative, that is a ratiocination or *exemplum* conducted by abstractions, is not sufficient to constitute comedy, though it may contribute to its development a unity of interest, a spiritual sequence; nor are sporadic situations and incidents sufficient, though humorously conceived and executed; nor glimpses of types, characters or manners, nor hints of passion, nor satiric speeches and dialogues, though artistically dramatized, true, appropriate, and witty. None of these constitutes comedy. Comedy demands action vitalized by a plot that is capable of revealing the social significance of the individual: an action of sufficient scope and reality to display the spirit of society in individual types and manners, or in character and sentiment; a plot sufficiently urgent to interest us, not only in the phenomena, in the concomitants, of every deed, but in its motive and inherent passion. The comedy of external life may present, by means of typical individuals and conventional manners, a reflex of that which is actual, or a criticism of it; and such a play will be realistic or satirical. The comedy of the inner life, on the other hand, since it reveals the characteristics of humanity in the heat and moment of passion, may present a vision of the ideal made concrete; it is therefore at once interpretative, constructive, and romantic. These two kinds of comedy are alike in that they display the triumph of freedom when regulated by common sense, the adjustment of the individual to society. But as they vary in function and result, so these kinds of comedy differ in the quality of action which each may present. The play of convention and manners can use only the externals of action, actions that neither strike deep nor spring from the depths, for such a play aims to reproduce appearances or merely to re-create them — to criticise and correct rather than construct. The play of character and passion, not the so-called realistic, but idealistic, selects for presentation actions whose springs are in the inner life; and that is because it would present men and women as they should be, — individuals widening the social, pressing toward the ideal, not by overstepping that which is conventional, but by informing it with new meaning and pushing back its limits. Comedy, therefore, is in the plot, and the plot must proceed from the wisdom essential to a comic view of life: acceptance of the social environment as it appears to be, because one believes in society as it

should be. The dramatist, his plot and his characters, are the exponents of common sense and freedom, of the light of life as it is with the sweetness of life as it may be. Common sense, however, may become prosaic, or liberty licentious; and it is in preventing such extremes that wit and humour perform their function. Neither of these can alone make a comedy, but one of them may sometimes save it. Both should certainly characterize it. But for the former, the drama of appearances might be caricature, abuse, horse-play, or homily; but for the latter, romantic comedy would be bathos. No amount of wit, however, could save a play that did not possess a significant sequence of material and event. Though the booths of Bartholomew Fair agitate the diaphragm, they do not constitute comedy. Without plot the lunges of wit lack point; and as for the plotless play of passion, it ends in Bedlam, whence all the humour in the world cannot redeem it.

It was a step forward when allegory made way for concrete characters and manners, and the motives born of social intercourse; a further step when the dramatist ceased instructing and sought to amuse. But the final step implied the still rarer ability to create something integral and critical in one, something that should act what life means, and so unconsciously demonstrate that it is purposive, and more hopeful and amusing than we thought. Naturally enough, our earlier comic plots, when they were escaping from the symbolic, lacked sometimes in significance, and sometimes in sequence. The fables of *Roister Doister* and *Gammer Gurton* mark an advance in technical construction; but they do not escape the farcical, for their subjects are trivial. There were likewise many experiments to be made in the materials of intrigue and passion before *Damon and Pithias* and *The Supposes* could fulfil, even in part, the requirements of significant romance. And when, at last, the play with a plot had come to its own, it was long before it attained wisdom to suffuse the appearances of life with their illuminating characteristic, and imagination to colour the course of characteristic events.

John Heywood

THE PLAY OF THE WETHER

and

A MERY PLAY BETWENE JOHAN JOHAN, THE HUSBANDE, TYB, HIS WIFE, *&c.*

Edited with Critical Essay and Notes
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CRITICAL ESSAY

Life. — The first authentic record of John Heywood is one of 6 January, 1515, in Henry VIII.'s Book of Payments, which shows him to have then been one of the King's singing men, in receipt of a daily wage of eightpence. According to Bale, who must have known him, he was "civis Londinensis," the story that he was born at North Mimms, Hertfordshire, having apparently arisen from his possession of land in that neighbourhood. Tradition has sent him to Broadgates Hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford, and there is nothing improbable in this. In February, 1521, Heywood was granted by the King an annuity of ten marks, and in 1526, a quarterly payment of the same sum was made him as a "player of the virginals." He appears to have been specially attached to the retinue of the Princess Mary, a payment being made in January, 1537, to his servant for bringing her "regalles" (or hand-organ) from London to Greenwich, and Heywood himself in March, 1538, receiving forty shillings for "pleying an interlude with his children" before her. At Mary's coronation Heywood made her a Latin speech in St. Paul's Churchyard, and in November, 1558, the Queen granted him some leases in Yorkshire. On the accession of Elizabeth, Heywood, though he had steered through the reign of Edward VI. with safety, fled to Malines, and Professor Ward (in the *Dictionary of National Biography*) identifies him with the John Heywood who in 1575 wrote from Malines, "where I have been despoiled by Spanish and German soldier," thanking Burghley for ordering the payment to him of some arrears on lands at Romney, and speaking of himself as an old man of seventy-eight, which would give 1497 as his birth-year. He is mentioned in a list of refugees in 1577, but by 1587 is spoken of as "dead and gone." Earlier biographers, it should be noted, following Anthony à Wood, have placed his death in 1565. Besides his plays Heywood wrote a *Dialogue Conteyning the Number of the Effectuall Prouerbes in the Englishe Tonge, Six Hundred Epigrams*, and a tedious allegory *The Spider and the Flie*, printed, with a woodcut of the author, in 1556.

Heywood's Place in English Comedy. — The early history of English comedy is a record of successive efforts and experiments apparently leading to no result. The comic scenes in the miracle plays culminate in the really masterly sheep-stealing plot of the *Secunda Pastorum* in the Towneley Cycle; but the step which seems

to us so obvious, the separation of the Pastoral Comedy from its religious surroundings, was never taken, and the *Secunda Pastorum* stands by itself, a solitary masterpiece. In the earlier moralities there are flashes of humour as in the miracle plays; in the later moralities we find scenes in which the effort to paint the riotous course of Youth, though not very amusing to modern readers, is sufficiently faithful to bring us within sight of a possible comedy of manners. But the morality-writer was far from entertaining any conception of comedy as an end in itself. His aim remained to the last purely didactic. It did not, indeed, occur to him, as it occurred to didactic writers of a later period, to represent dissipation as so unattractive as to make it miraculous that it should attract. He would show it as bitter of digestion, but neither playwright nor audience were concerned to deny that it was pleasant in the mouth, and it is improbable that readiness to acquiesce in the sober moral of a play diminished in the least the applause with which, we may be sure, any approach to gayety in the tavern scenes would be attended. After all, though we may sometimes be inclined to doubt it, audiences both at miracle plays and moralities were human. To the very real strain imposed on their emotions in the miracle plays they needed what seem to us these incongruous interludes of humour by way of dramatic relief, and in the moralities it is difficult not to believe that the humour supplied the gilding without which the didactic pill, at a much earlier date, must have been found nauseating. It remains, however, certain that alike in the miracle plays, the moralities, and the moral interludes such humour as can be found is merely incidental, and this is the justification for assigning to John Heywood the honourable position which he occupies in this collection of English comedies. As far as we know, he was the first English dramatist to understand that a play might be constructed with no other objects than satire and amusement, and if such epithets were not fortunately a little discredited, we might dub him on this score the "Father" of English comedy. Paternity, however, cannot be predicated without some evidence of offspring, and it would be extremely difficult, I think, to show that Heywood exercised sufficient influence on any subsequent dramatist to be reckoned as his literary father. The anonymous author of that

amusing children's play, *Thersites*, was indeed a kindred spirit, but there is at least a possibility that this play should be credited to Heywood himself, and on the subsequent development of comedy his influence was certainly of the smallest. But to have shown that comedy was entitled to a separate existence, apart from didactics, was no small achievement, and to the credit of this demonstration Heywood is entitled.

In guessing how Heywood came to make this discovery it seems not unreasonable to lay some stress on the fact that, according to a tradition which there is no reason to doubt, he was a friend of Sir Thomas More, while we know that four of his plays were printed by William Rastell, the son of More's brother-in-law, John Rastell. More's interest in the drama is attested by the story of his stepping, on more than one occasion, among the players, when they were performing before Cardinal Morton, and taking an improvised share in the dialogue. In the play of *Sir Thomas More*, written towards the close of the century, this improvisation is transferred to an interlude performed during an entertainment at More's own house, and the introduction of this interlude into the piece, and the ready welcome which the Chancellor is represented as giving the players, certainly argue a tradition of a keen interest in the drama on his part. John Rastell, again, has been credited with the authorship of at least one of the interludes which he printed, and quite recently some interesting documents have been discovered, which show him organizing a performance for which a wooden stage was erected in his own garden at Finsbury, setting Mrs. Rastell to help a tailor to make some very gorgeous dresses, and apparently engaging as players the craftsmen (a certain George Birch, currier, and his friends), who up to this date were still the customary performers, as distinct from a separate class of trained actors. Rastell, at this time, and More, throughout his life, held those views as to church-policy to which we know that Heywood himself consistently clung. The attitude of firm belief, with an absolute readiness to satirize abuses, which we find in Heywood's plays, was exactly characteristic of More, and it does not seem fanciful to believe that it was partly to the author of the *Utopia*, and to the circle of which he was the centre, that Heywood owed his dramatic development.

Plays assigned to him: Authorship, Dramatic Development, Literary Estimate. — There is the more reason for insisting on Heywood's place as one of a little circle, interested in playwriting and play-acting, in that the evidence for his authorship of two of the best of the six interludes commonly assigned to him is extremely vague. It is, indeed, very unfortunate that the six plays divide themselves into a group of four and a group of two, and that whereas the four plays of the first group are all positively assigned to him in one case in a contemporary manuscript, said to be in his own writing, in the others in contemporary printed editions, the two plays of the second group were both published anonymously, although, like *The Play of Love* and *The Play of the Wether*, they were issued by William Rastell, and appeared within a few months of these plays to which Heywood's name is duly attached. In the case of publications of our own day we should certainly be justified in thinking that the assertion of his authorship in two cases and the failure to assert it in two others were intentional and significant. But in the first half of the sixteenth century there was still much carelessness in these matters, while the difference is fairly well accounted for by the fact that in *The Play of Love* and *Play of the Wether* Rastell printed the title and *dramatis personæ* on a separate leaf, whereas in *The Pardoner and the Frere* and *Johan Johan* there is only a head title. However this may be, we are bound in the first instance to consider by themselves the four plays of which Heywood's authorship is beyond dispute.

In approaching these four plays we must prepare ourselves to judge them relatively to the other work of the very dull period of English literature at which they were written. To make this claim for them is to admit that they are imperfect, important historically rather than absolutely for their own worth; but the admission is one which no sane critic can avoid, and it is here made with alacrity. What it gains for Heywood is the recognition that two strongly marked features of these plays, one of which is now likely to repel, and the other to weary, most modern readers, in his own day helped to make them amusing. The repellent feature is, of course, that humour of filth which, quite as much as his sexual indecencies, makes some passages both in the *Four PP.* and *The Play of the Wether* disgusting even to readers not consciously squeamish. The

epithet 'beastly' which Pope applied to Skelton is certainly on this score no less appropriate to Heywood, but it needs no wide acquaintance with the popular literature of his day to learn that this wretched stuff was found amusing for its own sake. To suppress this fact, either by expurgating or by deliberately choosing a less typical play for the sake of its accidental decency, would be to falsify evidence, and any such falsification would be grossly unjust to Heywood's successors. It is only by realizing how low was the conception of humour in the sixteenth century that we can explain the existence in the plays of Shakespeare himself of passages which would otherwise be wholly amazing.

For the other feature in Heywood's plays which now excites more weariness than interest there is no need to apologize; we may even confess that our failure to relish it is due to our own weakness. In Heywood's days one of the chief aims of education was skill in argument. Men disputed their way to academical degrees, and the quickest path to reputation was the successful maintenance against all comers of some hazardous proposition. Instead of introducing this siege-train of argument into their plays, modern dramatists have preferred the lighter weapons of verbal pleasantry and repartee which make what is called "pointed dialogue." A request from one of the *dramatis personæ* to another "in this cause to shewe cause reasonable. . . . Hearyng and aunswerynge me pacyently" would assuredly empty any theatre of our own day. But the audience who listened to it in Heywood's *Play of Love* no doubt settled themselves in their places with an anticipation of enjoyment. And we may fairly grant that our author is not wholly unsuccessful in vivacious argument. For a lady to compare the suit of an unwelcome lover to an invitation "to graunte hym my good wyll to stryke of[f] my hed," pleasingly illustrates the unreasonableness of too great pertinacity on the part of the rejected. The objection "Howe many have ye known hang willingly" shatters at a blow the seemingly sound plea that as the convict suffers more than his hangman, so the rejected lover is more to be pitied than the most tender-hearted lady who finds herself obliged to refuse him. The ups and downs of the argument are often conducted with ingenuity, and an audience to whom argu-

ment was amusing for its own sake no doubt applauded every point. Two of Heywood's plays depend almost entirely on their logical attractions, — the interlude, left unprinted till its issue by the Percy Society in 1846, to which has been given as title *The Dialogue of Wit and Folly*, and *The Play of Love* twice printed by Rastell (1533 and 1534) and once by Waley. The former is purely argumentative, discussing the question as to whether the fool or the sage has the pleasanter life. The *Play of Love*, on the other hand, may be said to have two episodes, the first a monologue of some three hundred lines in which the Vice, "Neither Loving nor Loved," narrates his ill-success in an endeavour to conquer the heart of a lady without losing his own, the second his appearance with a bucketful of squibs and a false story of a fire at the house of the happy lover's mistress. The argument in this play is double, "Loving not Loved" and "Loved not Loving" contending as to which is the more miserable, and "Both Loved and Loving" and "Neither Loving nor Loved" as to which is the happier. As each pair appoints the other as joint arbitrators, it is perhaps more surprising that any conclusion was reached, than that it should be the rather tame one that the pains of the first pair and the happiness of the second were in each case exactly equal.

In connection with these two plays we ought perhaps to allude to another, very similar in its form, the dialogue of *Gentylnes and Nobylyte*,[1] of which the authorship has often been attributed to Heywood. This play is certainly printed in John Rastell's types, but in place of a colophon it has the words "Johannes Rastell fieri fecit," and as Rastell would probably have written "imprimi fecit" if he had been alluding merely to its printing, we can hardly doubt that the word "fieri" refers to performance, if not to composition. With the evidence we now have that John Rastell had plays acted in his own garden, "fieri fecit" seems exactly translatable by "caused to be produced," and as Mrs. Rastell helped the tailor to make the dresses, so probably the lawyer-printer helped to write the play. Its two

[1] The full title of this play is rather instructive : — "Of Gentylnes & Nobylyte : a dyaloge betwen the marchaunt, the knyght & the plowman dysputyng who is a verey gentylman & who is a noble man and how men shuld come to auctoryte, compiled in maner of an enterlude with divers toys & gestis addyd therto to make mery pastyme and disport."

parts are each diversified by the Plowman beating Knight and Merchant (*verberat eos* is the stage-direction), but otherwise it is all sheer argument, which in the end a philosopher is introduced to sum up. The tone of the interlude is singularly democratic, the Plowman throughout having the best of it, and, despite a natural similarity between some of the speeches with those of the "Gentylman" and the "Marchaunt" in the *Play of the Wether*, there seems no reason for connecting with it the name of Heywood, who, for the better part of his life, was in the service of the Court.

In "*The playe called the foure PP.:* a newe and a very mery enterlude of a palmer, a pardoner, a potycary, a pedler," the advance in dramatic form as compared with *The Play of Love* is very slight, though the play is much more vivid and amusing. The Palmer begins it with an account of his wanderings, and then the other three characters come on the stage, each catching up the words of the last speaker, and vaunting his own profession. The argument between Palmer, Pardoner, and Pothecary waxes hot, and at last the Pedler suggests that as lying is the one matter in which they are all skilled, their order of merit can best be determined by a contest in this art, and offers himself as the judge. At first the competitors lie vaguely. Then it is resolved that the lie must take the form of a tale, and the Pothecary tells a long story of the effect of one of his medicines; then the Pardoner a much longer one of a visit to Hell and the rescue thence of a shrew of whom Lucifer was very glad to be rid; finally the Palmer in a few words expresses his surprise that there should be such shrews in Hell, as in all his travels he never yet knew one woman out of patience — a remark which straightway wins him the preëminence, though there is more tedious wrangling, before a serious little speech from the Pedler brings the play to a close. The *Four PP.* is, to our thinking, insufferably spun out; but, except in the epilogue, as we may call it, it is plain that its intention was solely to amuse —

> To passe the tyme in thys without offence
> Was the cause why the maker dyd make it,
> And so we humbly beseche you take it,

says the Pedler: — and in substituting stories and a lighter form of

argument for the more formal disputation of the *Dyaloge of Wit an Folly* and the *Play of Love* it comes a little nearer to the moder conception of comedy, and may be thought to have deserved th success which it is said to have achieved.

The possession by the *Play of the Wether* of an obvious moral— the mess which men would make of rain, wind, and sunshine if the had the ruling of them — is undoubtedly a link with the interlude of a didactic character, and so may seem at first sight to place it i a lower grade of dramatic development. There can be little doub that it was acted by Heywood's company of "children," whom w hear of as performing under his direction before the Princess Mary and a children's play would perhaps naturally be cast in this form But the form is here less important than the intention, and it doe not need Mery-report's comment ("now shall ye have the wethe —even as yt was") to tell us that Heywood's didactics were purel humorous. The point to be noted is that this is really a play — play, moreover, which if it could be shortened and the unforgivabl passages omitted, might be acted by children of the present day wit some enjoyment. The part of "the Boy, the least that can play is charming. There is stage furniture in Jupiter's "trone," and i the coming and going of the characters at least a semblance of ac tion. We must note, however, the set disputation between the tw millers, as still linking it with Heywood's other argumentative plays though with all its faults it is the brightest and most pleasing of it class.

We come now to the two plays, *The Pardoner and the Frere* an *Johan Johan*, which modern writers have uniformly assigned t Heywood, although William Rastell printed them[1] without an author's name, and no one has yet adduced contemporary evidenc for assigning them to Heywood. In neither of these plays is ther any trace of the disputation which in those we have been looking a is so conspicuous. They are both true comedies, comedies in min ature if you like, but true comedies, with a definite scene and dra matic action. *The Pardoner and the Frere* is little more than a expansion of hints given by Chaucer, from whom the author doe not hesitate to borrow two whole passages, but the development o

[1] *The Pardoner and the Frere* is dated 5 April, 1533; *Johan Johan*, 12 February, 153⅔

the little plot is well managed and the climax when the Parson and Neighbour Prat are badly worsted and the two rogues go off in triumph is thoroughly artistic. It has been said that this play must have been written during the life of Leo X., who died in 1521, because the Pardoner's speech contains the passage (omitting the Friar's interruptions):—

> Worshypfull maysters ye shall understand
> That Pope Leo the X hath graunted with his hand,
> And by his bulls confyrmed under lede,
> To all maner people, bothe quycke and dede,
> Ten thousand yeres & as many lentes of pardon, etc.

But as Heywood was probably born in 1497, it is extremely unlikely that his undoubted plays were written before 1520, and if the evidence of this passage is to be pressed, I should regard it as absolutely fatal to his authorship, it being inconceivable that any one who had written the *Pardoner and the Frere* could subsequently write the *Dyalogе of Wyt and Folly* or the *Play of Love*. But there would be an obvious convenience in making a dead pope rather than a living one answerable for the Pardoner's ribaldries, and the weight of this argument is not lessened when we remember that the Pardoner proceeds to quote also the authority of the King.[1] Although no alteration of date would bring the play out of the reign of Henry VIII., we may well believe that that peremptory monarch might forgive such reflections on his management of church affairs at an earlier date much more readily than satire of a system he was then supporting.

We shall have to speak again of the *Pardoner and the Frere* and its probable date, but we must pass on now to Heywood's masterpiece, if we may call it his, the *mery play betwen Johan, Johan, the husbande, Tyb his wyfe and Syr Jhan, the preest.* In approaching this play, as in approaching Chaucer's tales of the Miller and Reeve and some of their fellows, we must, of course, leave our morality

[1] And eke, yf thou dysturbe me anythynge,
Thou art also a traytour to the Kynge,
For here hath he graunted me vnder his brode seale
That no man, yf he love hys hele,
Sholde me dysturbe or let in any wyse.

behind and accept the playwright's and tale-teller's convention that cuckoldry and cuckoldmaking are natural subjects for humour. This granted, it will be difficult to find a flaw in the play. Like the *Pardoner and the Frere* it is short, only about one half the length of the plays of *Love*, the *Wether*, and the *Four PP.*, and it gains greatly from being less weighted with superfluities. Johan Johan himself, with his boasting and cowardice, his eagerness to be deceived, and futile attempts to put a good face on the matter, his burning desire to partake of the pie, his one moment of self-assertion, to which disappointed hunger spurs him, and then his fresh collapse to ludicrous uneasiness, — who can deny that he is a triumph of dramatic art, just human enough and natural enough to seem very human and natural on the stage, but with the ludicrous side of him so sedulously presented to the spectator that there is never any risk of compassion for him becoming uncomfortably acute? The handling of Tyb and Syr Jhan is equally clever. Each in turn is prepared to act on the defensive, to be evasive and explanatory, but before Johan Johan's acquiesciveness such devices seem superfluous, and little by little the pair reach a height of effrontery not easily surpassed. One of the incidents of the play, the melting of the wax by the fire, occurs also in a contemporary French *Farce nouuelle tresbonne et fort ioyeuse de Pernet qui va au vin*, and it is certainly in the French farces that we find the nearest approach in tone and treatment, as well as in form, to this anonymous Johan Johan.

Dates. The Authorship of "Thersites." — It may have been noticed that in passing these six plays in review the order followed has been purely that of their dramatic development. We know that four of them were printed in 1533, when Heywood was thirty-six or thereabouts, but with the exception of the reference to Leo X. in the *Pardoner and the Frere*, the significance of which I have given reasons for considering doubtful, no one has yet detected any time-reference which enables us to fix their approximate dates.[1] In his little treatise *John Heywood als Dramatiker* (1888) Dr. Swoboda maintains that the *Pardoner* must be placed earlier than the *Four PP.*, and that the *Four PP.* can be shown to be earlier than the anonymous

[1] If the reference in l. 636 of the *Play of the Wether* (see note) is to be pressed, this would be an exception, giving us between 1523 and 1533 as the date of composition.

play of *Thersites*, which we know from its epilogue was acted at Court between October 12 and 24, 1537, the dates respectively of the birth of Edward VI. and the death of his mother, Jane Seymour.[1] In support of his first point he cites the fact that some of the relics ("the grete toe of the Trinite" and "of all Hallows the blessed jawbone") vaunted by the Pardoner in his sermon in the church appear again in the longer list of relics in the *Four PP.* In support of the second he quotes from *Thersites* the lines[2] in which that hero proposes to visit Purgatory and Hell, and traces in them an allusion to the Pardoner's story in the *Four PP.* I cannot accept either of these arguments as decisive chronologically, it being quite as reasonable for a dramatist to abridge a list of relics as to expand it, while the boast of Thersites might be represented as the hint out of which the rescue of Mistress Margery Coorson was developed no less plausibly than as a reference to that notorious lie. *The Pardoner and the Frere* seems to me dramatically more advanced than the *Four PP.*, and I am therefore slow to accept any argument which would place it earlier; but even when we allow for the fact that Chaucer had fixed for all time the humorous treatment of Pardoners, the fact that the Pardoners in these two plays are so closely alike is an argument of some weight for their common authorship.[3] But if this be so, the reference to sweeping Hell

[1] Dr. Swoboda erroneously places Edward VI.'s birth in August, a slip of some importance as to some extent spoiling his argument that *Thersites* must have been written for a performance at an earlier date. But perhaps even in October it would not be quite correct to say "All herbs are dead," while the reference to a New Year's gift, though not quite decisive, makes it probable that the play was written for a Christmas entertainment. In any case it is intrinsically probable that a play acted at an improvised festivity on the birth of an heir to the throne would be an old one, rather than specially written for the occasion.

[2] If no man will with me battle take,
A voyage to hell quickly I will make,
And there I will beat the devil and his dame,
And bring the souls away: I fully intend the same.
After that in Hell I have ruffled so,
Straight to old Purgatory will I go,
I will clean that so purge round about
That we shall need no pardons to help them out.

[3] Dr. Swoboda, who speaks of the plays from the press of William Rastell as printed by his father (John), was apparently unaware that neither *The Pardoner and the Frere* nor *Johan Johan* bears Heywood's name, and takes his authorship of them for granted.

clean in *Thersites* may set us wondering whether it was not the author of the *Four PP.* who was most likely to have written it; and we may note also the repetition in *Thersites* of the absurd boasting with which Johan Johan preludes his disclosure of his cowardice, while the incident of Telemachus belongs to that "humour of filth" which I have already noted as characteristic of Heywood. For the probability of the latter's authorship of *Thersites* we may claim also a little external support. We have already noticed that in March, 1538, Heywood received forty shillings for the performance by his "children" of an interlude before the Princess Mary. Now *Thersites* is obviously intended for performance by children; it was acted a few months previously to the payment of March, 1538,[1] in honour of Jane Seymour, to whom Mary, in return for her abundant kindness, was greatly attached; and again Mary's fondness for the classics would explain the selection of a classical burlesque if, as is probable, she was present when it was acted. Given the facts that Heywood had already in the *Play of the Wether* brought Jupiter on the stage, that *Thersites* bears at least some slight resemblances to other plays attributed to him, that he was in the service of the Princess Mary, and was manager, whether permanently or temporarily, about this time, of a company of children, and I think we have a fairly strong case for attributing *Thersites* to his pen. If this theory be accepted, the probability of his authorship of both the *Pardoner and the Frere* and *Johan Johan* is considerably increased; for if *Thersites* is by Heywood, it is good enough to form an important link between these plays and his argumentative interludes, while if *Thersites* be not by Heywood, there was then some other playwright of the day for whom a strong claim might be put forward to the authorship of these other anonymous plays.

Sources. — The fact that an opportunity for writing about Heywood is not likely to recur very often must be offered as an excuse for interpolating questions of detail into this preface. For the broader view of the subject which we ought here to take it is obvious that the authorship of this or that play is not very important. What

[1] It is not contended that the payment was for the performance of *Thersites*, only that it shows that Heywood was a likely man to be called on to produce a play about this period.

concerns us here is that we can see even in the less developed group of plays English comedy emancipating itself from the miracle-play and morality, and in the *Pardoner and the Frere* and *Johan Johan* becoming identical in form with the French fifteenth-century farce. Whether we ought to go beyond this and assert absolute borrowing from French originals is rather a difficult question. The *Farce nouuelle d'un Pardonneur, d'un triacleur et d'une tauerniere* may certainly have supplied the idea both of the preaching-match between Pardoner and Friar and also of the comparison of the wares of Pardoner and Pothecary. The *Farce nouuelle tresbonne et fort ioyeuse de Pernet qui va au vin* contains two passages[1] which must have some direct connection with *Johan Johan*. The only extant edition of *Pernet qui va au vin* was "nouvellement imprimé" in 1548, and the date of its prototype is unknown. The *Farce d'un Pardonneur*, in the edition which has come down to us, is certainly later than 1540, but this also was probably a reprint. Thus despite the fact

[1] See notes to ll. 263 and 482. I quote here the end of the French farce in order to give the "wax" episode in full.

Le Cousin. Or ca cousin iay pense
Dung subtil affaire,
Dont vous serez riche a iamas.
Pernet. Riche, cousin ?
Le Cousin. Certes, sire, vous fault chauffer
Et faire ung subtil ouuraige,
Qui vous gardera de dommaige,
Cousin, beau sire.
Pernet. Me fault il donc chauffer la cire,
Tandis que vous banqueterez ?
Corbieu, ien suis marry,
Je croy que ce paste est bon.
Le Cousin. Chauffez & mettez du charbon
Lymaige sera proffittable.
Pernet. Vous irayge signer la table ?
Je scay bien le benedicite.
Le Cousin. Faictes ce que iay recite.
Dea ! cousin ! ne perdez point de temps.
Pernet. Cest vng trespouure passetemps
De chauffer la cire quant on digne !
Regardez elle est plus molle que laine,
En la chauffant rien naqueste.
Le Cousin. Conclus & conqueste !
Auec la femme ie banqueste,
Combien que ie ne soye le sire
Et son mary chauffe la cire.

that the handling of the incidents in the English plays is far more skilful than in the French, it would seem too daring to suggest that the French farces can be borrowed from the English, and in any case we may imagine that the English dramatist did not make his new departure unaided, but was consciously working on the lines which had long been popular in France. By doing so he did not lay the foundation of English comedy, for it was not on these lines that our comedy subsequently developed. But it was at least a hopeful omen for the future that an English playwright so easily attained a real mastery in the only school of comedy with which he could have been acquainted. It was something also that the right of comedy to exist as a source of amusement apart from instruction had been successfully vindicated. These were two real achievements, and they must always be connected with the name of John Heywood.

"Play of the Wether": Early Editions and the Present Text. — At the time I write, the *Play of the Wether* has not been reprinted since the sixteenth century. Its bibliography has been rather confused by the existence of two texts of it, one at St. John's College, Oxford, the other at the University Library, Cambridge, each wanting the last leaf, containing in the one case twenty, and in the other sixteen, lines of the text and the colophon with the printer's name. The only perfect copy hitherto generally known is that preserved at the Bodleian Library, which belongs to an edition "Imprinted at London in Paules Churchyearde, at the Sygne of the Sunne, by Anthonie Kytson" whose career as a publisher seems to have been comprised within the years 1549 and 1579. Of this as the only complete edition I then knew I made my first transcript, though subsequent collation showed that the imperfect edition at St. John's College contained many better readings and an earlier spelling, while the copy at the University Library, Cambridge (sometimes, though I think erroneously, attributed to the press of Robert Wyer), belonged to an intermediate edition. The registration by the Bibliographical Society in its *Handlists of English Printers*, 1501–1556, of the copy of an edition of 1533, printed by William Rastell, in the Pepys Collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge, sent me to Cambridge for a new transcript. On examination, the Magdalene edition proved to be identical with

that at St. John's College, Oxford, which had previously been conjecturally assigned to Rastell, perhaps by some one who had seen it before the last leaf disappeared. In reproducing Rastell's text I have not thought it necessary to print my collation of the later editions, as it is clear that the unidentified edition at the University Library, Cambridge (U. L. C.), was printed from Rastell's, and Kitson's from this. The printer of the U. L. C. edition introduced some errors into his text, most of which Kitson copied: e.g. *hote* for *hore* in l. 38, omission of second *so* in l. 68, and of second *as* in l. 72, *name* for *maner* in l. 115, *or* for *of* in l. 357, *we* for *I* in l. 427, *plumyng* for *plumpyng* in l. 657, *thynges* for *thynge* in l. 660, *showryng* for *skowryng* in l. 661, *ye* for *yt* in l. 699, *and* for *all* in l. 705, *belyke* for *be leak*[*e*]*y* in l. 800; though he corrected a few: e.g. *pale* for *dale* in l. 277. On the other hand, Kitson introduced some sixty or seventy errors of his own, such as *creatour* for *creature* in l. 5, *well* for *we* in l. 21, *mynglyng* for *mynglynge* in l. 144, *mery* for *mary* in l. 366, *besecheth* for *besecheth* in l. 347, *pycked* for *prycked* in l. 467, *bodily* for *boldely* in l. 470, *solyter* for *solycyter* in l. 496, etc. As these variations are obviously misprints and nothing more, it would have been pedantic to record them in full, and these samples will doubtless suffice. The following title-page is a representation, not a reproduction, of the original. There is no running head-line in Rastell's text.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

¶ The play of the wether

¶ A new and a very mery enterlude of all maner we= thers made by John Heywood,

The players names.

Jupiter a god.
Mery reporte the vyce.
The gentylman.
The marchaunt.
The ranger.
The water myller.
The wynde myller.
The gentylwoman.
The launder.
A boy the lest that can play.

The Play of the Wether

Jupyter A ii

RYght farre to longe, as now, were to recyte
The auncyent estate wherein our selfe hath reyned,
What honour, what laude, gyven us of very ryght,
What glory we have had, dewly unfayned,
Of eche creature, which dewty hath constrayned;
For above all goddes, syns our father's fale,
We, Jupiter, were ever pryncypale.

If we so have beene, as treuth yt is in dede,
Beyond the compas of all comparyson,
Who coulde presume to shew, for any mede,
So that yt myght appere to humayne reason,
The hye renowne we stande in at this season?
For, syns that heven and earth were fyrste create,
Stode we never in suche tryumphaunt estate

As we now do, whereof we woll reporte
Suche parte as we se mete for tyme present,
Chyefely concernynge your[1] perpetuall comforte,
As the thynge selfe shall prove in experyment,
Whyche hyely shall bynde you, on knees lowly bent,
Sooly to honour oure hyenes, day by day.
And now to the mater gyve eare, and we shall say.

Before our presens, in our hye parlyament,
Both goddes and goddeses of all degrees
Hath[2] late assembled, by comen assent,

[1] *I.e.* of the audience as representing mankind.
[2] For use as a plural cf. l. 347 'besecheth,' 844 'ye doth.'

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For the redres of certayne enormytees,
Bred amonge them, thorow extremytees
Abusyd in eche to other of them all,
Namely, to purpose, in these moste specyall:

Our forsayde father Saturne, and Phebus,
Eolus and Phebe, these foure[1] by name,
Whose natures, not onely, so farre contraryous,
But also of malyce eche other to defame,
Have longe tyme abused, ryght farre out of frame,
The dew course of all theyr constellacyons,
To the great damage of all yerthly nacyons:

Whyche was debated in place sayde before; A ii *b*
And fyrste, as became, our father moste auncyent,
With berde whyte as snow, his lockes both colde & hore,
Hath entred[2] such mater as served his entent,
Laudynge his frosty mansyon in the fyrmament,
To ayre & yerth as thynge moste precyous,
Pourgynge all humours that are contagyous.

How be yt, he alledgeth that, of longe tyme past,
Lyttell hath prevayled his great dylygens,
Full oft uppon yerth his fayre frost he hath cast,
All thynges hurtfull to banysh out of presens.
But Phebus, entendynge to kepe him in sylens,
When he hath labored all nyght in his powres,[3]
His glarynge beamys maryth all in two howres.

Phebus to this made no maner answerynge,
Whereuppon they both then Phebe defyed,
Eche for his parte leyd in her reprovynge
That by her showres superfluous they have tryed[4];
In all that she may theyr powres be denyed;
Wherunto Phebe made answere no more
Then Phebus to Saturne hadde made before.

[1] The dispensers respectively of frost, sunshine, wind, and rain.
[2] placed on record. [3] powers, not 'pores.' [4] that which they have experienced.

Anone uppon Eolus all these dyd fle,
Complaynynge theyr causes, eche one arow,
And sayd, to compare, none was so evyll as he;
For, when he is dysposed his blastes to blow,
He suffereth neyther sone-shyne, rayne nor snowe.
They eche agaynste other, and he agaynste al three,—
Thus can these iiii in no maner agree!

Whyche sene in themselfe, and further consyderynge,
The same to redres was cause of theyr assemble;
And, also, that we, evermore beynge,
Besyde our puysaunt power of deite,
Of wysedome and nature so noble and so fre,
From all extremytees the meane devydynge,
To pease and plente eche thynge attemperynge,

They have, in conclusyon, holly surrendryd A iii
Into our handes, at mych as concernynge
All maner wethers by them engendryd,
The full of theyr powrs, for terme everlastynge,
To set suche order as standyth wyth our pleasynge,
Whyche thynge, as of our parte, no parte requyred,
But of all theyr partys ryght humbly desyred,

To take uppon us. Wherto we dyd assente.
And so in all thynges, with one voyce agreable,
We have clerely fynyshed our foresayd parleament,
To your great welth, whyche shall be fyrme and stable,
And to our honour farre inestymable;
For syns theyr powers, as ours, addyd to our owne,
Who can, we say, know us as we shulde be knowne?

But now, for fyne,[1] the rest of our entent,
Wherfore, as now, we hyther are dyscendyd,
Is onely to satysfye and content
All maner people whyche have been offendyd
By any wether mete to be amendyd,

[1] conclusion.

Uppon whose complayntes, declarynge theyr grefe,
We shall shape remedye for theyr relefe.

And to gyve knowledge for theyr hyther resorte
We wolde thys afore proclaymed to be,
To all our people, by some one of thys sorte,[1]
Whome we lyste to choyse here amongest all ye.
Wherfore eche man avaunce, and we shal se
Whyche of you is moste mete to be our cryer.

Here entreth MERY-REPORTE.

Mery-reporte. Brother,[2] holde up your torche a lytell hyer!
Now, I beseche you, my lorde, loke on me furste.
I truste your lordshyp shall not fynde me the wurste.
Jupyter. Why! what arte thou that approchyst so ny?
Mery-reporte. Forsothe, and please your lordshyppe, it is I.
Jupyter. All that we knowe very well, But what I?
Mery-reporte. What I? Some saye I am I perse I.[3]
But, what maner I so ever be I,
I assure your good lordshyp, I am I.
Jupyter. What maner man arte thou, shewe quickely. A iii *b*
Mery-reporte. By god, a poore gentylman, dwellyth hereby.
Jupyter. A gentylman! Thyselfe bryngeth wytnes naye,
Both in thy lyght behavour and araye.
But what arte thou called where thou dost resorte?
Mery-reporte. Forsoth, my lorde, mayster Mery-reporte.
Jupyter. Thou arte no mete man in our bysynes,
For thyne apparence is of to mych lyghtnes.
Mery-reporte. Why, can not your lordshyp lyke my maner
Myne apparell, nor my name nother?
Jupyter. To nother of all we have devocyon.
Mery-reporte. A proper lycklyhod of promocyon!
Well, than, as wyse as ye seme to be,
Yet can ye se no wysdome in me.

[1] *I.e.* some one in the audience.

[2] Said to one of the attendants.

[3] The phrase in alphabet-learning for a letter sounded by itself; cf. *Wily Beguiled:* "A *per se* A" (Hawkins' Origin of English Drama, 3: 357. Oxford: 1772).

But syns ye dysprayse me for so lyghte an elfe,
I praye you gyve me leve to prayse my-selfe:
And, for the fyrste parte, I wyll begyn
In my behavour at my commynge in,
Wherin I thynke I have lytell offendyd,
For, sewer, my curtesy coulde not be amendyd;
And, as for my sewt your servaunt to be,
Myghte yll have bene myst for your honeste;
For, as I be saved, yf I shall not lye,
I saw no man sew for the offyce but I!
Wherfore yf ye take me not or I go,
Ye must anone, whether ye wyll or no.
And syns your entent is but for the wethers,
What skyls [1] our apparell to be fryse [2] or fethers?
I thynke it wisdome, syns no man forbad it,
With thys to spare a better — yf I had it!
And, for my name, reportyng alwaye trewly,
What hurte to reporte a sad mater merely?
As, by occasyon, for the same entent,
To a serteyne wedow thys daye was I sent,
Whose husbande departyd wythout her wyttynge,
A specyall good lover and she hys owne swettynge! [3]
To whome, at my commyng, I caste suche a fygure,
Mynglynge the mater accordynge to my nature,
That when we departyd,[4] above al other thynges,
She thanked me hartely for my mery tydynges!
And yf I had not handled yt merely, A iv
Perchaunce she myght have taken yt hevely;
But in suche facyon I conjured and bounde her,
That I left her meryer then I founde her!
What man may compare to showe the lyke comforte
That dayly is shewed by me, Mery-reporte?
And, for your purpose, at this tyme ment,
For all wethers I am so indyfferent,[5]
Without affeccyon, standynge so up-ryght,
Son-lyght, mone-lyght, ster-lyght, twy-light, torch-light,

[1] matters. [2] frieze. [3] sweeting, sweetheart. [4] separated. [5] impartial

Cold, hete, moyst, drye, hayle, rayne, frost, snow, lightnyng, thunder,
Cloudy, mysty, wyndy, fayre, fowle, above hed or under,
Temperate or dystemperate, whatever yt be,
I promyse your lordshyp, all is one to me.

Jupyter. Well, sonne, consydrynge thyne indyfferency,
And partely the rest of thy declaracyon,
We make the our servaunte and immediately
Well woll thou departe and cause proclamacyon,
Publyshynge our pleasure to every nacyon,
Whyche thynge ons done, wyth all dylygens,
Make thy returne agayne to this presens,

Here to receyve all sewters of eche degre;
And suche as to the may seme moste metely,
We wyll thou brynge them before our majeste,
And for the rest, that be not so worthy,
Make thou reporte to us effectually,
So that we may heare eche maner sewte at large.
Thus se thow departe and loke uppon thy charge!

Mery-reporte. Now, good my lorde god, our lady be wyth ye!
Frendes, a fellyshyppe,[1] let me go by ye!
Thynke ye I may stande thrustyng amonge you there?
Nay, by god, I muste thruste aboute other gere!

MERY-REPORTE *goeth out.*

At thende[2] *of this staf*[3] *the god hath a song played in his trone or* MERY-REPORTE *come in.*

Jupiter. Now, syns we have thus farre set forth our purpose,
A whyle we woll wythdraw our godly presens,
To embold all such more playnely to dysclose,
As here wyll attende, in our foresayd pretens.
And now, accordynge to your obedyens, A iv *b*
Rejoyce ye in us with joy most joyfully,
And we our-selfe shall joy in our owne glory!

[JUPITER *here closes the curtains of his throne.*]

[1] out of good fellowship. [2] the end. [3] equivalent to stanza.

MERY-REPORTE *cometh in.*

Mery-reporte. Now, syrs, take hede! for here cometh goddes servaunt!
Avaunt! carte[r]ly keytyfs,[1] avaunt!
Why, ye dronken horesons, wyll yt not be?
By your fayth, have ye nother cap nor kne?
Not one of you that wyll make curtsy
To me, that am squyre for goddes precyous body?
Regarde ye nothynge myne authoryte?
No welcome home! nor where have ye be?
How be yt, yf ye axyd, I coulde not well tell,
But suer I thynke a thousande myle from hell,
And on my fayth, I thinke, in my consciens,
I have been from hevyn as farre as heven is hens,
At Lovyn,[2] at London and in Lombardy,
At Baldock,[3] at Barfolde,[4] and in Barbary,
At Canturbery, at Coventre, at Colchester,
At Wansworth and Welbecke,[5] at Westchester,
At Fullam, at Faleborne, and at Fenlow,
At Wallyngford, at Wakefeld, and at Waltamstow,
At Tawnton, at Typtre[6] and at Totnam,[7]
At Glouceter, at Gylford and at Gotham,
At Hartforde, at Harwyche, at Harowe on the hyll,
At Sudbery,[8] Suth hampton, at Shoters Hyll,[9]
At Walsingham, at Wyttam[10] and at Werwycke,
At Boston, at Brystow[11] and at Berwycke,
At Gravelyn,[12] at Gravesend, and at Glastynbery,
Ynge Gyngiang Jayberd the paryshe of Butsbery.[13]
The devyll hym-selfe, wythout more leasure,
Could not have gone halfe thus myche, I am sure!

1 clownish rascals.
2 Louvain.
3 In Herts.
4 Perhaps one of the numerous Barfords.
5 In Notts.
6 In Essex.
7 Tottenham.
8 In Suffolk.
9 Near Woolwich.
10 Witham, in Essex.
11 Bristol.
12 Possibly Gravelye near Baldock.
13 There is a parish of Buttsbury in Essex: 'ynge Gyngiang Jayberd' defies explanation.

But, now I have warned[1] them, let them even chose;
For, in fayth, I care not who wynne or lose

Here the gentylman before he cometh in bloweth his horne.

Mery-reporte. Now, by my trouth, this was a goodly hearyng.
I went yt had ben the gentylwomans blowynge!
But yt is not so, as I now suppose,
For womens hornes sounde more in a mannys nose.
Gentylman. Stande ye mery, my frendes, everychone. B i
Mery-reporte. Say that to me and let the rest alone!
Syr, ye be welcome, and all your meyny.
Gentylman. Now, in good sooth, my frende, god a mercy!
And syns that I mete the here thus by chaunce,
I shall requyre the of further acqueyntaunce,
And brevely to shew the, this is the mater.
I come to sew to the great god Jupyter
For helpe of thynges concernynge my recreacyon,
Accordynge to his late proclamacyon.
Mery-reporte. Mary, and I am he that this must spede.
But fyrste tell me what be ye in dede.
Gentylman. Forsoth, good frende, I am a gentylman.
Mery-reporte. A goodly occupacyon, by seynt Anne!
On my fayth, your maship[2] hath a mery life.
But who maketh all these hornes, your self or your wife?
Nay, even in earnest, I aske you this questyon.
Gentylman. Now, by my trouth, thou art a mery one.
Mery-reporte. In fayth, of us both I thynke never one sad,
For I am not so mery but ye seme as mad!
But stande ye styll and take a lyttell payne,
I wyll come to you, by and by, agayne.
Now, gracyous god, yf your wyll so be,
I pray ye, let me speke a worde wyth ye
Jupyter. My sonne, say on! Let us here thy mynde
Mery-reporte. My lord, there standeth a sewter even here behynde,
A Gentylman, in yonder corner,

[1] Have given notice to the petitioners to appear. The 'cry' is supposed to have been made outside.
[2] mastership.

And, as I thynke, his name is Mayster Horner
A hunter he is, and cometh to make you sporte.
He wolde hunte a sow or twayne out of thys sorte.[1]

Here he poynteth to the women.

Jupyter. What so ever his mynde be, let hym appere.
Mery-reporte. Now, good mayster Horner, I pray you come nere.
Gentylman. I am no horner, knave! I wyll thou know yt.
Mery-reporte. I thought ye had [been], for when ye dyd blow yt,
Harde I never horeson make horne so goo.
As lefe ye kyste myne ars as blow my hole soo!
Come on your way, before the God Jupyter,
And there for your selfe ye shall be sewter.
Gentylman. Most myghty prynce and god of every nacyon,
Pleaseth your hyghnes to vouchsave the herynge
Of me, whyche, accordynge to [y]our proclamacyon, B i *b*
Doth make apparaunce, in way of besechynge,
Not sole for myself, but generally
For all come of noble and auncyent stock,
Whych sorte above all doth most thankfully
Dayly take payne for welth of the comen flocke,
With dylygent study alway devysynge
To kepe them in order and unyte,
In peace to labour the encrees of theyr lyvynge,
Wherby eche man may prosper in plente.
Wherfore, good god, this is our hole desyrynge,
That for ease of our paynes, at tymes vacaunt,
In our recreacyon, whyche chyefely is huntynge,
It may please you to sende us wether pleasaunt,
Drye and not mysty, the wynde calme and styll.
That after our houndes yournynge[2] so meryly,
Chasynge the dere over dale and hyll,
In herynge we may folow and to-comfort the cry.
Jupyter. Ryght well we do percevve your hole request,
Whyche shall not fayle to reste in memory,
Wherfore we wyll ye set your-selfe at rest,

[1] the audience. [2] journeying.

Tyll we have herde eche man indyfferently,
And we shall take suche order, unyversally,
As best may stande to our honour infynyte,
For welth in commune and ech mannys synguler profyte.
Gentylman. In heven and yerth honoured be the name
Of Jupyter, who of his godly goodnes
Hath set this mater in so goodly frame,
That every wyght shall have his desyre, doutles.
And fyrst for us nobles and gentylmen,
I doute not, in his wysedome, to provyde
Suche wether as in our huntynge, now and then,
We may both teyse[1] and receyve[2] on every syde.
Whyche thynge, ones had, for our seyd recreacyon,
Shall greatly prevayle[3] you in preferrynge our helth
For what thynge more nedefull then our preservacyon,
Beynge the weale and heddes of all comen welth?
Mery-reporte. Now I besech your mashyp, whose hed be you?
Gentylman. Whose hed am I? Thy hed. What seyst thou now?
Mery-reporte. Nay, I thynke yt very trew, so god me helpe!
For I have ever bene, of a lyttell whelpe, B ii
So full of fansyes, and in so many fyttes,
So many smale reasons, and in so many wyttes,
That, even as I stande, I pray God I be dede,
If ever I thought them all mete for one hede.
But syns I have one hed more then I knew,
Blame not my rejoycynge, — I love all thinges new.
And suer it is a treasour of heddes to have store:
One feate can I now that I never coude before.
Gentylman. What is that?
Mery-reporte. By god, syns ye came hyther,
I can set my hedde and my tayle togyther.
This hed shall save mony, by Saynt Mary,
From hensforth I wyll no potycary;
For at al tymys, when suche thynges shall myster
My new hed shall geve myne olde tayle a glyster.[4]
And, after all this, then shall my hedde wayte

[1] rouse the game. [2] call off after a kill. [3] avail. [4] clyster, purge.

Uppon my tayle, and there stande at receyte.
Syr, for the reste I wyll not now move you,
But, yf we lyve, ye shall smell how I love yow.
And, sir, touchyng your sewt here, depart, when it please you
For be ye suer, as I can I wyll ease you.
Gentylman. Then gyve me thy hande. That promyse I take.
And yf for my sake any sewt thou do make,
I promyse thy payne to be requyted
More largely than now shall be recyted.
Mery-reporte. Alas, my necke! Goddes pyty, where is my hed?
By Saynt Yve, I feare me I shall be deade.
And yf I were, me-thynke yt were no wonder,
Syns my hed and my body is so farre asonder,

Entreth the MARCHAUNT.

Mayster person,[1] now welcome by my life!
I pray you, how doth my maistres, your wyfe?[2]
Marchaunt. Syr, for the presthod and wyfe that ye alledge
I se ye speke more of dotage then knowledge.
But let pas, syr, I wolde to you be sewter
To brynge me, yf ye can, before Jupiter.
[*Mery-reporte.*] Yes, Mary, can I, and wyll do yt in dede.
Tary, and I shall make wey for your spede. [*Goes to* JUPYTER.]
In fayth, good lorde, yf it please your gracyous godshyp,
I muste have a worde or twayne wyth your lordship. B ii *b*
Syr, yonder is a nother man in place,
Who maketh great sewt to speke wyth your grace.
Your pleasure ones knowen, he commeth by and by.[3]
Jupyter. Bryng hym before our presens, sone, hardely.
Mery-reporte. Why! where be you? shall I not fynde ye?
Come a-way, I pray god, the devyll blynde ye!
Marchaunt. Moste myghty prynce and lorde of lordes all,
Right humbly besecheth your majeste
Your marchaunt-men thorow the worlde all,

[1] parson.
[2] As the play was written before 1533, the clergy were still celibates, and this is only Mery-reporte's 'humour.'
[3] immediately.

That yt may please you, of your benygnyte,
In the dayly daunger of our goodes and lyfe,
Fyrste to consyder the desert of our request,
What welth we bryng the rest, to our great care & stryfe,
And then to rewarde us as ye shall thynke best.
What were the surplysage of eche commodyte,
Whyche groweth and encreaseth in every lande,
Excepte exchaunge by suche men as we be?
By wey of entercours, that lyeth on our hande[1]
We fraught from home, thynges wherof there is plente;
And home we brynge such thynges as there be scant.
Who sholde afore us marchauntes accompted be?
For were not we, the worlde shuld wyshe and want
In many thynges, whych now shall lack rehersall.
And, brevely to conclude, we beseche your hyghnes
That of the benefyte proclaymed in generall
We may be parte-takers, for comen encres,
Stablyshynge wether thus, pleasynge your grace,
Stormy, nor mysty, the wynde mesurable.
That savely we may passe from place to place,
Berynge our seylys for spede moste vayleable;[2]
And also the wynde to chaunge and to turne,
Eest, West, North and South, as best may be set,
In any one place not to longe to sojourne,
For the length of our vyage may lese our market.

Jupyter. Right well have ye sayde, and we accept yt so,
And so shall we rewarde you ere we go hens.
But ye muste take pacyens tyll we have harde mo,[3]
That we may indyfferently gyve sentens.
There may passe by us no spot of neglygence,
But justely to judge eche thynge, so upryghte B iii
That ech mans parte maye shyne in the selfe ryghte.[4]

Mery-reporte. Now, syr, by your fayth, yf ye shulde be sworne,
Harde ye ever god speke so, syns ye were borne?
So wysely, so gentylly hys wordes be showd!

[1] Explained by 'thynges wherof there is plente.'
[2] available.
[3] heard more, or others.
[4] in the same rightness.

Marchaunt. I thanke hys grace. My sewte is well bestowd.
Mery-reporte. Syr, what vyage entende ye nexte to go?
Marchaunt. I truste or myd-lente to be to Syo.[1]
Mery-reporte. Ha, ha! Is it your mynde to sayle at Syo?
Nay, then, when ye wyll, byr lady, ye maye go,
And let me alone with thys. Be of good chere!
Ye maye truste me at Syo as well as here.
For though ye were fro me a thousande myle space,
I wolde do as myche as ye were here in place,
For, syns that from hens it is so farre thyther,
I care not though ye never come agayne hyther.
Marchaunt. Syr, yf ye remember me, when tyme shall come,
Though I requyte not all, I shall deserve some.

Exeat MARCHAUNT.

Mery-reporte. Now, farre ye well, & god thanke you, by saynt Anne,
I pray you, marke the fasshyon of thys honeste manne;
He putteth me in more truste, at thys metynge here,
Then he shall fynde cause why, thys twenty yere.

Here entreth the RANGER.

Ranger. God be here, now Cryst kepe thys company!
Mery-reporte. In fayth, ye be welcome, evyn very skantely!
Syr, for your comynge what is the mater?
Ranger. I wolde fayne speke with the god Jupyter.
Mery-reporte. That wyll not be, but ye may do thys —
Tell me your mynde. I am an offycer of hys.
Ranger. Be ye so? Mary, I crye you marcy.
Your maystership may say I am homely.
But syns your mynde is to have reportyd
The cause wherfore I am now resortyd,
Pleasyth your maystership it is so.
I come for my-selfe and suche other mo,
Rangers and kepers of certayne places,
As forestes, parkes, purlews and chasys[2]
Where we be chargyd with all maner game.

[1] Scio (Chios).
[2] Purlieus are technically the woods adjacent to a royal forest; a chase is an unenclosed part.

Smale in our profyte and great is our blame.
Alas! For our wages, what be we the nere?
What is forty shyllynges, or fyve marke, a yere? B iii *b*
Many tymes and oft, where we be flyttynge,
We spende forty pens a pece at a syttinge.
Now for our vauntage, whyche chefely is wyndefale.
That is ryght nought, there bloweth no wynde at all,
Whyche is the thynge wherin we fynde most grefe,
And cause for my commynge to sew for relefe,
That the god, of pyty, al thys thynge knowynge,
May sende us good rage of blustryng and blowynge,
And, yf I can not get god to do some good,
I wolde hyer the devyll to runne thorow the wood,
The rootes to turne up, the toppys to brynge under.
A mischyefe upon them, and a wylde thunder!

Mery-reporte. Very well sayd, I set by your charyte
As mych, in a maner, as by your honeste.
I shall set you somwhat in ease anone.
Ye shall putte on your cappe, when I am gone.
For, I se, ye care not who wyn or lese,
So ye maye fynde meanys to wyn your fees.

Ranger. Syr, as in that, ye speke as it please ye.
But let me speke with the god, yf it maye be.
I pray you, lette me passe ye.

Mery-reporte. Why, nay, syr! By the masse, ye—

Ranger. Then wyll I leve you evyn as I founde ye.

Mery-reporte. Go when ye wyll. No man here hath bounde ye.

Here entreth the WATER MYLLER *and the* RANGER *goth out.*

Water Myller. What the devyll shold skyl,[1] though all the world were dum,
Syns in all our spekynge we never be harde?
We crye out for rayne, the devyll sped drop wyll cum.
We water myllers be nothynge in regarde.
No water have we to grynde at any stynt,
The wynde is so stronge the rayne cannot fall,

[1] What on earth would it matter?

Whyche kepeth our myldams as drye as a flynt.
We are undone, we grynde nothynge at all,
The greter is the pyte, as thynketh me.
For what avayleth to eche man his corne,
Tyll it be grounde by such men as we be?
There is the loss, yf we be forborne.[1]
For, touchynge our-selfes, we are but drudgys,
And very beggers save onely our tole, B iv
Whiche is ryght smale and yet many grudges
For gryste of a busshell to gyve a quarte bole.[2]
Yet, were not reparacyons, we myght do wele.
Our mylstons, our whele with her kogges, & our trindill[3]
Our floodgate, our mylpooll, our water whele,
Our hopper,[4] our extre,[5] our yren spyndyll,
In this and mych more so great is our charge,
That we wolde not recke though no water ware,
Save onely it toucheth eche man so large,
And ech for our neyghbour Cryste byddeth us care.
Wherfore my conscience hath prycked me hyther,
In thys to sewe, accordynge to the cry,[6]
For plente of raine to the god Jupiter
To whose presence I wyll go evyn boldely.

Mery-reporte. Sir, I dowt nothynge your audacyte,
But I feare me ye lacke capacyte,
For, yf ye were wyse, ye myghte well espye,
How rudely ye erre from rewls of courtesye.
What! ye come in revelynge and reheytynge,[7]
Evyn as a knave might go to a beare-beytynge!

Water Myller. All you bere recorde what favour I have!
Herke, howe famylyerly he calleth me knave!
Dowtles the gentylman is universall!
But marke thys lesson, syr. You shulde never call
Your felow knave, nor your brother horeson;
For nought can ye get by it, when ye have done.

[1] dispensed with, missed.
[2] To give two pounds of wheat for grinding sixty-four.
[3] wheel.
[4] feeder of the mill.
[5] axletree.
[6] Jupiter's proclamation.
[7] making rejoice.

Mery-reporte. Thou arte nother brother nor felowe to me,
For I am goddes servaunt, mayst thou not se?
Wolde ye presume to speke with the great god?
Nay, dyscrecyon and you be to farre od![1]
Byr lady, these knaves must be tyed shorter.[2]
Syr, who let you in? Spake ye with the porter?
Water Myller. Nay, by my trouth, nor wyth no nother man.
Yet I saw you well, when I fyrst began.
How be it, so helpe me god and holydam,[3]
I toke you but for a knave, as I am.
But, mary, now, syns I knowe what ye be,
I muste and wyll obey your authoryte.
And yf I maye not speke wyth Jupiter
I beseche you be my solycyter. B iv *b*
Mery-reporte. As in that, I wyl be your well-wyller.
I perceyve you be a water myller.
And your hole desyre, as I take the mater,
Is plente of rayne for encres of water.
The let wherof, ye affyrme determynately,
Is onely the wynde, your mortall enemy.
Water Myller. Trouth it is, for it blowyth so alofte,
We never have rayne, or, at the most, not ofte.
Wherfore, I praye you, put the god in mynde
Clerely for ever to banysh the wynde.

Here entreth the Wynde Myller.

Wynde Myller. How! Is all the wether gone or I come?
For the passyon of god, helpe me to some.
I am a wynd-miller, as many mo be.
No wretch in wretchydnes so wrechyd as we!
The hole sorte[4] of my crafte be all mard at onys,
The wynde is so weyke it sturryth not our stonys,
Nor skantely can shatter[5] the shyttyn sayle
That hangeth shatterynge[6] at a womans tayle.

[1] too far at variance.
[2] given less freedom.
[3] the kingdom of saints.
[4] assembly.
[5] scatter, blow about.
[6] flying apart.

The rayne never resteth, so longe be the showres,
From tyme of begynnyng tyl foure & twenty howres;
And, ende whan it shall, at nyght or at none,
An-other begynneth as soone as that is done.
Such revell of rayne ye knowe well inough,
Destroyeth the wynde, be it never so rough,
Wherby, syns our myllys be come to styll standynge,
Now maye we wynd-myllers go evyn to hangynge.
A myller! with a moryn[1] and a myschyefe!
Who wolde be a myller? As good be a thefe!
Yet in tyme past, when gryndynge was plente,
Who were so lyke goddys felows as we?
As faste as god made corne, we myllers made meale.
Whyche myght be best forborne[2] for comyn weale?
But let that gere passe, for I feare our pryde
Is cause of the care whyche god doth us provyde.
Wherfore I submyt me, entendynge to se
What comforte may come by humylyte.
And, now, at thys tyme, they sayd in the crye,
The god is come downe to shape remedye.

Mery-reporte. No doute, he is here, even in yonder trone. C
But in your mater he trusteth me alone,
Wherein, I do perceyve by your complaynte,
Oppressyon of rayne doth make the wynde so faynte,
That ye wynde-myllers be clene caste away.

Wynde Myller. If Jupyter helpe not, yt is as ye say.
But, in few wordes to tell you my mynde rounde,[3]
Uppon this condycyon I wolde be bounde,
Day by day to say our ladyes' sauter,[4]
That in this world were no drope of water,
Nor never rayne, but wynde contynuall,
Then shold we wynde myllers be lordes over all.

Mery-reporte. Come on and assay how you twayne can agre—
A brother of yours, a myller as ye be!

Water Myller. By meane of our craft we may be brothers,

[1] murrain, plague.
[2] dispensed with.
[3] roundly, completely.
[4] the psalms appointed for the Hours of the Blessed Virgin.

But whyles we lyve shal we never be lovers.
We be of one crafte, but not of one kynde,
I lyve by water and he by the wynde.

Here MERY-REPORT *goth out.*

And, syr, as ye desyre wynde continuall,
So wolde I have rayne ever-more to fall,
Whyche two in experyence, ryght well ye se,
Ryght selde, or never, to-gether can be.
For as longe as the wynde rewleth, yt is playne,
Twenty to one ye get no drop of rayne;
And when the element is to farre opprest,
Downe commeth the rayne and setteth the wynde at reste.
By this, ye se, we can-not both obtayne.
For ye must lacke wynde, or I must lacke rayne.
Wherfore I thynke good, before this audiens,
Eche for our selfe to say, or we go hens;
And whom is thought weykest, when we have fynysht,
Leve of his sewt and content to be banysht.

Wynde Myller. In fayth, agreed! but then, by your lycens,
Our mylles for a tyme shall hange in suspens.
Syns water and wynde is chyefely our sewt,
Whyche best may be spared we woll fyrst dyspute.
Wherfore to the see my reason shall resorte,
Where shyppes by meane of wynd try from port to porte,
From lande to lande, in dystaunce many a myle,—
Great is the passage and smale is the whyle.
So great is the profite, as to me doth seme, C i *b*
That no man's wysdome the welth can exteme.[1]
And syns the wynde is conveyer of all
Who but the wynde shulde have thanke above all?

Water Myller. Amytte[2] in this place a tree here to growe,
And therat the wynde in great rage to blowe;
When it hath all blowen, thys is a clere case,
The tre removeth no here-bred[3] from hys place.
No more wolde the shyppys, blow the best it cowde.

[1] esteem. [2] admit. [3] hair-breadth.

All though it wolde blow downe both mast & shrowde,
Except the shyppe flete[1] uppon the water
The wynde can ryght nought do, — a playne matter.
Yet maye ye on water, wythout any wynde,
Row forth your vessell where men wyll have her synde.[2]
Nothynge more rejoyceth the maryner,
Then meane cooles[3] of wynde and plente of water.
For, commenly, the cause of every wracke
Is excesse of wynde, where water doth lacke.
In rage of these stormys the perell is suche
That better were no wynde then so farre to muche.

Wynde Myller. Well, yf my reason in thys may not stande,
I wyll forsake the see and lepe to lande.
In every chyrche where goddys servyce is,
The organs beare brunt of halfe the quere,[4] i-wys.
Whyche causeth the sounde, of water or wynde?
More-over for wynde thys thynge I fynde
For the most parte all maner mynstrelsy,
By wynde they delyver theyr sound chefly,
Fyll me a bagpype of your water full,
As swetely shall it sounde as it were stuffyd with wull.

Water Myller. On my fayth I thynke the moone be at the full,
For frantyke fansyes be then most plentefull.
Which are at the pryde of theyr sprynge in your[5] hed,
So farre from our matter he[5] is now fled.
As for the wynde in any instrument,
It is no percell of our argument,
We spake of wynde that comyth naturally
And that is wynde forcyd artyfycyally,
Whyche is not to purpose. But, yf it were,
And water, in dede, ryght nought coulde do there,
Yet I thynke organs no suche commodyte,[6] C ii
Wherby the water shulde banyshed be.
And for your bagpypes, I take them as nyfuls,[7]
Your mater is all in fansyes and tryfuls.

1 float. 3 moderate cool breezes. 5 *Sic* in all editions. 7 Indistinguishable from trifles.
2 sent. 4 choir. 6 of not sufficient advantage.

Wynde Myller. By god, but ye shall not tryfull me of[1] so!
Yf these thynges serve not, I wyll reherse mo.
And now to mynde there is one olde proverbe come,
One bushell of marche dust is worth a kynges raunsome,
What is a hundreth thousande bushels worth than?
Water Myller. Not one myte, for the thynge selfe, to no man.
Wynde Myller. Why shall wynde every-where thus be objecte?
Nay, in the hye wayes he shall take effecte,
Where as the rayne doth never good but hurt,
For wynde maketh but dust and water maketh durt.
Powder or syrop, syrs, whyche lycke ye best?
Who lycketh not the tone maye lycke up the rest.
But, sure, who-so-ever hath assayed such syppes,
Had lever have dusty eyes then durty lyppes.
And it is sayd, syns afore we were borne,
That drought doth never make derth of corne.
And well it is knowen, to the most foole here,
How rayne hath pryced corne within this vii. yeare.[2]
Water Myller. Syr, I pray the, spare me a lytyll season.
And I shall brevely conclude the wyth reason.
Put case on[3] somers daye wythout wynde to be,
And ragyous wynde in wynter dayes two or thre,
Mych more shall dry that one calme daye in somer,
Then shall those thre wyndy dayes in wynter.
Whom shall we thanke for thys, when all is done?
The thanke to wynde? Nay! Thanke chyefely the sone.
And so for drought, yf corne therby encres,
The sone doth comfort and rype all dowtles,
And oft the wynde so leyth the corne, god wot,
That never after can it rype, but rot.
Yf drought toke place, as ye say, yet maye ye se,

[1] off.

[2] The earliest reference to a dearth of corn in the reign of Henry VIII. which I can find in Holinshed is *sub anno* 1523, when he states that the price in London was 20 *s.* a quarter, but without assigning any cause. The reference here is, I think, clearly to the great rains of the autumn of 1527 and April and May, 1528, of which Holinshed writes that they "caused great floods and did much harme namelie in corne, so that the next yeare [1528?] it failed within the realme and great dearth ensued."

[3] one.

Lytell helpeth the wynde in thys commodyte.
But, now, syr, I deny your pryncypyll.
Yf drought ever were, it were impossybyll
To have ony grayne, for, or it can grow,
Ye must plow your lande, harrow and sow,
Whyche wyll not be, except ye maye have rayne C ii *b*
To temper the grounde, and after agayne
For spryngynge and plumpyng all maner corne
Yet muste ye have water, or all is forlorne.
Yf ye take water for no commodyte
Yet must ye take it for thynge of necessyte,
For washynge, for skowrynge, all fylth clensynge,
Where water lacketh what bestely beynge!
In brewyng, in bakynge, in dressynge of meate,
Yf ye lacke water, what coulde ye drynke or eate?
Wythout water coulde lyve neyther man nor best,
For water preservyth both moste and lest.
For water coulde I say a thousande thynges mo,
Savynge as now the tyme wyll not serve so;
And as for that wynde that you do sew fore,
Is good for your wynde-myll and for no more.
Syr, syth all thys in experyence is tryde,
I say thys mater standeth clere on my syde.

Wynde Myller. Well, syns thys wyll not serve, I wyll alledge the reste.
Syr, for our myllys I saye myne is the beste.
My wynd-myll shall grynd more corne in one our
Then thy water-myll shall in thre or foure,
Ye more then thyne shulde in a hole yere,
Yf thou myghtest have as thou hast wyshyd here.
For thou desyrest to have excesse of rayne,
Whych thyng to the were the worst thou couldyst obtayne.
For, yf thou dydyst, it were a playne induccyon [1]
To make thyne owne desyer thyne owne destruccyon.
For in excesse of rayne at any flood
Your myllys must stande styll; they can do no good.

[1] preliminary.

And whan the wynde doth blow the uttermost
Our wyndmylles walke a-mayne in every cost.
For, as we se the wynde in hys estate,
We moder[1] our-saylys after the same rate.
Syns our myllys grynde so farre faster then yours,
And also they may grynde all tymes and howrs,
I say we nede no water-mylles at all,
For wyndmylles be suffycyent to serve all.

Water Myller. Thou spekest of all and consyderest not halfe!
In boste of thy gryste thou art wyse as a calfe!
For, though above us your mylles grynde farre faster, C iii
What helpe to those from whome ye be myche farther?
And, of two sortes, yf the tone shold be conserved,
I thynke yt mete the moste nomber be served.
In vales and weldes, where moste commodyte is,
There is most people: ye must graunte me this.
On hylles & downes, whyche partes are moste barayne,
There muste be few; yt can no mo sustayne.
I darre well say, yf yt were tryed even now,
That there is ten of us to one of you.
And where shuld chyefely all necessaryes be,
But there as people are moste in plente?
More reason that you come vii. myle to myll
Then all we of the vale sholde clyme the hyll.
If rayne came reasonable, as I requyre yt,
We sholde of your wynde mylles have nede no whyt.

Entreth MERY-REPORTE.

Mery-reporte. Stop, folysh knaves, for your reasonynge is suche,
That ye have resoned even ynough and to much.
I hard all the wordes that ye both have hadde,
So helpe me god, the knaves be more then madde!
Nother of them both that hath wyt nor grace,
To perceyve that both myllys may serve in place.
Betwene water and wynde there is no suche let,
But eche myll may have tyme to use his fet.

[1] moderate, adjust.

Whyche thynge I can tell by experyens;
For I have, of myne owne, not farre from hens,
In a corner to-gether a couple of myllys,
Standynge in a marres[1] betweene two hyllys,
Not of inherytaunce, but by my wyfe;
She is feofed in the tayle for terme of her lyfe,
The one for wynde, the other for water.
And of them both, I thanke god, there standeth[2] nother;
For, in a good hour be yt spoken,
The water gate is no soner open,
But clap, sayth the wyndmyll, even strayght behynde!
There is good spedde, the devyll and all they grynde!
But whether that the hopper be dusty,
Or that the mylstonys be sumwhat rusty,
By the mas, the meale is myschevous musty!
And yf ye thynke my tale be not trusty, C iii *b*
I make ye trew promyse: come, when ye lyste,
We shall fynde meane ye shall taste of the gryst.

Water Myller. The corne at receyte happely is not good.

Mery-reporte. There can be no sweeter, by the sweet roode!
Another thynge yet, whyche shall not be cloked,
My watermyll many tymes is choked.

Water Myller. So wyll she be, though ye shuld burste your bones,
Except ye be perfyt in settynge your stones.
Fere not the lydger,[3] beware your ronner.
Yet this for the lydger, or ye have wonne her,
Parchaunce your lydger doth lacke good peckyng.

Mery-reporte. So sayth my wyfe, & that maketh all our checkyng.[4]
She wolde have the myll peckt, peckt, peckt, every day!
But, by god, myllers muste pecke when they may!
So oft have we peckt that our stones wax right thynne,
And all our other gere not worth a pyn,
For with peckynge and peckyng I have so wrought,
That I have peckt a good peckynge-yron to nought.

[1] morass. [2] stands still.
[3] the flat fixed stone (or bed stone) over which the turning stone, or *runner*, moved.
[4] reviling.

How be yt, yf I stycke no better tyll her,
My wyfe sayth she wyll have a new myller.
But let yt passe! and now to our mater!
I say my myllys lacke nother wynde nor water;
No more do yours, as farre as nede doth requyre.
But, syns ye can not agree, I wyll desyre
Jupyter to set you both in suche rest
As to your welth and his honour may stande best.
Water Myller. I praye you hertely remember me.
Wynde Myller. Let not me be forgoten, I beseche ye.

Both MYLLERS *goth forth.*

Mery-reporte. If I remember you not both alyke
I wolde ye were over the eares in the dyke.
Now be we ryd of two knaves at one chaunce.
By saynte Thomas, yt is a knavyshe ryddaunce.

The GENTYLWOMAN *entreth.*

Gentylwoman. Now, good god, what a foly is this?
What sholde I do where so mych people is?
I know not how to passe in to the god now.
Mery-reporte. No, but ye know how he may passe into you.
Gentylwoman. I pray you let me in at the backe syde.
Mery-reporte. Ye, shall I so, and your fore syde so wyde?
Nay not yet; but syns ye love to be alone,
We twayne will into a corner anone.
But fyrste, I pray you, come your way hyther,
And let us twayne chat a whyle to-gyther.
Gentylwoman. Syr, as to you I have lyttell mater.
My commyn[illegible] to speke wyth Jupiter.
Mery-reporte. Sta[illegible]yll a whyle, and I wyll go prove
Whether that [illegible] be[illegible] wyll be brought in love.
My lorde, how n[illegible]t bo[illegible] loke uppe lustely!
Here is a derlynge come, by saynt Antony.
And yf yt be your pleasure to mary,
Speke [illegible]uyckly; for she may not tary.

In fayth, I thynke ye may wynne her anone;
For she wolde speke with your lordshyp alone.
Jupyter. Sonne, that is not the thynge at this tyme ment.
If her sewt concerne no cause of our hyther resorte,
Sende her out of place; but yf she be bent
To that purpose, heare her and make us reporte.
Mery-reporte. I count women lost, yf we love them not well,
For ye se god loveth them never a dele.
Maystres ye can not speake wyth the god.
Gentylwoman. No! why?
Mery-reporte. By my fayth, for his lordship is ryght besy.
Wyth a pece of worke that nedes must be doone;
Even now is he makyng of a new moone.
He sayth your olde moones be so farre tasted,[1]
That all the goodnes of them is wasted,
Whyche of the great wete hath ben moste mater
For olde moones be leake;[2] they can holde no water.
But for this new mone, I durst lay my gowne,
Except a few droppes at her goyng downe,
Ye get no rayne tyll her arysynge,
Wythout yt nede, and then no mans devysynge
Coulde wyshe the fashyon of rayne to be so good;
Not gushynge out lyke gutters of Noyes flood,
But small droppes sprynklyng softly on the grounde;
Though they fell on a sponge they wold gyve no sounde.
This new moone shall make a thing spryng more in this while
Then a olde moone shal while a man may go a mile.
By that tyme the god hath all made an ende, C iv *b*
Ye shall se how the wether wyll amende.
By saynt Anne, he goeth to worke even boldely.
I thynke hym wyse ynough; for he [illegible]ldely!
Wherfore, maystres, be ye now of g[illegible]e;
For though in his presens ye can nc[illegible]ve pere,
Tell me your mater and let me alo[illegible]-yro
Mayhappe I will thynke on you when you be gone.

[1] decayed. [2] be leaky; misprinted *belyke* by Kitson

Gentylwoman. Forsoth, the cause of my commynge is this:
I am a woman right fayre, as ye se;
In no creature more beauty then in me is;
And, syns I am fayre, fayre wolde I kepe me,
But the sonne in somer so sore doth burne me,
In wynter the wynde on every side me.
No parte of the yere wote I where to turne me,
But even in my house am I fayne to hyde me.
And so do all other that beuty have;
In whose name at this tyme, this sewt I make,
Besechynge Jupyter to graunt that I crave;
Whyche is this, that yt may please hym, for our sake,
To sende us wether close and temperate,
No sonne-shyne, no frost, nor no wynde to blow.
Then wolde we get[1] the stretes trym as a parate.[2]
Ye shold se how we wolde set our-selfe to show.
Mery-reporte. Jet where ye wyll, I swere by saynt Quintyne,
Ye passe them all, both in your owne conceyt and myne.
Gentylwoman. If we had wether to walke at our pleasure,
Our lyves wolde be mery out of measure.
One part of the day for our apparellynge
Another parte for eatynge and drynkynge,
And all the reste in stretes to be walkynge,
Or in the house to passe tyme with talkynge.
Mery-reporte. When serve ye God?
Gentylwoman. Who bosteth in vertue are but dawes[3]
Mery-reporte. Ye do the better, namely syns there is no cause.
How spende ye the nyght?
Gentylwoman. In daunsynge and syngynge
Tyll mydnyght, and then fall to slepynge.
Mery-reporte. Why, swete herte, by your false fayth, can ye syng?
Gentylwoman. Nay, nay, but I love yt above all thynge.
Mery-reporte. Now, by my trouth, for the love that I owe you, D i
You shall here what pleasure I can shew you.
One songe have I for you, suche as yt is,
And yf yt were better ye should have yt, by gys.[4]

[1] or *jet* (l. 835), strut. [2] parrot. [3] simpletons. [4] Jesus.

Gentylwoman. Mary, syr, I thanke you even hartely.
Mery-reporte. Come on, syrs; but now let us synge lust[e]ly.

Here they singe.

Gentylwoman. Syr, this is well done; I hertely thanke you.
Ye have done me pleasure, I make God avowe.
Ones in a nyght I long for suche a fyt;
For longe tyme have I bene brought up in yt.
Mery-reporte. Oft tyme yt is sene, both in court and towne,
Longe be women a bryngyng up & sone brought downe.
So fet[1] yt is, so nete yt is, so nyse yt is,
So trycke[2] yt is, so quycke yt is, so wyse yt is.
I fere my self, excepte I may entreat her,
I am so farre in love I shall forget her.
Now, good maystres, I pray you, let me kys ye—
Gentylwoman. Kys me, quoth a! Why, nay, syr, I wys ye.
Mery-reporte. What! yes, hardely! Kys me ons and no more.
I never desyred to kys you before.

Here the LAUNDER *cometh in.*

Launder. Why! have ye alway kyst her behynde?
In fayth, good inough, yf yt be your mynde.
And yf your appetyte serve you so to do,
Byr lady, I wolde ye had kyst myne ars to!
Mery-reporte. To whom dost thou speake, foule hore? canst thou tell?
Launder. Nay, by my trouth! I, syr, not very well!
But by conjecture this ges[3] I have,
That I do speke to an olde baudy knave.
I saw you dally with your symper de cokket[4]
I rede you beware she pyck not your pokket.
Such ydyll huswyfes do now and than
Thynke all well wonne that they pyck from a man.
Yet such of some men shall have more favour,
Then we, that for them dayly toyle and labour.
But I trust the god wyll be so indyfferent
That she shall fayle some parte of her entent.

[1] trim. [2] smart. [3] guess. [4] Mlle. Simper de Coquette.

Mery-reporte. No dout he wyll deale so gracyously
That all folke shall be served indyfferently.
How be yt, I tell the trewth, my offyce is suche D i *b*
That I muste reporte eche sewt, lyttell or muche.
Wherfore, wyth the god syns thou canst not speke,
Trust me wyth thy sewt, I wyll not fayle yt to breke.[1]
Launder. Then leave not to muche to yonder gyglet.[2]
For her desyre contrary to myne is set.
I herde by her tale she wolde banyshe the sonne,
And then were we pore launders all undonne.
Excepte the sonne shyne that our clothes may dry,
We can do ryght nought in our laundrye.
An other maner losse, yf we sholde mys,
Then of suche nycebyceters[3] as she is.
Gentylwoman. I thynke yt better that thou envy me,
Then I sholde stande at rewarde[4] of thy pytte.
It is the guyse of such grose quenes as thou art
With such as I am evermore to thwart.
By cause that no beauty ye can obtayne
Therfore ye have us that be fayre in dysdayne.
Launder. When I was as yonge as thou art now,
I was wythin lyttel as fayre as thou,
And so myght have kept me, yf I hadde wolde,
And as derely my youth I myght have solde
As the tryckest and fayrest of you all.
But I feared parels[5] that after myght fall,
Wherfore some busynes I dyd me provyde,
Lest vyce myght enter on every syde,
Whyche hath fre entre where ydelnesse doth reyne.
It is not thy beauty that I dysdeyne,
But thyne ydyll lyfe that thou hast rehersed,
Whych any good womans hert wolde have perced.
For I perceyve in daunsynge and syngynge,

[1] communicate. [2] wanton.

[3] Cf. note on *Roister Doister*, I. iv. 12. *Merygreeke:* "But with whome is he nowe so sadly roundyng yond[illegible] *Doug[illegible]tie:* "With *Nobs nicebecetur miserere* fonde." Explained by Flügel as a contraction of *Nescio quid dicitur* = Mistress 'What's-her-name.' *Gen. Ed.*

[4] At regard, *i.e.* as the object of. [5] perils.

In eatyng and drynkynge and thyne apparellynge,
Is all the joye, wherin thy herte is set.
But nought of all this doth thyne owne labour get;
For, haddest thou nothyng but of thyne owne travayle,
Thou myghtest go as naked as my nayle.
Me thynke thou shuldest abhorre suche ydylnes
And passe thy tyme in some honest besynes;
Better to lese some parte of thy beaute,
Then so ofte to jeoberd all thyne honeste.
But I thynke, rather then thou woldest so do, D ii
Thou haddest lever have us lyve ydylly to.
And so, no doute, we shulde, yf thou myghtest have
The clere sone banysht, as thou dost crave:
Then were we launders marde and unto the
Thyne owne request were smale commodyte.
For of these twayne I thynke yt farre better
Thy face were sone-burned, and thy clothis the swetter,[1]
Then that the sonne from shynynge sholde be smytten,
To kepe thy face fayre and thy smocke beshytten.
Syr, howe lycke ye my reason in her case?

Mery-reporte. Such a raylynge hore, by the holy mas,
I never herde, in all my lyfe, tyll now.
In dede I love ryght well the ton of you,
But, or I wolde kepe you both, by goddes mother,
The devyll shall have the tone to fet[2] the tother.

Launder. Promyse me to speke that the sone may shyne bryght,
And I wyll be gone quyckly for all nyght.

Mery-reporte. Get you both hens, I pray you hartely;
Your sewtes I perceyve and wyll reporte them trewly
Unto Jupyter, at the next leysure,
And in the same desyre, to know his pleasure;
Whyche knowledge hadde, even as he doth show yt,
Feare ye not, tyme enough, ye shall know it.

Gentylwoman. Syr, yf ye medyll, remember me fyrste.

Launder. Then in this medlynge my parte shal be the wurst.

Mery-reporte. Now, I beseche our lorde, the devyll the[3] burst.

[1] sweeter. [2] fetch. [3] thee.

Who medlyth wyth many I hold hym accurst,
Thou hore, can I medyl wyth you both at ones.

Here the Gentylwoman *goth forth.*

Launder. By the mas, knave, I wold I had both thy stones
In my purs, yf thou medyl not indyfferently,
That both our maters in yssew may be lyckly.
Mery-reporte. Many wordes, lyttell mater, and to no purpose,
Suche is the effect that thou dost dysclose,
The more ye byb[1] the more ye babyll,
The more ye babyll the more ye fabyll,
The more ye fabyll the more unstabyll,
The more unstabyll the more unabyll,
In any maner thynge to do any good.
No hurt though ye were hanged, by the holy rood! D ii *b*
Launder. The les your sylence, the lesse your credence,
The les your credens the les your honeste,
The les your honeste the les your assystens,
The les your assystens the les abylyte
In you to do ought. Wherfore, so god me save,
No hurte in hangynge such a raylynge knave.
Mery-reporte. What monster is this? I never harde none suche.
For loke how myche more I have made her to myche,
And so farre, at lest, she hath made me to lyttell.
Wher be ye Launder? I thynke in some spytell.[2]
Ye shall washe me no gere, for feare of fretynge[3]
I love no launders that shrynke my gere in wettynge,
I praye the go hens, and let me be in rest.
I wyll do thyne erand as I thynke best.
Launder. Now wolde I take my leve, yf I wyste how.
The lenger I lyve the more knave you.
Mery-reporte. The lenger thou lyvest the pyte the gretter,
The soner thou be ryd the tydynges the better!
Is not this a swete offyce that I have,
When every drab shall prove me a knave?

[1] In *The Play of Love*, Heywood writes of "bybbyll babbyll, clytter clatter."
[2] hospital, lazar-house. [3] rubbing.

Every man knoweth not what goddes servyce is,
Nor I my selfe knewe yt not before this.
I thynke goddes servauntes may lyve holyly,
But the devyls servauntes lyve more meryly.
I know not what god geveth in standynge fees,
But the devyls servaunts have casweltees[1]
A hundred tymes mo then goddes servauntes have.
For, though ye be never so starke a knave,
If ye lacke money the devyll wyll do no wurse
But brynge you strayght to a-nother mans purse.
Then wyll the devyll promote you here in this world,
As unto suche ryche yt doth moste accord.
Fyrste *pater noster qui es in celis*,
And then ye shall sens[2] the shryfe wyth your helys.
The greatest frende ye have in felde or towne,
Standynge a-typ-to, shall not reche your crowne.

The Boy *cometh in, the lest that can play.*

Boy. This same is even he, by al lycklyhod.
Syr, I pray you, be not you master god?
Mery-reporte. No, in good fayth, sonne. But I may say to the
I am suche a man that god may not mysse me. D iii
Wherfore with the god yf thou wouldest have ought done
Tell me thy mynde, and I shall shew yt sone.
Boy. Forsothe, syr, my mynde is thys, at few wordes,
All my pleasure is in catchynge of byrdes,
And makynge of snow-ballys and throwyng the same;
For the whyche purpose to have set in frame,[3]
Wyth my godfather god I wolde fayne have spoken,
Desyrynge hym to have sent me by some token
Where I myghte have had great frost for my pytfallys,
And plente of snow to make my snow-ballys.
This onys[4] had, boyes lyvis be such as no man leddys.
O, to se my snow ballys lyght on my felowes heddys,

[1] casualties, chance perquisites.
[2] swing to and fro with your heels before the sheriff, as a censer is swung by a thurifer.
[3] made arrangements. [4] once.

And to here the byrdes how they flycker theyr wynges
In the pytfale! I say yt passeth all thynges.
Syr, yf ye be goddes servaunt, or his kynsman,
I pray you helpe me in this yf ye can.
Mery-reporte. Alas, pore boy, who sent the hether?
Boy. A hundred boys that stode to-gether,
Where they herde one say in a cry
That my godfather, god almighty,
Was come from heven, by his owne accorde,
This nyght to suppe here wyth my lorde,[1]
And farther he sayde, come whos[o] [2] wull,
They shall sure have theyr bellyes full
Of all wethers who lyste to crave,
Eche sorte suche wether as they lyste to have.
And when my felowes thought this wolde be had,
And saw me so prety a pratelynge lad,
Uppon agrement, wyth a great noys,
"Sende lyttell Dycke," cryed al the boys.
By whose assent I am purveyd[3]
To sew for the wether afore seyd.
Wherin I pray you to be good, as thus,
To helpe that god may geve yt us.
Mery-reporte. Gyve boyes wether, quoth a! nonny,[4] nonny!
Boy. Yf god of his wether wyll gyve nonny,
I pray you, wyll he sell ony?
Or lend us a bushell of snow, or twayne,
And poynt us a day to pay hym agayne?
Mery-reporte. I can not tell, for, by thys light, D iii *b*
I chept[5] not, nor borowed, none of hym this night.
But by suche shyfte as I wyll make
Thou shalte se soone what waye he wyll take.

[1] Cardinal Wolsey suggests himself as the person most likely to be thus referred to, but if the reference of l. 636 is to the excessive rain of 1527–28, Wolsey's disgrace followed it rather too closely for the phrase "within this seven yere."
[2] Rastell ed., 'whose.'
[3] provided.
[4] Usually a mere exclamation, but here apparently as if from *non*, not.
[5] bargained for.

Boy. Syr, I thanke you. Then I may departe.

The Boy *goth forth.*

Mery-reporte. Ye, fare well, good sonne, wyth all my harte,
Now suche an other sorte[1] as here hath bene
In all the dayes of my lyfe I have not sene.
No sewters now but women, knavys, and boys,
And all theyr sewtys are in fansyes and toys.
Yf that there come no wyser after thys cry
I wyll to the god and make an ende quyckely.
Oyes,[2] yf that any knave here
Be wyllynge to appere,
For wether fowle or clere,
Come in before thys flocke
And be he hole or syckly,
Come, shew hys mynde quyckly,
And yf hys tale be not lyckly[3]
Ye shall lycke my tayle in the nocke.
All thys tyme I perceyve is spent in wast,
To wayte for mo sewters I se none make hast.
Wherfore I wyll shew the god all thys procys
And be delyvered of my symple[4] offys.
Now, lorde, accordynge to your commaundement,
Attendynge sewters I have ben dylygent,
And, at begynnyng as your wyll was I sholde,
I come now at ende to shewe what eche man wolde.
The fyrst sewter before your selfe dyd appere,
A gentylman desyrynge wether clere,
Clowdy nor mysty, nor no wynde to blowe,
For hurte in hys huntynge; and then, as ye know,
The marchaunt sewde, for all of that kynde,
For wether clere and mesurable wynde
As they maye best bere theyr saylys to make spede.
And streyght after thys there came to me, in dede,
An other man who namyd hym-selfe a ranger,
And sayd all of hys crafte be farre brought in daunger,

[1] assemblage. [2] oyez, hearken. [3] likely. [4] foolish.

For lacke of lyvynge, whyche chefely ys wynde-fall.
But he playnely sayth there bloweth no wynde at al, D iv
Wherfore he desyreth, for encrease of theyr fleesys,[1]
Extreme rage of wynde, trees to tere in peces.
Then came a water-myller and he cryed out
For water and sayde the wynde was so stout
The rayne could not fale, wherfore he made request
For plenty of rayne, to set the wynde at rest.
And then, syr, there came a wynde myller in,
Who sayde for the rayne he could no wynde wyn,
The water he wysht to be banysht all,
Besechynge your grace of wynde contynuall.
Then came there an other that wolde banysh all this
A goodly dame, an ydyll thynge iwys.
Wynde, rayne, nor froste, nor sonshyne, wold she have,
But fayre close wether, her beautye to save.
Then came there a-nother that lyveth by laundry,
Who muste have wether hote & clere here clothys to dry.
Then came there a boy for froste and snow contynuall,
Snow to make snow ballys and frost for his pytfale,
For whyche, god wote, he seweth full gredely.
Your fyrst man wold have wether clere and not wyndy;
The seconde the same, save cooles [2] to blow meanly;
The thyrd desyred stormes and wynde moste extremely;
The fourth all in water and wolde have no wynde;
The fyft no water, but al wynde to grynde;
The syxt wold have none of all these, nor no bright son;
The seventh extremely the hote son wold have wonne;
The eyght, and the last, for frost & snow he prayd.
Byr lady, we shall take shame, I am a-frayd!
Who marketh in what maner this sort is led
May thynke yt impossyble all to be sped.
This nomber is smale, there lacketh twayne of ten,
And yet, by the masse, amonge ten thousand men
No one thynge could stande more wyde from the tother;
Not one of theyr sewtes agreeth wyth an other.

[1] plunder. [2] Cf. l. 590, "meane cooles."

I promyse you, here is a shrewed pece of warke.
This gere wyll trye wether ye be a clarke.
Yf ye trust to me, yt is a great foly;
For yt passeth my braynes, by goddes body!
Jupyter. Son, thou haste ben dylygent and done so well,
That thy labour is ryght myche thanke-worthy. D iv *b*
But be thou suer we nede no whyt thy counsell,
For in ourselfe we have foresene remedy,
Whyche thou shalt se. But, fyrste, departe hence quyckly
To the gentylman and all other sewters here
And commaunde them all before us to appere.
Mery-reporte. That shall be no longer in doynge
Then I am in commynge and goynge.

MERY-REPORTE *goth out.*

Jupyter. Suche debate as from above ye have herde,
Suche debate beneth amonge your selfes ye se;
As longe as heddes from temperaunce be deferd,
So longe the bodyes in dystemperaunce be,
This perceyve ye all, but none can helpe save we.
But as we there have made peace concordantly,
So woll we here now gyve you remedy.

MERY-REPORTE *and al the sewters entreth.*

Mery-reporte. If I hadde caught them
Or ever I raught[1] them,
I wolde have taught them
To be nere me;
Full dere have I bought them,
Lorde, so I sought them,
Yet have I brought them,
Suche as they be.
Gentylman. Pleaseth yt your majeste, lorde, so yt is,
We, as your subjectes and humble sewters all,
Accordynge as we here your pleasure is,
Are presyd[2] to your presens, beynge principall

[1] reached. [2] pressed, have hastened.

Hed and governour of all in every place,
Who joyeth not in your syght, no joy can have.
Wherfore we all commyt us to your grace
As lorde of lordes us to peryshe or save.
Jupyter. As longe as dyscrecyon so well doth you gyde
Obedyently to use your dewte,
Dout ye not we shall your savete provyde,
Your grevys we have harde, wherfore we sent for ye
To receyve answere, eche man in his degre,
And fyrst to content most reason yt is,
The fyrste man that sewde, wherfore marke ye this,

Oft shall ye have the wether clere and styll
To hunt in for recompens of your payne. D v
Also you marchauntes shall have myche your wyll.
For oft-tymes, when no wynde on lande doth remayne,
Yet on the see pleasaunt cooles you shall obtayne.
And syns your huntynge maye rest in the nyght,
Oft shall the wynde then ryse, and before daylyght

It shall ratyll downe the wood, in suche case
That all ye rangers the better lyve may;
And ye water-myllers shall obtayne this grace
Many tymes the rayne to fall in the valey,
When at the selfe tymes on hyllys we shall purvey
Fayre wether for your wyndmilles, with such coolys of wynde
As in one instant both kyndes of mylles may grynde.

And for ye fayre women, that close wether wold have,
We shall provyde that ye may suffycyently
Have tyme to walke in, and your beauty save;
And yet shall ye have, that lyveth by laundry,
The hote sonne oft ynough your clothes to dry.
Also ye, praty chylde, shall have both frost and snow,
Now marke this conclusyon, we charge you arow.[1]

[1] in order.

Myche better have we now devysed for ye all
Then ye all can perceve, or coude desyre.
Eche of you sewd to have contynuall
Suche wether as his crafte onely doth requyre,
All wethers in all places yf men all tymes myght hyer,
Who could lyve by other? what is this neglygens
Us to atempt in suche inconvenyens.

Now, on the tother syde, yf we had graunted
The full of some one sewt and no mo,
And from all the rest the wether had forbyd,
Yet who so hadde obtayned had wonne his owne wo.
There is no one craft can preserve man so,
But by other craftes, of necessyte,
He muste have myche parte of his commodyte.

All to serve at ones and one destroy a nother, D v *b*
Or ellys to serve one and destroy all the rest,
Nother wyll we do the tone nor the tother
But serve as many, or as few, as we thynke best;
And where, or what tyme, to serve moste or leste,
The dyreccyon of that doutles shall stande
Perpetually in the power of our hande.

Wherfore we wyll the hole worlde to attende
Eche sorte on suche wether as for them doth fall,
Now one, now other, as lyketh us to sende.
Who that hath yt, ply [1] it, and suer we shall
So gyde the wether in course to you all,
That eche wyth other ye shall hole [2] remayne
In pleasure and plentyfull welth, certayne.

Gentylman. Blessed was the tyme wherin we were borne,
Fyrst for the blysfull chaunce of your godly presens.
Next for our sewt was there never man beforne
That ever harde so excellent a sentens

[1] use. [2] whole.

As your grace hath gevyn to us all arow,
Wherin your hyghnes hath so bountyfully
Dystrybuted my parte that your grace shall know,
Your selfe sooll[1] possessed of hertes of all chyvalry.
Marchaunt. Lyke-wyse we marchauntes shall yeld us holy,[2]
Onely to laude the name of Jupyter
As god of all goddes, you to serve soolly;
For of every thynge, I se, you are norysher.
Ranger. No dout yt is so, for so we now fynde;
Wherin your grace us rangers so doth bynde,
That we shall gyve you our hertes with one accorde,
For knowledge to know you as our onely lorde.
Water Myller. Well, I can no more, but "for our water
We shall geve your lordshyp our ladyes sauter."
Wynde Myller. Myche have ye bounde us; for, as I be saved,
We have all obteyned better then we craved.
Gentylwoman. That is trew, wherfore your grace shal trewly
The hertes of such as I am have surely.
Launder. And suche as I am, who be as good as you,
His hyghness shall be suer on, I make a vow.[3]
Boy. Godfather god, I wyll do somewhat for you agayne. D vi
By Cryste, ye maye happe to have a byrd or twayne,
And I promyse you, yf any snow come,
When I make my snow ballys ye shall have some.
Mery-reporte. God thanke your lordshyp. Lo, how this is brought to pas!
Syr, now shall ye have the wether even as yt was.

Jupyter. We nede no whyte our selfe any farther to bost,
For our dedes declare us apparauntly.
Not onely here on yerth, in every cost,
But also above in the hevynly company,
Our prudens hath made peace unyversally,
Whyche thynge we sey, recordeth us as pryncypall
God and governour of heven, yerth, and all.

[1] solely. [2] wholly. [3] St. John's copy ends.

Now unto that heven we woll make retourne,
When we be gloryfyed most tryumphantly,
Also we woll all ye that on yerth sojourne,
Syns cause gyveth cause to knowe us your lord onely,
And nowe here to synge moste joyfully,
Rejoycynge in us, and in meane tyme we shall
Ascende into our trone celestyall.

FINIS.

Printed by W. Rastell.
1533.
Cum privilegio.

JOHAN JOHAN

Previous Editions and the Present Text. — An edition of "A Mery Play between Johan Johan, the Husbande, Tyb, his Wyfe and Syr Jhan, the Preest, attributed to John Heywood 1533,"[1] was printed at the Chiswick Press by C[harles] Whittingham "from an unique copy in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford," some time in the first half of the present century.[2] The anonymous editor prefaces it with the following brief "advertisement": —

"This is one of the six Plays attributed by our dramatic biographers to John Heywood, author of *The Four P's* (contained in Dodsley's collection), of 'the Spider and Flie,' and of some other poems, an account of which may be found in the Third Volume of Warton's History of English Poetry. No copy of this Mery Play appears to exist except that in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, from which this is a faithful reprint. Exclusive of its antiquity and rarity, it is valuable as affording a specimen of the earliest and rudest form of our Comedy (for the Poem is shorter, & the number of the Dramatis Personæ yet fewer than those of the *Four P's*) & of the liberty with which even the Roman Catholic authors of that age felt themselves authorized to treat the established priesthood."

The Ashmolean copy (now in the Bodleian Library) can no longer be reckoned unique, another copy having been discovered in the Pepys collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge. This copy has been used in correcting the Chiswick Press text, and it may be as well to mention that the following changes, besides a good many minor ones, have been made on its authority, and are not surreptitious emendations of the present editor.

[1] See Critical Essay, pp. 10, 14.

[2] My own copy has beneath the initials of a former owner the date "March 22, 1833"; that in the British Museum is assigned to 1830. I have seen it stated, but I know not on what authority, that the book appeared in 1819.

l. 4, *myche* for *muche;* l. 27, *Whan* for *Whyn;* l. 31, *thwak* for *twak;* l. 89, *enrage* for *engage;* l. 94, *But* for *Thou;* l. 121, *thou* for *you;* l. 129, *lyk* for *syk;* l. 132, *to go* for *go;* l. 137, *fare* for *face;* l. 305, *waxe* for *ware;* l. 335, *for I* for *I;* l. 471, *Ye* for *le;* l. 497, *mych* for *much;* l. 540, *beyond* for *beand;* l. 542, *a hevy* for *hevy;* l. 552, *beyond* for *beyand;* l. 581, *v* for *ix;* l. 604, *I am* for *am I.*

In the apportionment of ll. 240–266 between the two speakers, my predecessor, like myself, though not in the same manner, has departed from Rastell's (clearly erroneous) arrangement of the speeches, but his dislike of footnotes has caused him to omit any mention of the fact. The title-page is a representation, not a *facsimile.* There is no running head-line in the original.

Alfred W. Pollard.

¶ A mery play

Betwene Johan Johan the
hulbande/ Tyb his
wyfe/ & ſyr Ihān
the preeſt

A Mery Play,

betwene

JOHAN JOHAN, *the husbande.* TYB, *his wyfe,*

&

SYR JHAN, *the preest*

JOHAN JOHAN, *the Husbande.*

God spede you, maysters, everychone,
Wote ye not whyther my wyfe is gone?
I pray God the dyvell take her,
For all that I do I can not make her,
But she wyll go a gaddynge very myche
Lyke an Antony pyg[1] with an olde wyche,
Whiche ledeth her about hyther and thyther;
But, by our lady, I wote not whyther.
But, by goggis[2] blod, were she come home
Unto this my house, by our lady of Crome,[3]
I wolde bete her or that I drynke.
Bete her, quotha? yea, that she shall stynke!
And at every stroke lay her on the grounde,
And trayne[4] her by the here[5] about the house rounde.
I am evyn mad that I bete her not nowe,
But I shall rewarde her, hard[e]ly,[6] well ynowe;

[1] The *New Eng. Dict.* quotes from Fuller's *Worthies:* "St. Anthonie is notoriously known for the patron of hogs, having a pig for his page in all pictures." [2] God's.
[3] There are three Croomes in the manor of Ripple, Worcestershire, and the church of Ripple is dedicated to the B. Virgin, but Nash's *History of Worcestershire* says nothing of "Our Lady of Crome." [4] drag. [5] hair. [6] assuredly; text 'hardly.'

There is never a wyfe betwene heven and hell
Whiche was ever beten halfe so well.
Beten, quotha? yea, but what and she therof dye?
Then I may chaunce to be hanged shortly.
And whan I have beten her tyll she smoke,
And gyven her many a c.[1] stroke,
Thynke ye that she wyll amende yet?
Nay, by our lady, the devyll spede whyt![2]
Therfore I wyll not bete her at all.
And shall I not bete her? no shall?[3]
Whan she offendeth and doth a-mys, A i *b*
And kepeth not her house, as her duetie is?
Shall I not bete her, if she do so?
Yes, by cokkis[4] blood, that shall I do;
I shall bete her and thwak her, I trow,
That she shall beshyte the house for very wo.
But yet I thynk what my neybour wyll say than,
He wyll say thus: "Whom chydest thou, Johan Johan?"
"Mary," will I say! "I chyde my curst wyfe,
The veryest drab that ever bare lyfe,
Whiche doth nothying but go and come,
And I can not make her kepe her at home."
Than I thynke he wyll say by and by,[5]
"Walke her cote,[6] Johan Johan, and bete her hardely."
But than unto hym myn answere shal be,
"The more I bete her the worse is she:
And wors and wors make her I shall."
He wyll say than, "bete her not at all."
"And why?" shall I say, "this wolde be wyst,[7]
Is she not myne to chastice as I lyst?"
But this is another poynt worst of all,
The folkis wyll mocke me whan they here me brall;[8]

[1] hundred. [2] the devil a bit.
[3] shall I not? For this curious elliptical construction cf. l. 624, "And had ye no meate, Johan Johan? no had?" See also Udall's *R. D.*, I. iv. 32.
[4] God's. [5] immediately.
[6] dust her jacket, beat her. To walk = to full cloth.
[7] This question must be answered. [8] scold.

But for all that, shall I let[1] therfore
To chastyce my wyfe ever the more,
And to make her at home for to tary?
Is not that well done? yes, by Saynt Mary,
That is a poynt[2] of an honest man
For to bete his wyfe well nowe and than.
Therfore I shall bete her, have ye no drede!
And I ought to bete her, tyll she be starke dede.
And why? by God, bicause it is my pleasure,
And if I shulde suffre her, I make you sure,
Nought shulde prevayle[3] me, nother staffe nor waster,[4]
Within a whyle she wolde be my mayster.
Therfore I shall bete her by cokkes mother,
Both on the tone syde and on the tother,
Before and behynde; nought shall be her bote,[5]
From the top of the heed to the sole of the fote.
But, masters, for Goddis sake, do not entrete
For her, whan that she shal be bete;
But, for Goddis passion, let me alone,
And I shall thwak her that she shall grone:
Wherfore I beseche you, and hartely you pray,
And I beseche you say me not nay,
But that I may beate her for this ones; A ii
And I shall beate her, by cokkes bones,
That she shall stynke lyke a pole-kat;
But yet, by goggis body, that nede nat,
For she wyll stynke without any betyng,
For every nyght ones she gyveth me an hetyng;
From her issueth suche a stynkyng smoke,
That the savour therof almost doth me choke.
But I shall bete her nowe, without fayle;
I shall bete her toppe and tayle,
Heed, shulders, armes, legges, and all,
I shall bete her, I trowe that I shall;
And, by goggis boddy, I tell you trewe,
I shall bete her tyll she be blacke and blewe.

[1] cease. [2] characteristic. [3] avail. [4] cudgel. [5] remedy.

But where the dyvell trowe ye she is gon?
I holde a noble[1] she is with Syr Jhān;
I fere I am begyled alway,
But yet in faith I hope well nay;
Yet I almost enrage that I ne can
Se the behavoụr of our gentylwoman.
And yet, I thynke, thyther as she doth go
Many an honest wyfe goth thyther also,
For to make some pastyme and sporte.
But than my wyfe so ofte doth thyther resorte
That I fere she wyll make me weare a fether.
But yet I nede not for to fere nether,
For he is her gossyp, that is he.
But abyde a whyle, yet let me se,
Where the dyvell hath our gyssypry[2] begon?
My wyfe had never chylde, daughter nor son.
Nowe if I forbede her that she go no more,
Yet wyll she go as she dyd before,
Or els wyll she chuse some other place;
And then the matter is in as yll case.
But in fayth all these wordes be in wast,
For I thynke the matter is done and past;
And whan she cometh home she wyll begyn to chyde,
But she shall have her payment styk by her syde;
For I shall order her, for all her brawlyng,
That she shall repent to go a catter-wawlyng.[3]

[*Enter* Tyb.]

Tyb. Why, whom wylt thou beate, I say, thou knave?
Johan. Who, I, Tyb? none, so God me save.
Tyb. Yes, I harde the say thou woldest one bete.
Johan. Mary, wyfe, it was stokfysshe[4] in Temmes Strete,
Whiche wyll be good meate agaynst Lent. A ii *b*
Why, Tyb, what haddest thou thought that I had ment?

[1] wager 6*s.* 8*d.* Cf. Udall, *R. D.*, I. iii. 27.
[2] the relation of a child's sponsors at baptism to his parents. [3] go a "love"-making.
[4] fish salted so hard that it had to be softened by beating before cooking.

Tyb. Mary, me thought I harde the bawlyng.
Wilt thou never leve this wawlyng?[1]
Howe the dyvell dost thou thy selfe behave?
Shall we ever have this worke, thou knave?
Johan. What! wyfe, how sayst thou? was it well gest of me
That thou woldest be come home in safete,
As sone as I had kendled a fyre?
Come warme the, swete Tyb, I the requyre.
Tyb. O, Johan Johan, I am afrayd, by this lyght,
That I shalbe sore syk this nyght.
Johan [*aside*]. By cokkis soule, nowe, I dare lay a swan
That she comes nowe streyght fro Syr Johan;
For ever whan she hath fatched of hym a lyk,
Than she comes home, and sayth she is syk.
Tyb. What sayst thou?
Johan. Mary, I say,
It is mete for a woman to go play
Abrode in the towne for an houre or two.
Tyb. Well, gentylman, go to, go to.
Johan. Well, let us have no more debate.
Tyb [*aside*]. If he do not fyght, chyde, and rate,
Braule and fare as one that were frantyke,
There is nothyng that may hym lyke.[2]
Johan [*aside*]. If that the parysshe preest, Syr Jhān,
Dyd not se her nowe and than,
And gyve her absolution upon a bed,
For wo and payne she wolde sone be deed.
Tyb. For goddis sake, Johan Johan, do the not displease,
Many a tyme I am yll at ease.
What thynkest nowe, am not I somwhat syk?
Johan [*aside*]. Nowe wolde to God, and swete Saynt Dyryk,[3]

[1] literally, cat-calling.

[2] Tyb's 'aside' perhaps only means "if he is not scolding nothing can please him," *i.e.* he likes scolding better than anything else. But Tyb is at present half-afraid, and it is at least possible that she means "if I haven't set him scolding this time, no occasion for being angry will content him."

[3] This saint is not mentioned by the Bollandists; the name may be a contraction for one of the four St. Theodorics.

That thou warte in the water up to the throte,
Or in a burnyng oven red hote,
To se an I wolde pull the out.
Tyb. Nowe, Johan Johan, to put the out of dout,
Imagyn thou where that I was
Before I came home.
Johan. My percase,[1]
Thou wast prayenge in the Churche of Poules
Upon thy knees for all Chrysten soules.
Tyb. Nay.
Johan. Than if thou wast not so holy,
Shewe me where thou wast, and make no lye?
Tyb. Truely, Johan Johan, we made a pye,
I and my gossyp Margery,
And our gossyp the preest, Syr Jhān, A iii
And my neybours yongest doughter An;
The preest payde for the stuffe and the makyng,
And Margery she payde for the bakyng.
Johan. By cokkis lylly woundis,[2] that same is she,
That is the most bawde hens to Coventre.
Tyb. What say you?
Johan. Mary, answere me to this:
Is not Syr Johan a good man?
Tyb. Yes, that he is.
Johan. Ha, Tyb, if I shulde not greve the,
I have somewhat wherof I wolde meve the.[3]
Tyb. Well, husbande, nowe I do conject
That thou hast me somewhat in suspect;
But, by my soule, I never go to Syr Johan
But I fynde hym lyke an holy man,
For eyther he is sayenge his devotion,
Or els he is goynge in processyon.
Johan [*aside*]. Yea, rounde about the bed doth he go,
You two together, and no mo;
And for to fynysshe the procession,
He lepeth up and thou lyest downe.

[1] guess. [2] God's little wounds; cf. l. 648. [3] consult, question thee.

Tyb. What sayst thou?
Johan. Mary, I say he doth well,
For so ought a shepherde to do, as I harde tell,
For the salvation of all his folde.
Tyb. Johan Johan!
[*Johan.*] What is it that thou wolde?
Tyb. By my soule I love thee too too,[1]
And I shall tell the, or I further go,
The pye that was made, I have it nowe here,
And therwith I trust we shall make good chere.
Johan. By kokkis body that is very happy.
Tyb. But wotest who gave it?
Johan. What the dyvel rek I?
Tyb. By my fayth, and I shall say trewe, than
The Dyvell take me, and it were not Syr Johan.
Johan. O holde the peas, wyfe, and swere no more,
But I beshrewe both your hartes therfore.
Tyb. Yet peradventure, thou hast suspection
Of that was never thought nor done.
Johan. Tusshe, wife, let all suche matters be,
I love thee well, though thou love not me:
But this pye doth nowe catche harme,
Let us set it upon the harth to warme.
Tyb. Than let us eate it as fast as we can.
But bycause Syr Jhān is so honest a man,
I wolde that he shulde therof eate his part.
Johan. That were reason, I thee ensure.
Tyb. Than, syns that it is thy pleasure,
I pray the than go to hym ryght, A iii *b*
And pray hym come sup with us to nyght.
Jhan [*aside*]. Shall he cum hyther? by kokkis soule I was a-curst
Whan that I graunted to that worde furst!
But syns I have sayd it, I dare not say nay,
For than my wyfe and I shulde make a fray;
But whan he is come, I swere by goddis mother,
I wold gyve the dyvell the tone[2] to cary away the tother.

[1] excessively. [2] the one.

Tyb. What sayst?
Johan. Mary, he is my curate, I say,
My confessour and my frende alway,
Therfore go thou and seke hym by and by,
And tyll thou come agayne, I wyll kepe the pye.
Tyb. Shall I go for him? nay, I shrewe me than!
Go thou, and seke, as fast as thou can,
And tell hym it.
Johan. Shall I do so?
In fayth, it is not mete for me to go.
Tyb. But thou shalte go tell hym, for all that.
Johan. Than shall I tell hym, wotest [thou] what?
That thou desyrest hym to come make some chere.
Tyb. Nay, that thou desyrest hym to come sup here.
Johan. Nay, by the rode, wyfe, thou shalt have the worshyp
And the thankes of thy gest, that is thy gossyp.
Tyb [*aside*]. Full ofte I se my husbande wyll me rate,
For this hether commyng of our gentyll curate.
Johan. What sayst, Tyb? let me here that agayne.
Tyb. Mary, I perceyve very playne
That thou hast Syr Johan somwhat in suspect;
But by my soule, as far as I conject,
He is vertuouse and full of charyte.
Johan [*aside*]. In fayth, all the towne knoweth better, that he
Is a hore-monger, a haunter of the stewes,
An ypocrite, a knave, that all men refuse;
A lyer, a wretche, a maker of stryfe,
Better than they knowe that thou art my good wyfe.
Tyb. What is that, that thou hast sayde?
Johan. Mary, I wolde have the table set and layde,
In this place or that, I care not whether.
Tyb. Than go to, brynge the trestels[1] hyther.
Abyde[2] a whyle, let me put of my gown!
But yet I am afrayde to lay it down,

[1] The stands on which the 'board' of the table was fixed when needed.

[2] This line is attributed in Rastell's edition to Johan, the next attribution being at l. 252, also to Johan. Lines 258, 259 are given to Tyb, ll. 260–262 to Johan, l. 263 *a* to Johan, ll. 263 *b*–266 to Tyb.

For I fere it shal be sone stolen.
[*Johan.*] And yet it may lye safe ynough unstolen.
[*Tyb.*] It may lye well here, and I lyst,—
But, by cokkis soule, here hath a dogge pyst;
And if I shulde lay it on the harth bare, A iv
It myght hap to be burned, or I were ware,
Therfore I pray you,[1] take ye the payne
To kepe my gowne tyll I come agayne.
But yet he shall not have it, by my fay,
He is so nere the dore, he myght ron away;
But bycause that ye be trusty and sure
Ye shall kepe it, and it be your pleasure;
And bycause it is arrayde[2] at the skyrt,
Whyle ye do nothyng, skrape of the dyrt.
[*Johan.*] Lo, nowe am I redy to go to Syr Jhan,
And byd hym come as fast as he can.
[*Tyb.*] Ye, do so without ony taryeng.
But I say, harke! thou hast forgot one thyng;
Set up the table, and that by and by.[3]
Nowe go thy ways.
[*Johan.*] I go shortly;[4]
But se your candelstykkis be not out of the way.
Tyb. Come agayn, and lay the table I say;
What! me thynkkis, ye have sone don!
Johan. Nowe I pray God that his malediction
Lyght on my wyfe, and on the baulde[5] preest.
Tyb. Nowe go thy ways and hye the! seest?
Johan. I pray to Christ, if my wyshe be no synne,
That the preest may breke his neck, whan he comes in.
Tyb. Now cūm again.
Johan. What a myschefe wylt thou, fole!
Tyb. Mary, I say, brynge hether yender stole.

[1] 'I pray you,' etc., said to one of the spectators, whom she next pretends to mistrust, turning at l. 254 to another one. [2] dirtied.
[3] Fix the board on the trestles, and that at once.
[4] 263, etc. In the French *Farse* of *Pernet qui va au vin* there are similar false starts and returnings, but in that case Pernet keeps coming back to watch his wife and her lover.
[5] bald, shaven, not "bold."

Johan. Nowe go to, a lyttell wolde make me
For to say thus, a vengaunce take the!
Tyb. Nowe go to hym, and tell hym playn,
That tyll thou brynge hym, thou wylt not come agayn.
Johan. This pye doth borne here as it doth stande.
Tyb. Go, washe me these two cuppes in my hande.
Johan. I go, with a myschyefe lyght on thy face!
Tyb. Go, and byd hym hye hym a pace,
And the whyle I shall all thynges amende.
Johan. This pye burneth here at this ende.
Understandest thou?
Tyb. Go thy ways, I say.
Johan. I wyll go nowe, as fast as I may.
Tyb. How, come ones agayne: I had forgot;
Loke, and there be ony ale in the pot.
Johan. Nowe a vengaunce and a very myschyefe
Lyght on the pylde[1] preest, and on my wyfe,
On the pot, the ale, and on the table,
The candyll, the pye, and all the rable,
On the trystels, and on the stole; A iv *b*
It is moche ado to please a curst fole.
Tyb. Go thy ways nowe, and tary no more,
For I am a hungred very sore.
Johan. Mary, I go.
Tyb. But come ones agayne yet;
Brynge hyther that breade, lest I forget it.
Johan. I-wys it were tyme for to torne
The pye, for y-wys it doth borne.
Tyb. Lorde! how my husbande nowe doth patter,
And of the pye styl doth clatter.
Go nowe, and byd hym come away;
I have byd the an hundred tymes to day.
Johan. I wyll not gyve a strawe, I tell you playne,
If that the pye waxe cold agayne.
Tyb. What! art thou not gone yet out of this place?
I had went,[2] thou haddest ben come agayn in the space:

[1] shorn. [2] thought.

But, by cokkis soule, and I shulde do the ryght,
I shulde breke thy knaves heed to nyght.
Johan. Nay, than if my wyfe be set a chydyng,
It is tyme for me to go at her byddyng.
There is a proverbe, whiche trewe nowe preveth,
He must nedes go that the dyvell dryveth.
[*He goes to the Priest's house.*]
How mayster curate, may I come in
At your chamber dore, without ony syn.

SYR JHAN *the Preest.*

Who is there nowe that wolde have me?
What! Johan Johan! what newes with the?
Johan. Mary, Syr, to tell you shortly,
My wyfe and I pray you hartely,
And eke desyre you wyth all our myght,
That ye wolde come and sup with us to nyght.
Syr J. Ye must pardon me, in fayth I ne can.
Johan. Yes, I desyre you, good Syr Johan,
Take payne this ones; and, yet at the lest,
If ye wyll do nought at my request,
Yet do somewhat for the love of my wyfe.
Syr J. I wyll not go, for makyng of stryfe.
But I shall tell the what thou shalte do,
Thou shalt tary and sup with me, or thou go.
Johan. Wyll ye not go than? why so?
I pray you tell me, is there any dysdayne,
Or ony enmyte, betwene you twayne?
Syr J. In fayth to tell the, betwene the and me,
She is as wyse a woman as any may be;
I know it well; for I have had the charge B i
Of her soule, and serchyd her conscyens at large.
I never knew her but honest and wyse,
Without any yvyll, or any vyce,
Save one faut, I know in her no more,
And because I rebuke her, now and then, therfore,
She is angre with me, and hath me in hate;

And yet that that I do, I do it for your welth.
Johan. Now God yeld it yow, god master curate,
And as ye do, so send you your helth,
Ywys I am bound to you a plesure.
Syr J. Yet thou thynkyst amys, peradventure,
That of her body she shuld not be a good woman,
But I shall tell the what I have done, Johan,
For that matter; she and I be somtyme aloft,
And I do lye uppon her, many a tyme and oft,
To prove her, yet could I never espy
That ever any dyd worse with her than I.
Johan. Syr, that is the lest care I have of nyne,
Thankyd be God, and your good doctryne;
But yf it please you, tell me the matter,
And the debate[1] betwene you and her.
Syr J. I shall tell the, but thou must kepe secret.
Johan. As for that, Syr, I shall not let.
Syr J. I shall tell the now the matter playn, —
She is angry with me and hath me in dysdayn
Because that I do her oft intyce
To do some penaunce, after myne advyse,
Because she wyll never leve her wrawlyng,[2]
But alway with the she is chydyng and brawlyng;
And therfore I knowe, she hatyth [my] presens.
Johan. Nay, in good feyth, savyng your reverens.
Syr J. I know very well, she hath me in hate.
Johan. Nay, I dare swere for her, master curate:
[*Aside*] But, was I not a very knave?
I thought surely, so god me save,
That he had lovyd my wyfe, for to deseyve me,
And now he quytyth hym-self; and here I se
He doth as much as he may, for his lyfe,
To styn[te][3] the debate betwene me and my wyfe.
Syr J. If ever she dyd, or though[t][4] me any yll,
Now I forgyve her with m[y][5] fre wyll;

[1] quarrel. [2] crying out, scolding. [3] Misprinted *stynk*.
[4] Misprinted *thougb*. [5] Misprinted *me*.

Therfore, Johan Johan, now get the home
And thank thy wyfe, and say I wyll not come.
Johan. Yet, let me know, now, good Syr Johan, B i *b*
Where ye wyll go to supper than.
Syr J. I care nat greatly and I tell the.
On saterday last, I and ii or thre
Of my frendes made an appoyntement,
And agaynst this nyght we dyd assent
That in a place we wolde sup together;
And one of them sayd, he[1] wolde brynge thether
Ale and bread; and for my parte, I
Sayd, that I wolde gyve them a pye,
And there I gave them money for the makynge;
And an-other sayd, she wolde pay for the bakyng;
And so we purpose to make good chere
For to dryve away care and thought.
Johan. Than I pray you, Syr, tell me here,
Whyther shulde all this geare be brought?
Syr J. By my fayth, and I shulde not lye,
It shulde be delyvered to thy wyfe, the pye.
Johan. By God! it is at my house, standyng by the fyre.
Syr J. Who bespake that pye? I the requyre.
Johan. By my feyth, and I shall not lye,
It was my wyfe, and her gossyp Margerye,
And your good masshyp,[2] callyd Syr Johan,
And my neybours yongest doughter An;
Your masshyp payde for the stuffe and makyng,
And Margery she payde for the bakyng.[3]
Syr J. If thou wylte have me nowe, in faithe I wyll go.
Johan. Ye, mary, I beseche your masshyp do so,
My wyfe taryeth for none but us twayne;
She thynketh longe or I come agayne.
Syr J. Well nowe, if she chyde me in thy presens,
I wylbe content, and take [it] in pacyens.

[1] Apparently a misprint for *she*; it was clearly to be provided by Tyb; cf. l. 618.
[2] Cf. *Play of Wether*, l. 235. Udall's *R. D.*, I. iv. 33, etc.
[3] No provision seems to have been made for Margery and Anne sharing in the pie.

Johan. By cokkis soule, and she ones chyde,
Or frowne, or loure, or loke asyde,
I shall brynge you a staffe as myche as I may heve,
Than bete her and spare not; I gyve you good leve
To chastyce her for her shreude varyeng.
[*They return to* JOHAN'S *house.*]
Tyb. The devyll take the for thy long taryeng!
Here is not a whyt of water, by my gowne,
To washe our handes that we myght syt downe;
Go and hye the, as fast as a snayle,
And with fayre water fyll me this payle.
Johan. I thanke our Lorde of his good grace
That I cannot rest longe in a place.
Tyb. Go, fetche water, I say, at a worde, B ii
For it is tyme the pye were on the borde;
And go with a vengeance, & say thou art prayde.
Syr. J. A! good gossyp! is that well sayde?
Tyb. Welcome, myn owne swete harte,
We shall make some chere or we departe.
Johan. Cokkis soule, loke howe he approcheth nere
Unto my wyfe: this abateth my chere. [*Exit.*]
Syr J. By God, I wolde ye had harde the tryfyls,
The toys, the mokkes, the fables, and the nyfyls,[1]
That I made thy husbande to beleve and thynke!
Thou myghtest as well into the erthe synke,
As thou coudest forbeare laughyng any whyle.
Tyb. I pray the let me here part of that wyle.
Syr J. Mary, I shall tell the as fast as I can.
But peas, no more — yonder cometh thy good man.

[*Re-enter* JOHAN.]

Johan. Cokkis soule, what have we here?
As far as I sawe, he drewe very nere
Unto my wyfe.
Tyb. What, art come so sone?
Gyve us water to wasshe nowe — have done.

[1] Cf. "nyfuls," *Play of the Wether*, l. 617.

Than he bryngeth the payle empty.

Johan. By kockes soule, it was, even nowe, full to the brynk,
But it was out agayne or I coude thynke;
Wherof I marveled, by God Almyght,
And than I loked betwene me and the lyght
And I spyed a clyfte, bothe large and wyde.
Lo, wyfe! here it is on the tone[1] syde.
Tyb. Why dost not stop it?
Johan. Why, howe shall I do it?
Tyb. Take a lytle wax.
Johan. Howe shal I come to it?
Syr J. Mary, here be ii wax candyls, I say,
Whiche my gossyp Margery gave me yesterday.
Tyb. Tusshe, let hym alone, for, by the rode,
It is pyte to helpe hym, or do hym good.
Syr J. What! Jhan Jhan, canst thou make no shyfte?
Take this waxe, and stop therwith the clyfte.
Johan. This waxe is as harde as any wyre.
Tyb. Thou must chafe it a lytle at the fyre.
Johan. She that boughte the these waxe candylles twayne,
She is a good companyon certayn.
Tyb. What, was it not my gossyp Margery?
Syr J. Yes, she is a blessed woman surely.
Tyb. Nowe wolde God I were as good as she,
For she is vertuous, and full of charyte.
Johan [*aside*]. Nowe, so God helpe me; and by my holydome,[2]
She is the erranst baud betwene this and Rome.
Tyb. What sayst? B ii *b*
Johan. Mary, I chafe the wax,
And I chafe it so hard that my fingers krakks.
But take up this py that I here torne;
And it stand long, y-wys it wyll borne.
Tyb. Ye, but thou must chafe the wax, I say.
Johan. Byd hym syt down, I the pray —
Syt down, good Syr Johan, I you requyre.
Tyb. Go, I say, and chafe the wax by the fyre,

[1] Cf. l. 211. [2] salvation.

Whyle that we sup, Syr Jhan and I.
Johan. And how now, what wyll ye do with the py?
Shall I not ete therof a morsell?
Tyb. Go and chafe the wax whyle thou art well,
And let us have no more pratyng thus.
Syr. J. Benedicite.
Johan. *Dominus.*
Tyb. Now go chafe the wax, with a myschyfe.
Johan. What! I come to blysse the bord,[1] swete wyfe!
It is my custome now and than.
Mych good do it you, Master Syr Jhan.
Tyb. Go chafe the wax, and here no lenger tary.
Johan [*aside*]. And is not this a very purgatory
To se folkis ete, and may not ete a byt?
By kokkis soule, I am a very wodcok.
This payle here, now a vengaunce take it!
Now my wyfe gyveth me a proud mok!
Tyb. What dost?
Johan. Mary, I chafe the wax here,
And I ymagyn to make you good chere,
[*Aside.*] That a vengaunce take you both as ye syt,
For I know well I shall not ete a byt.
But yet, in feyth, yf I myght ete one morsell,
I wold thynk the matter went very well.
Syr J. Gossyp, Jhan Jhan, now mych good do it you.
What chere make you, there by the fyre?
Johan. Master parson, I thank yow now;
I fare well enow after myne own desyre.
Syr J. What dost, Jhan Jhan, I the requyre?
Johan. I chafe the wax here by the fyre.
Tyb. Here is good drynk, and here is a good py.
Syr J. We fare very well, thankyd be our lady.
Tyb. Loke how the kokold chafyth the wax that is hard,
And for his lyfe, daryth not loke hetherward.

[1] Cf. Pernet's:

Vous irayje signer la table?
Je scay bien le benedicite.

Syr J. What doth my gossyp?
Johan. I chafe the wax —
[*Aside.*] And I chafe it so hard that my fyngers krakks;
And eke the smoke puttyth out my eyes two:
I burne my face, and ray my clothys also, B iii
And yet I dare not say one word,
And they syt laughyng yender at the bord.
Tyb. Now, by my trouth, it is a prety jape,
For a wyfe to make her husband her ape.
Loke of Jhan Jhan, which maketh hard shyft
To chafe the wax, to stop therwith the clyft.
Johan [*aside*]. Ye, that a vengeance take ye both two,
Both hym and the, and the and hym also;
And that ye may choke with the same mete
At the furst mursell that ye do ete.
Tyb. Of what thyng now dost thou clatter,
Jhan Jhan? or whereof dost thou patter?
Johan. I chafe the wax, and make hard shyft
To stopt her-with of the payll the ryft.
Syr J. So must he do, Jhan Jhan, by my father kyn,
That is bound of wedlok in the yoke.
Johan [*aside*]. Loke how the pyld preest crammyth in;
That wold to God he myght therwith choke.
Tyb. Now, Master Parson, pleasyth your goodnes
To tell us some tale of myrth or sadnes,
For our pastyme, in way of communycacyon.
Syr J. I am content to do it for our recreacyon,
And of iii myracles I shall to you say.
Johan. What, must I chafe the wax all day,
And stond here, rostyng by the fyre?
Syr J. Thou must do somwhat at thy wyves desyre!
I know a man whych weddyd had a wyfe,
As fayre a woman as ever bare lyfe,
And within a senyght after, ryght sone
He went beyond se, and left her alone,
And taryed there about a vii yere;
And as he cam homeward he had a hevy chere,

For it was told hym that she was in heven.
But, when that he comen home agayn was,
He found his wyfe, and with her chyldren seven,
Whiche she had had in the mene space;
Yet had she not had so many by thre
Yf she had not had the help of me.
Is not this a myracle, yf ever were any,
That this good wyfe shuld have chyldren so many
Here in this town, whyle her husband shuld be
Beyond the se, in a farre contre.
Johan. Now, in good soth, this is a wonderous myracle,
But for your labour, I wolde that your tacle B iii *b*
Were in a skaldyng water well sod.
Tyb. Peace, I say, thou lettest the worde of God.
Sir J. An other myracle eke I shall you say,
Of a woman, whiche that many a day
Had been wedded, and in all that season
She had no chylde, nother doughter nor son;
Wherfore to Saynt Modwin[1] she went on pilgrimage,
And offered there a lyve pyg, as is the usage
Of the wyves that in London dwell;
And through the vertue therof, truly to tell,
Within a moneth after, ryght shortly,
She was delyvered of a chylde as moche as I.
How say you, is not this myracle wonderous?
Johan. Yes, in good soth, syr, it is marvelous;
But surely, after myn opynyon,
That chylde was nother doughter nor son.
For certaynly, and I be not begylde,
She was delyvered of a knave chylde.
Tyb. Peas, I say, for Goddis passyon,
Thou lettest Syr Johan's communication.
Sir J. The thyrde myracle also is this:
I knewe another woman eke y-wys,

[1] S. Modwena, an Irish virgin, who died A.D. 518. She is said to have been the patroness of Burton-upon-Trent, and Henry VIII.'s commissioners sent thence to London "the image of seint Moodwyn with her red kowe and hir staff, which wymen labouryng of child in those parties were very desirous to have with them to lean upon."

Whiche was wedded, & within v. monthis after
She was delyvered of a fayre doughter,
As well formed in every membre & joynt,
And as perfyte in every poynt
As though she had gone v monthis full to th' ende.
Lo! here is v monthis of advantage.
Johan. A wonderous myracle! so God me mende;
I wolde eche wyfe that is bounde in maryage,
And that is wedded here within this place,
Myght have as quicke spede in every suche case.
Tyb. Forsoth, Syr Johan, yet for all that
I have sene the day that pus, my cat,
Hath had in a yere kytlyns eyghtene.
Johan. Ye, Tyb, my wyfe, and that have I sene.
But howe say you, Syr Jhan, was it good, your pye?
The dyvell the morsell that therof eate I.
By the good lorde this is a pyteous warke—
But nowe I se well the olde proverbe is treu:
The parysshe preest forgetteth that ever he was clarke!
But, Syr Jhan, doth not remembre you
How I was your clerke, & holpe you masse to syng,
And hylde the basyn alway at the offryng? B iv
He never had halfe so good a clarke as I!
But, notwithstandyng all this, nowe our pye
Is eaten up, there is not lefte a byt,
And you two together there do syt,
Eatynge and drynkynge at your owne desyre,
And I am Johan Johan, whiche must stande by the fyre
Chafyng the wax, and dare none other wyse do.
Syr J. And shall we alway syt here styll, we two?
That were to mych.
Tyb. Then ryse we out of this place.
Syr J. And kys me than in the stede of grace;
And farewell leman and my love so dere.
Johan. Cokkis body, this waxe it waxte colde agayn here;—
But what! shall I anone go to bed,
And eate nothyng, nother meate nor brede?

I have not be wont to have suche fare.
Tyb. Why! were ye not served there as ye are,
Chafyng the waxe, standying by the fyre?
Johan. Why, what mete gave ye me, I you requyre?
Sir J. Wast thou not served, I pray the hartely,
Both with the brede, the ale, and the pye?
Johan. No, syr, I had none of that fare.
Tyb. Why! were ye not served there as ye are,
Standyng by the fyre chafyng the waxe?
Johan. Lo, here be many tryfyls and knakks —
By kokkis soule, they wene I am other dronke or mad.
Tyb. And had ye no meate, Johan Johan? no had?
Johan. No, Tyb my wyfe, I had not a whyt.
Tyb. What, not a morsel?
Johan. No, not one byt;
For honger, I trowe, I shall fall in a sowne.
Sir J. O, that were pyte, I swere by my crowne.
Tyb. But is it trewe?
Johan. Ye, for a surete.
Tyb. Dost thou ly?
Johan. No, so mote I the![1]
Tyb. Hast thou had nothyng?
Johan. No, not a byt.
Tyb. Hast thou not dronke?
Johan. No, not a whyt.
Tyb. Where wast thou?
Johan. By the fyre I dyd stande.
Tyb. What dydyst?
Johan. I chafed this waxe in my hande,
Where-as I knewe of wedded men the payne
That they have, and yet dare not complayne;
For the smoke put out my eyes two,
I burned my face, and rayde my clothes also,
Mendyng the payle, whiche is so rotten and olde,
That it will not skant together holde;
And syth it is so, and syns that ye twayn

[1] may I thrive.

Wold gyve me no meate for my suffysance, B iv *b*
By ko[k]kis soule I wyll take no lenger payn,
Ye shall do all yourself, with a very vengaunce,
For me, and take thou there thy payle now,
And yf thou canst mend it, let me se how.
Tyb. A! horson's knave! hast thou brok my payll?
Thou shalt repent, by kokkis lylly nayll.
Rech me my dystaf, or my clyppyng sherys:
I shall make the blood ronne about his erys.
Johan. Nay, stand styll, drab, I say, and come no nere,
For by kokkis blood, yf thou come here,
Or yf thou onys styr toward this place,
I shall throw this shovyll full of colys in thy face.
Tyb. Ye! horson dryvyll! get the out of my dore.
Johan. Nay! get thou out of my house, thou prestis hore.
Sir J. Thou lyest, horson kokold, evyn to thy face.
Johan. And thou lyest, pyld preest, with an evyll grace.
Tyb. And thou lyest.
Johan. And thou lyest, Syr.
Syr J. And thou lyest agayn.
Johan. By kokkis soule, horson preest, thou shalt be slayn;
Thou hast eate our pye, and gyve me nought,
By kokkes blod, it shal be full derely bought.
Tyb. At hym, Syr Johan, or els God gyve the sorow.
Johan. And have at your hore and thefe, Saynt George to borrow.[1]

Here they fyght by the erys a whyle, and than the preest and the wyfe go out of the place.

Johan. A! syrs! I have payd some of them even as I lyst,
They have borne many a blow with my fyst,
I thank God, I have walkyd them well,
And dryven them hens. But yet, can ye tell
Whether they be go? for by God, I fere me,
That they be gon together, he and she,
Unto his chamber, and perhappys she wyll,
Spyte of my hart, tary there styll,

[1] for my backer. Cf. *R. D.* IV. vii. 75, IV. viii. 45.

And, peradventure, there, he and she
Wyll make me cokold, evyn to anger me;
And then had I a pyg in the woyrs[1] panyer,
Therfor, by God, I wyll hye me thyder
To se yf they do me any vylany:
And thus fare well this noble company.

[1] worse.

FINIS

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Nicholas Udall

ROISTER DOISTER

Edited with Critical Essay and Notes by Ewald Flügel, Ph.D., Professor in Stanford University

CRITICAL ESSAY

Life. — Nicholas Udall was born in 1506, of a good family residing in Hampshire. As a lad of fourteen he entered Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and took his bachelor's degree there in May, 1524.[1] The years of his University life came at a period of great religious fermentation, and young Udall was, according to an old tradition,[2] one of the young enthusiasts in whom the humanistic tilling of Erasmus had prepared the soil for Lutheran doctrines from Wittenberg. We may, therefore, imagine young Udall to have been one of those of whose heretical perversities Warham complains to Wolsey.[3] Apparently Udall, as he grew older, grew if not calmer at least more cautious, and succeeded later in gaining the favour of Mary the Princess, and in retaining that of Mary the Queen. While at college, he formed a lasting friendship with John Leland, a friendship of which some poems of the latter give us a pleasing testimony.[4] Leland, of almost the same age as Udall, had taken his first degree at Cambridge in 1522, and according to an old custom, he continued his studies at Oxford, where Udall's generosity won his heart.[5] In May, 1533, a number of verses were composed by them in joint authorship, for a pageant at the coronation of Anne Boleyn.[6] In the same year Udall seems to have settled at London as a teacher. He may even have contemplated becoming a monk — like Thomas More thirty years earlier; he certainly dates his preface to the *Flowers from Terence* from the Augustinian Monastery at London, on the last of February, 1534. In the following

[1] Wood's *Fasti*, quoted by Arber. Arber assigns 1504 as the year of Udall's birth, but makes him "æt. 18" in 1524. Cf. Cooper's Extracts from C. C. C. Register.

[2] Cf. Bale, *Catal.* ed. 1557, Cent. 9, 45 (fol. 717; general statement concerning Udall's Protestantism). *Lutheranis disciplinis dum in academia studuit addictus fuit*, Tanner after Wood, cf. Cooper, XII. It is remarkable, however, that we do not find Udall in correspondence with the reformers "in exile."

[3] In March, 1521, cf. Ellis, *Original Letters*, I. i, 239 *sqq.*

[4] Reprinted from Leland's *Collectanea*, V. by Cooper, XII. XIV. XXVI.

[5] Cf. the epigram "*de liberalitate Nic. Odoualli*," quoted by Cooper, XII.

[6] Original among the *Royal Mss.*, 18 A. L. XIV. Cf. *Calendars*, etc., VI., No. 564; *Ib.* 565, referring to Latin verses on this coronation by Richard Coxe, Udall's predecessor at Eton (from *Harl. Ms.* 6148, f. 117). Udall's verses are reprinted by Arber, *English Garner*, 2, 52; parts of them published by Collier and Fairholt. Cf. Cooper (XIII.), who dates the pageant 1532 (as does Ward, *Hist. Dram. Poetry*, I. 141). This pageant shows Udall's earliest connection with the revels, and may have given him a name at the side of Heywood.

June he received the degree of Master of Arts from Oxford, and appears in the latter part of the same year as "Magister Informator" at Eton, succeeding Master Richard Coxe.[1] In this capacity he received payments between the last terms, 1534 and 1541.[2]

We can scarcely judge at this late day of the character of Udall's educational services, but the fact that he was generally on good terms with his pupils may reasonably be inferred from the preface to the edition of the *Flowers*, printed in 1545.

We may further infer with regard to his mastership at Eton, that he was himself influenced by the Eton custom of performing a play at Christmas. It appears even possible that the clause in a "consuetudinary" of Eton (about 1560), allowing the Latin school comedy to give place to an English one, if it were "witty and graceful,"[3] may have been a result of Udall's mastership. And it is probable that *Roister Doister* was originally one of such plays unpretentiously offered by Udall to his boys,[4] modestly put aside after the performance and printed long afterwards. If all this be true, Udall's mastership deserves immortal fame in the annals of English literature. But the immortality is unfortunately of a different nature. Udall is stigmatized by one ungrateful pupil as a second *Orbilius plagosus*, the realization of Erasmus's executioner. Tusser's often quoted doggerel runs:

> "From Paules I went to Eaton sent
> To learn streight waies, the latin phraies,
> When fiftie three stripes giuen to mee
> At once I had:
> For fault but small, or none at all,
> It came to pas, thus beat I was,
> See Udall see, the mercie of thee,
> To me poore lad."[5]

We cannot now decide upon the merits of the case, but we are inclined to think that Tom Tusser the boy was as shiftless as Thomas Tusser the

[1] U. speaks later of the Eton mastership as "that roume which I was neuer desirous to obtain." [2] Cf. Arber, p. 3.

[3] Cf. Warton, *Hist. of English Poetry*, 3, 308; *Interdum etiam exhibet* [sc. *ludi magister*] *Anglico sermone contextas fabulas, si quæ habeant acumen et leporem.* Eton was the only place where *we know* of *English* plays; but Radulphus Radclif at Hitchin *may* have performed some of his school comedies in English, as the "plebs" mentioned by Bale would not much have appreciated Latin performances, *Catalogus*, 8, 98, fol. 700; Herford, *Literary Relations*, p. 110, citing the occasional admission of English school plays at Eton, says that to "this concession we owe the *Ralph Roister Doister*." More likely we owe the concession to *Roister Doister*. Cf. Herford on Udall's *De Papatu*.

[4] It seems improbable that the *R. D.* was ever performed at Court; Udall's "interludes and devices" were pageants, as the *Loseley Mss.* prove; see below.

[5] Tusser's *500 Pointes*, ed. Payne & Herrtage, p. 205.

man later proved to be, and that, although he may have been a fine "querister," his "latin phraies" would frequently offend the ear of the conscientious humanist. Let us suppose that Thomas deserved his fifty-three stripes twice over, but did not realize that *ὁ μὴ δαρεὶς ἄνθρωπος οὐκ παιδεύεται.*[1]

In March, 1541,[2] some abuses were exposed that had lately disgraced the school. A robbery of plate and silver images was detected, to which two late Eton scholars and a servant of Udall's confessed; and Udall himself became "suspect to be counsel of the robbery." The judicial report states that Udall "having certain interrogatoryes ministred unto hym toching the sayd fact and other felonious trespasses whereof he was suspected, did confess that he did comitt a heinous offence with the sayd cheney [a "scoler" of Eton] sundry tymes hertofore and of late the vjth day of this present monethe in this present yere at London: whereupon he was committed to the Marshalsey."

Udall was discharged from his office, but did not remain long in prison (as would have been the case if he had been proved guilty of a "felonious" crime); and an influential personage unknown to us made efforts to bring about his "restitucion to the roume of Scholemaister in Eton." Udall thanked this patron in an interesting letter, which seems to corroborate the words of the indictment, but states that the "heinous offence" was committed in London (*not* in Eton), and that it resulted in heavy debts. The most careful consideration of the letter leads me to believe that Udall had nothing to do with the *theft*, but had neglected his duties as teacher, and had not given the right example of "frugall livyng."[3] Most likely he had only followed the royal example; had enjoyed too much "Pastyme with good companye!"

[1] Cooper attributes to Udall's severity the running away from school of "divers" Eton boys alluded to by Roger Ascham (*Schoolmaster*). But this passage refers to 10 Dec. 1563, twenty-two years after Udall had ceased to swing the rod over the Eton boys!

[2] Cf. quotation from Nicolas's *Proceedings and Ordinances of the Privy Council*, 7, 152–53, in Cooper; the date is 14 March 32 Henry VIII. (1541–42) and *not* 1543, as Arber gives it. Arber dates Udall's letter also wrongly 1543; it is referred to 1541–42 in Ellis's *Original Letters of Eminent Literary Men*, Camden Soc., 1843, p. 1.

[3] "Accepte this myn honest chaunge from vice to virtue, from prodigalitee to frugall livyng, from negligence of teachyng to assiduitee, from playe to studie, from lightness to gravitee." He speaks about his "offenses," does not wish to excuse himself, but says "humana quidem esse, et emendari posse." He begs for a chance to show his "emendyng and reformacion," and quotes instances from ancient history of great men who had indulged in a "veray riottous and dissolute sorte of livyng" in their youth, had been "drowned in voluptuousnesse" and had lived in "slaundre and infamie," but had reformed. Not a word is said about thefts, "robberies," and such "felonious trespasses." Cf. the whole letter from a new collation in Flügel's *Lesebuch*, 1, 351.

In the same letter Udall petitions for a place where he could show his "amendment," and which would enable him also "by litle and litle . . . to paye euery man his own."[1]

We do not know of the result of this letter, but it seems that Udall went "north" in the autumn of the same year. At any rate, in October, 1542, Robert Aldrich, Bishop of Carlisle, received letters "by the hande of Mr. Vdall";[2] and Leland in a charming little song addressed to his "snow-white friend," refers to Udall as residing among the "Brigantes, where Mars now has the rule."[3]

In the same autumn appeared Udall's translation of Erasmus's *Apophthegms*[4] and — after his return south — he was connected for the following three years with a great literary undertaking, which was not only favoured by the Court, but progressing under its auspices and with its collaboration, — Princess Mary taking the most active part. This was the English translation of Erasmus's *Paraphrase of the New Testament*.[5]

Under Edward VI., Udall devoted himself to theological works; he stood up for the royal prerogative in religious matters in his *Answer to the articles of the commoners of Devonshire and Cornwall* (summer 1549[6]); he took his share in a memorial volume published in 1551, after Bucer's death, and he translated in the same year Peter Martyr's *Tractatus* and *Disputatio De Eucharistia*. A royal patent[7] (of 1551) granted him the "privilege and

[1] U. does not beg in this letter for his "restitution," as Arber seems to accept.

[2] Cf. Cooper, XXIII.

[3] Mars had "the rule" there October, 1542–July, 1543 (Froude, 3, 525–570), then again August, 1547 (Somerset in Berwick, Froude, 4, 288); the naval expedition of Hertford in May, 1544, being here out of the question (*Ib.* 4, 32).

[4] This translation (published in September) might also indicate some connection between Udall and Aldrich during the summer of 1542. Aldrich was a great "Erasmian"; he had been the *juvenis blandæ eloquentiæ* whom Erasmus used as interpreter on that immortal pilgrimage to Walsingham, and he kept up a correspondence with Erasmus.

[5] Udall took as his share *St. Luke* and the "disposition" of the rest with exception of *St. John* and *St. Mark*; perhaps he assisted also in the translation of *Matthew* and *Acts*. The Prefaces are dated 1545, 1548. The whole must have been quite a lucrative business-undertaking, because every parish in England had, by law, to buy a copy of this work and "every parson had to have and diligently study the same conferring the one [*the New Testament both in Latin and Englisb*] with the other [*the paraphrase*]. Cf. Cranmer's *Remains*, 155, 156 (1548); the Injunctions of Edward, 1547 (*Ib.* 499, 501), etc.; cf. also Grindal's *Works*, 134, 157; Hooper's *Works*, 2, 139, 143 (*Parker Soc.*).

[6] Cranmer too wrote "*Answers to the Fifteen Articles of the Rebels*, Devon, Anno 1549," reprinted in his *Remains*, 163; and a number of references to the Rebellion may be found in the writings of the Reformers, f. i. *Letter of Hooper to Bullinger*, 25 June, 1549, *of John ab Ulmis to Bullinger*, May 28, 1550, of *Burcher to Bullinger*, 25 August, 1549. But none of these correspondents ever mention Udall.

[7] Cf. Cooper, XXX.

lycense . . . to preint the Bible in Englyshe as well in the large volume for the use of the churches w^th^in this our Realme . . . as allso in any other convenient volume."

This privilege was not the only sign of royal favour: we find Udall in November, 1551, presented by the King to a prebend in Windsor,[1] and later (in March, 1553) to the Parsonage of Calborne, in the Isle of Wight.

After such favours received from Edward, and such services in the Protestant camp, we should expect to find Udall in disgrace under Queen Mary, and sharing with his fellow-Protestants at least the bitter fate of exile, but Mary had apparently preserved a grateful memory for her former fellow-worker in the Erasmian translation. If, indeed, she did not use him as a theologian, she remembered his dramatic talents, and so we find that a special warrant was issued, December 3, 1554, which shows us Udall in the rôle of playwright. The Office of the Queen's Revels was directed by the warrant referred to, to deliver to Udall such "apparel" at any time as he might require for the "setting foorth of Dialogues and Enterludes" before the Queen, for her "regell disporte and recreacion." In the beginning of the document[2] appears an allusion to Udall as having shown previously "at soondrie seasons" his "dilligence" in arranging "Dialogues and Enterludes" — important documentary evidence of his connection with the "Revels," a connection apparently begun with the pageant for which he furnished such poor verses at Anne Boleyn's coronation.

This evidence for the fact that Udall was known as a writer of "plays" before 1554 is singularly corroborated by the quotation of Roister's letter to Custance (Act III., Scene iv.) as an example of "ambiguity" in the 1553 edition of Wilson's *Rule of Reason*.[3]

[1] An interesting letter of Udall's, dated August, 1552, refering to his place at Windsor, was printed in *Archæologia*, 1869, Vol. XLII. 91, but has not hitherto been utilized for Udall's Biography. The preface to a translation of T. Geminie's *Anatomy* by Udall is dated 20 July, 1552; cf. Cooper, XXXI.; Udall's *Epistolæ et Carmina ad Gul. Hormannum et ad Jo. Lelandum*, are quoted by Bale, etc., and given under this year by Cooper (who reads: Hermannum). Hormann died 1535, as vice-provost of Eton.

[2] This warrant was communicated to the Archæological Society, December 9, 1824, by Mr. Bray (*Archæologia*, 21, 551), but not printed until 1836 in the *Loseley Mss.*, now first edited by A. J. Kempe; No. 31, p. 63.

[3] See below, under Date of the Early Edition of *R. D.* Another early allusion to Udall as a playwright is that from Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, 3, 177, according to which "an English play called *Ezekias*, made by Mr. Udall and handled by King's College men only," was performed before Elizabeth August 8, 1564, at Cambridge; see Cooper's Preface, xxxiii. Bale, who does not mention Udall as a playwright in the edition 1548 of his *Catalogus* (he mentions only [Ochino's?] *Tragoedia de papatu*), says in the edition September, 1557, that Udall wrote "comœdias plures." There is nothing on Udall in his *Supplement* of 1559.

As to the nature of Udall's "Dialogues," "Enterludes," and "devises," we are not entirely without information. The very date of the warrant would indicate the occasion for Udall's services (December 3, 1554), if we had not a more definite statement. He was commissioned to get up the Christmas shows before Mary and Philip.

Udall was in a dangerous position, since any reference to the Protestant sympathies of the nation might have cost his life, but he realized the situation, and with good tact presented "divers plaies," the "incydents" of which were very innocent:[1] "A mask of patrons of gallies like Venetian senators, with galley-slaves for their torche-bearers; a mask of 6 Venuses or amorous ladies with 6 Cupids and 6 torche-bearers to them," and some "Turkes archers,"[2] "Turkes magistrates," and "Turkie women," "6 lions' hedds of paste and cement," and a few other harmless paraphernalia.

How long Udall served the queen in this capacity we do not know. In 1555, towards the end of his career, we find him at his old calling as master of Westminster School.[3] When in November of the following year the old monastery was again opened, naturally Udall's services became superfluous, and he was doubtless discharged; and so indeed the darkness enshrouding the last months of his life may cover a period of great distress. He died in December, 1556, and found his last resting place in St. Margaret's, Westminster; where almost thirty years before Skelton had found first a sanctuary and then a grave.

It seems that the queen did not erect a monument over the ashes of her old friend, at least none is registered by the industrious Weever;[4] but Udall does not need a monument from Queen Mary, he has erected it himself — *ære perennius* — in the annals of English literature.

[1] It is remarkable that these documents should never have been utilized for Udall's biography. Cf. the "Miscellaneous Extracts from Various Accounts relating to the Office of the Revels," printed among the *Loseley Mss.*, p. 90. The Muniment Room of James More Molyneux at Loseley House, Surrey, would furnish these and perhaps other documents most valuable for Udall's History and that of the Early Drama.

The "scheme for an interlude, in which the persons of the drama were to be *a King, a Knight, a Judge, a Preacher, a Scholar, a Serving-man*," which Hazlitt (*Handbook*, 622) carelessly attributes to Udall, is not connected with his name; cf. *Loseley Mss.*, p. 64.

[2] These *may* refer to another pageant, *l.c.*

[3] No exact date given by Cooper, XXXIV. Hales gives good reasons for the probability that Udall's mastership commenced in 1553; cf. *Englische Studien*, 18, 421; cf. *ib.*, a very interesting note on the Terentian Plays, annually performed at the Westminster School. It seems almost as if here, as well as at Eton, Udall's headmastership had some significance for the history of the English school comedy.

[4] *Funerall Monuments*, ed. 1631, fol. 497.

Date of the Play. — *Roister Doister* was formerly assigned to the time of Udall's mastership at Eton (1534–41).[1] In more recent years, however, this date has been rejected, and Professor J. W. Hales has tried to show that "this play was in fact written in 1552, and more probably written for Westminster school."[2]

The arguments of Professor Hales, as far as I can see, might be summarized thus:

1. The fact that Wilson — an old Eton boy himself, who left the school in 1541, and ought to have known of the play if it had ever been performed there — does *not* insert the "ambiguous letter" in his first and second editions of the *Rule of Reason* (1551, 1552), whereas he inserts it in the edition of 1553, "*suggests* that this *comedy was written between the appearances of the second and the third editions.*"

In favour of this theory speak further — according to Professor Hales —

2. The fact that Bale does not mention any of Udall's comedies in the 1548 edition of his *Catalogus;*

3. The fact that "about 1552" Udall was in high esteem as a "comic dramatist";

4. The fact that Udall quotes a number of proverbial phrases which he got from Heywood's proverbs, published first in 1546;

5. The fact that the usury statute of 37 Henry VIII. was repealed in 1552, "of some moment" as far as the "reference [in the play] to excessive usury" is concerned.

The first argument is doubtless the strongest, but I venture to argue that the quotation of 1553 does *not* prove that the play was *written* in 1552, but only that Wilson was unable *to use a copy of the play* before 1553; whether this copy was a manuscript copy, or *a printed* (and now lost) edition of the play, we cannot decide; *most probably Wilson's quotation was made from an early edition of Roister, printed in 1552.*

The fact that Wilson left Eton in 1541 seems to make it probable that he remembered the "ambiguous" passage from his school days.

The second argument is very slight, for Bale does not give a *complete* list of Udall's works either in edition 1548 or in edition

[1] See above, p. 90, and notes.

[2] The Date of the First English Comedy, in *Englische Studien*, 18, 408–421.

1557; nor does he mention Udall's connection with the coronation pageants of 1533; and a modest school comedy would naturally not at once become public property.

The *third* argument is based on a serious anachronism. *We do not know anything* of Udall's fame as a "comic dramatist *about 1552*." The warrant of December 3, 1554, is dated, and cannot be used for "about 1552." Besides, the nature of Udall's "dialogues and interludes" for the "regell disporte and recreacion," as explained on p. 93, above, excludes any possibility of connecting these "Dialogues" with the comedy.

The number of proverbial phrases which Udall uses in common with Heywood's *Proverbs* (the early date of which, 1546, is rather a myth) proves no dependence of Udall on Heywood. Their use proves merely that Udall, as well as Heywood, talked the London English of his time, and that both were familiar with phrases common in the early sixteenth century. Any possible number of such phrases could not prove any "dependence."

With regard to the allusion in *Roister Doister* to the Usury Statute, one may readily see that the reference is *not* to a date later than the repeal, in 1552, of 37 Henry VIII., c. 9, but to a *period between 1545 and 1552*. In Act V., Scene vi., lines 21 to 30, Custance blames Roister humorously, *not* for taking interest at all, but for taking *too much* (fifteen to one!), and for taking it *right away* instead of waiting until the year was up. The passage, therefore, does not refer to the law passed 5 and 6 Edward VI., c. 20 (1552), which repeals 37 Henry VIII., c. 9, and orders that "no person shall lend or forbear any sum of money for any maner of Usury or Increase to be received or hoped for above the Sum lent, upon pain to forfeit the Sum lent, and the Increase, [with] Imprisonment, and Fine at the king's pleasure." The passage refers to 37 Henry VIII., c. 20 (1545), to a law which allows ten per cent interest: "The sum of ten pound in the hundred, and so after that rate and *not above*," and which forbids the lender "to receive, accept or take in Lucre or Gain for the forbearing or giving Day of Payment *of one whole year* of and for his or their money," for any other "Period" but the year, not "for a longer or shorter time." Cf. the technical term "gain" in line 30.

If, therefore, Custance's joke can be taken as an indication of the time when the play was written, it would be an indication of the period between 1545 and 1552, or, at any rate, *before* 1552.[1]

I should, however, not be inclined on account of this reference to usury to date the play between 1545 and 1552. I would rather regard the allusion as a later insertion, which ought not to weaken the force of the internal evidence in favour of the old theory, according to which the play belongs to the Eton period of Udall's life, to the years between 1534 and 1541.

Date of the Early Edition.—The Stationers Company's *Registers* show (ed. Arber, I, 331) four pence as

"Recevyd of Thomas hackett for hys lycense for pryntinge of a play intituled Rauf Ruyster Duster,"

and the unique copy of the play which has come down to us has been regarded as the solitary relic of this edition. Title-page and colophon are lacking.

Hackett, however, printed between October (November ?), 1560, and July, 1589; and Arber dates the unique copy: "? 1566."

This copy is now in the possession of Eton College. On the first fly-leaf are written the words: "The Gift of the Revd Thos Briggs to Eton Coll. Library, Decr 1818." As shown above, the quotation of the "ambiguous" letter in the 1553 edition of Wilson's *Logique* speaks, however, in favour of an edition earlier than that of the unique copy; and this earlier edition might be dated "1552?".[2]

[1] Professor Hales, in his essay on the date of *Roister* (*Englische Studien*, 18, 419) quotes for these usury laws the incomplete account of them in Craik's *History of British Commerce*, I, 22, 231.

The law of 1545 (*so* dated by Ruffhead; and not 1546) is far more important on account of its clause about the "yearly interest" than of that about the ten per cent.

[2] To Collier has been given the credit of first ("soon after 1820") connecting Udall's name with *Roister Doister*, the unique copy of which had been published by the finder, the Rev^{d}. Thos. Briggs, in 1818. But, in the first place, Collier could not have identified the "ambiguous" letter in "Wilson's *Art of Logic*, printed by Richard Grafton, 1551," as he says he did, since "The rule of Reason, contei || nyng the Arte of || Logique, set forth || in Englishe, || by Thomas || Vuilson. || *An.* M. D. LI. *does not contain the quotation from Roister Doister* (copy in the Bodleian kindly examined for me by Professor Gayley), *neither does the edition of 1552* (cf. Arber). On folio 66 of the *third* edition (1553) appears for the first time: "An example of soche doubtful writing whiche by reason of poincting maie

Place of Roister Doister in English Literature. —*Roister Doister* is the only specimen of Udall's dramatic art preserved by Fate, but it is sufficient to justify us in assigning to the author his place as father of English Comedy.

The causes that brought a "Latinist," a schoolmaster, a theological writer to such a position are interesting to consider. Primarily, of course, it is his genius, his "*Froh-natur*," his way of looking at the world, and his art of representing this picture of the world, to which we owe *Roister Doister*, but besides this we may be certain that Udall's classical training, the condition of the Latin School-comedy of his time, and, finally, his clear insight into the character of the national play helped him to the place that he holds.

If Udall had been merely a pedantic schoolmaster, one of whose duties it was to superintend an annual Christmas play, he would have been satisfied with an adaptation of — let us say — the *Miles Gloriosus*, or he would merely have translated the *Miles* as the *Andria* had been translated before; perhaps he would even have been satisfied with a performance of the play in the Latin. On the other hand, had he never been obliged to drill boys in Terence, his plays would have remained "interludes" of the old type, and at best, he would now receive honourable mention by the side of Heywood. It was his very position as teacher of the classics, his humanism (apart from the annual necessity of advising the "enterluders" at Christmas time) which must have pointed out to him the way in which the "enterlude" might be outgrown, the way that would lead to a new category of plays: the "comedy."

Udall (if the prologue to *Roister Doister* is his own, as we have no reason to doubt)[1] seems to have been somewhat doubtful at first about the designation of his play; he calls it at the beginning "thys enterlude"; but he realized the new departure which he had taken, and calls it later "Our Comedie or Enterlude." By the use of this

haue double sense, and contrarie meaning, taken out of an entrelude made by Nicolas Vdal." And, in the second place, Collier had been anticipated, in part, for as early as 1748 reference had been made to the passage from Wilson by Tanner, who writes (*Bibliotheca*, s. n.): In Thos. Wilson's *Logica*, p. 69 [it is *leaf* 67 of edition 1567 in my possession] *sunt quidem versus ambigui sensus ex Comœdia quadam huius Nic. Udalli desumpti.*

[1] With this opinion, and that of p. 90, *n.* 4, contrast Fleay's argument, *Hist. Stage*, pp. 59, 60. *Gen. Ed.*

word, — the first time applied correctly to an *English* comedy, — Udall indicates his aspirations, his sources and classical models: those plays which were the comedies *par excellence*, the comedies of Terence, and — especially since the discovery of the twelve "new" plays in 1429 — those of Plautus. Udall shows himself a genuine disciple of the Renaissance; he "imitates" in that true way in which "imitation" has always ultimately proved "originality": he shows that he had absorbed the spirit of the Roman comedy, that he fully understood the easy movement, the sparkling and refined dialogue, the succinct but full delineation of character, and the clear development of a plot. But besides all this he possessed enough patriotic feeling not to overlook the merits of the modest national "interlude" of England. He did not too anxiously avoid carrying out here and there even a farcical motive; but with the higher ideal before him, he succeeded in fusing the classical and the national elements into a new category, becoming thus the father of English comedy.

Udall's position appears clearly if one compares his work with *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* on the one hand, and — regarding them as a type — with Heywood's farces on the other.

The good taste and higher art of *Roister Doister* are at once evident: the play is free from the undeniable vulgarity of *Gammer Gurton*, and in delineation of character is distinctly superior. The plot, simple as it is, is never as meagre as in the clever dialogues of Heywood; and as much as Udall surpasses Heywood in construction of the plot, I think he surpasses him in delineation of character. For even if, as Ward says,[1] in Heywood's witty plays, the "personified abstractions" of the moralities have been entirely superseded by "personal types," these personal types have not yet matured into individual persons, into men of flesh and blood, as they have in Udall's play.

I take, of course, for granted Udall's absolute superiority over that category of interludes which — bastards of the "Moralities" — seem to have had no other purpose than to introduce dogmatical

[1] Ward in *Dict. Nat. Biog.* 26, 332. Ward says that in Heywood's Plays the "bridge had been built" to English Comedy. I think rather that this bridge was a temporary structure, waiting to be replaced by the more solidly planned work of a higher architect.

moralizations, seasoned perhaps with a tavern scene or with some other farcical coarseness, and at best ending with an "unmotived" conversion of the sinner or sinners.

Plot and Characters. — Udall's plot is so simple that its development becomes clear at a glance; it consists of the unsuccessful wooing of Ralph Roister Doister for the hand of Dame Christian Custance, evolved amid various entanglements, and ultimately unsuccessful, not so much because Custance is at the time of Roister's first advances already engaged to another man, as because Roister's folly is so enormous that no success can be possible.

Now the figure of an avowed fool in love would give excellent scenes for a farce, but would not yield the complications of character and situation necessary for a comedy; and in order to bring about this essential complexity, there is introduced a second motive for action in this fool's own character, — that of vainglory. There is also introduced a personage who shall season the play by his wit and produce the necessary entanglements. This is Mathew Merygreeke, who grows gradually under the poet's hands, until he occupies the most prominent place in the play, at least as far as our interest in the different characters is concerned. Despite all that has been said to the contrary, Merygreeke is Udall's own creation, — a figure in itself deserving of high praise. Undoubtedly this character was at first conceived as a mere modern parasite, of a much higher type, however, than the Sempronio, for instance (in *Calisto and Meliboea*), but as the play advanced the figure outgrew its original limits, and although in the first scenes Merygreeke is scarcely out of the eggshell of the parasite, he proves very soon to be a new character: a character belonging to the class of Pandarus, a "Friend" playing the part of kindly Fate, a Vice certainly mischievous and cruel enough, but directing everything to a good end; as full of humour and fun as of character, and, at the bottom of his heart, of good-nature.

Merygreeke comes indeed to Roister at first "for his stomach's sake" and wants a new coat, but he has on the whole only a few traits of the parasite,[1] and these might be left out without injuring

[1] These traits as well as the practical jokes would, of course, be especially enjoyed by the Eton players and their youthful audience.

the play in the least. As soon as he sees Roister in love, his humour gains the upper hand; he realizes at once what a capital source of fun this "love" on the part of a vain fool might become, and he determines to bring about such complications as will yield the greatest quantity of amusement. His purpose may, indeed, at first have been merely egotistical, to have the fun himself; but he is forgiven because all the other persons of the play — as well as the audience — are liberally invited to the feast. Merygreeke may appear at times as a false friend and thus as an immoral character, but his flattery is so exaggerated, his lies are so improbable, so enormous, so amusing to all sane people, — Roister so fully deserves (indeed provokes) the cruel treatment, — that any possible wrath of a moralizing censor is entirely disarmed. Supreme folly stands outside the common moral order of things. Even if Merygreeke had not disclosed his motives, we could see from the respect which is shown him by Custance and Trusty, that he is far from being a treacherous parasite. And after all he does not betray his friend. He rather helps him to what he really desires. And what Roister most desires in this world is, after all, not the possession of the fair widow, but the satisfaction of his vanity. How quickly does he forget his love in the delusion fostered by Merygreeke, that Goodluck and Custance desire to live in peace with him because they fear him. The lie is in harmony with poetic justice.

Merygreeke has been characterized[1] as "the Artotrogos of Plautus, the standing figure of the parasite of the Greek new comedy and its Latin reproductions." But, though Merygreeke was doubtless originally planned as the parasite of the play, and though here and there to the very end of the play we find allusions which corroborate this, I note, first, that the classical parasite[2] lacks the element of modern humour, of witty but, after all, good-natured enjoyment of the mischief which he stirs up; secondly, that Merygreeke is free from endless and — to us — tedious allusions to the "stomach"; and, thirdly, from the vulgar, and almost uninteresting, selfishness, revealed in such words as these of Gnatho:

[1] Ward, *Hist. Dram. Lit.*, 1, 257 (Lond.: 1899).

[2] Cf. the splendid essay on the Roman *Colax* and Parasite in O. Ribbeck's *Hist. of Roman Lit.* (*Stuttgart*, 1887), 1, 83 *sqq.*

Principio ego vos credere ambos hoc mi vehementer volo
Me huius quicquid faciam id facere maxume causa mea.

I may be mistaken, but I cannot find that the classical parasite has any *fine* touch of the humour that is inseparable from "humanity," from good nature. The classical parasite is, on account of this deficiency, distinctly inferior to this modern creation.

As completely as in Merygreeke's case, Udall disarms the moralist in the case of Roister himself, whose lying[1] and bragging, whose cowardice, matched only by his vanity, cannot possibly be regarded as setting a bad example, because they have reached dimensions which are grotesque and plainly ridiculous. They result only in the propagation of his folly, and that is allowed to reap its — poor — external fruit: Roister is "invited" to the banquet (and Roister has constitutionally a good "stomach"), and he is made to believe that he is a much "dreaded lion." Fate has fortunately not pressed the mirror into his hands. He is saved the sight of the ass's ears visible to every one else.[2] And as kind as Fate is his "friend" Merygreeke, who never reveals to him his absolute wretchedness, and who has to the last the satisfaction of knowing Roister a "glad man." Here was a great danger for a less skilful writer than Udall — a danger of marring our enjoyment of Merygreeke's part by inserting traits of a finer or grosser brutality, a danger of spoiling the whole feast by some drop of malice. The element of conscious humiliation is absent; the pathetic is consequently avoided.

The other figures of the play are kept in the background; even Custance, and Gawin Goodluck, who comes in at the end of the play to give the *coup de grace* to Roister's foolish hopes. As a lover Goodluck is hardly a success. He is so fish-blooded that, in a scene which savours of a judicial procedure, the evidence of Trusty becomes necessary before he can be satisfied of the fidelity of his

[1] "These lies are like their father — gross as a mountain, open, palpable." — Shak., *1 Hen. IV.* 2, 4.

[2] Ward, *l.c.*, calls Roister "a vain-glorious, cowardly blockhead, of whom the Pyrgopolinices of Plautus is the precise prototype." That his character has some fine points, modelled after the Terentian Thraso, is shown in the notes (cf. especially the last scene). Roister's character, indeed, is the least original of the play, but he is not Udall's favourite figure. Udall did not spend as much labour on him as on Merygreeke.

betrothed. Goodluck is obviously no Romeo. In the widow ready to marry again Udall presents a good study of character. Custance is a well-to-do London city-wife of the days of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., ruling like a queen over servants who themselves are happily introduced and capitally delineated. We imagine her neither lean, nor pale, but rather like the wife of Bath — like her, resolute and substantial, but more faithful. She is, to a certain extent, even shrewd; she enjoys fun, — after she has been made to see it, — and she is not without a touch of sentimentality.

Indeed, to Custance Udall has assigned the only serious scene in the play, Act V., Scene iii. This monologue appears pathetic, and sounds like a prayer of innocence, extremely well justified in a woman who finds herself surrounded by difficulties and involved in a complication which seems to question her honour. The last words of the complaint indicate, however, that Goodluck would better not doubt *too* much, because Custance's patience might reach a limit, and her natural independence might sharply bring him to his senses.[1] She appears in that very scene as the match of Goodluck, who will be very happy with her if he gets her.

Udall shows his complete superiority over his predecessors in these delineations of character even more than in the creation of the plot. Though in the development of the latter everything fits together and is arranged in good order and proportion, it is, after all, the *dramatis personæ* that interest us most. Udall's persons are men and women of flesh and blood, interesting and amusing living beings, not the wax figures of "Sapience" or "Folly," "Virtuous Living" or "Counterfet Countenance." Udall's persons are vastly superior to these wooden "dialoguers," whom one feels to be acting merely for a school-bred morality, and they leave the coarse-grained but witty figures even of Heywood's farces far behind.

If anything, his *persons* show that Udall had studied his Plautus and Terence as a clear and sharp observer,[2] and that he had learned from them where the originals for a comedy were to be found — in life, in the actual world surrounding the poet.

[1] This possible complication, which would have yielded a fine scene, seems not to have occurred to Udall.

[2] In this respect even *Jack Juggler* deserves credit. I find no trace of Plautus and Terence in Heywood's plays.

The Present Text is based upon Arber's reprint of July 1, 1869, which has been carefully collated by Professor Gayley with the unique copy in the library of Eton College. The courtesy of the librarian, F. Warre Cornish, M.A., and the other authorities of Eton College, is hereby heartily acknowledged. In the present text all variations from the original are inclosed in brackets. But, in uniformity with the regulation adopted for this series, *j* and *v* have been substituted for *i* and *u* when used as consonants, and *u* has been printed for *v* when used as a vowel. References in the footnotes to previous editions are thus indicated: A., Arber's reprint; C., W. D. Cooper's edition for the Shakespeare Society, 1847; H., Hazlitt's Dodsley (edition in Vol. III.), Lond. 1874; M., Professor J. M. Manly's edition in "Specimens of the Pre-Shaksperean Drama," Vol. II., Boston, 1897. References to the Eton copy are indicated by E.

EWALD FLÜGEL.

ROISTER DOISTER

BY

NICHOLAS UDALL

[The Persons of the Play

RALPH ROYSTER DOYSTER, *"Miles."*[1]
MATHEWE MERYGREEKE, *his friend.*
GAWIN GOODLUCKE, *London Merchant, affianced to Custance.*
TRISTRAM TRUSTY, *his friend.*
DOBINET DOUGHTIE, *servant to Royster.*
TOM TRUPENIE, *servant to Custance.*
SYM SURESBY, *servant to Goodluck.*
HARPAX *and other Musicians in Royster's service.*
SCRIVENER.
DAME CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE, *a wealthy widow.*
MAGE MUMBLE CRUST, *her old nurse.*
TIBET TALK APACE, ANNOT ALYFACE } *maids of Custance.*

THE SCENE

LONDON[2]]

[1] Cf. stage-direction, III, iii, 83, and Appendix *B*.

[2] St. Paul's is mentioned, II, iv, 40; Sym Suresby seems to come directly from the landing place; the house of Custance might, therefore, safely be located in the *City* proper.

Roister Doister

The Prologue.

What Creature is in health, eyther yong or olde, A ii
But som mirth with modestie wil be glad to use
As we in thys Enterlude shall now unfolde,
Wherin all scurilitie we utterly refuse,
Avoiding such mirth wherin is abuse:
Knowing nothing more comendable for a mans recreation
Than Mirth which is used in an honest fashion: 7

For Myrth prolongeth lyfe, and causeth health.
Mirth recreates our spirites and voydeth pensivenesse,
Mirth increaseth amitie, not hindring our wealth,
Mirth is to be used both of more and lesse,
Being mixed with vertue in decent comlynesse.
As we trust no good nature can gainsay the same:
Which mirth we intende to use, avoidyng all blame. 14

The wyse Poets long time heretofore,
Under merrie Comedies secretes did declare,
Wherein was contained very vertuous lore,
With mysteries and forewarnings very rare.
Suche to write neither *Plautus*[1] nor *Terence* dyd spare,
Whiche among the learned[2] at this day beares[3] the bell:[4]
These with such other therein dyd excell. 21

[1] Cf. Prol. to *Jack Juggler.*
[2] Cf. the "lerned men" in the Prol. to the English *Andria,* circa 1520.
[3] The northern plural.
[4] To be the bell-wether, to excel.

Our Comedie or Enterlude which we intende to play.
Is named Royster Doyster in deede.
Which against the vayne glorious doth invey,
Whose humour the roysting sort continually doth feede.
Thus by your pacience we intende to proceede
In this our Enterlude by Gods leave and grace,
And here I take my leave for a certaine space.

FINIS.

Actus. i. Scæna. i.

MATHEWE MERYGREEKE. *He entreth singing.* A ii *b*

As long lyveth the mery man (they say)[1]
As doth the sory man, and longer by a day.
Yet the Grassehopper for all his Sommer pipyng,
Sterveth in Winter wyth hungrie gripyng,
Therefore an other sayd sawe doth men advise,
That they be together both mery and wise.
Thys Lesson must I practise, or else ere long,
Wyth mee Mathew Merygreeke[2] it will be wrong.
In deede men so call me, for by him that us bought,
What ever chaunce betide, I can take no thought,
Yet wisedome woulde that I did my selfe bethinke
Where to be provided this day of meate and drinke:
For knowe[3] ye that for all this merie note of mine,
He might appose[4] me now that should aske where I dine.
My lyving lieth heere and there, of Gods grace,
Sometime wyth this good man, sometyme in that place,
Sometime Lewis Loytrer[5] biddeth me come neere,
Somewhyles Watkin Waster maketh us good cheere,

[1] Cf. Camden's *Proverbs*, p. 264; Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 132.
[2] *Roger bon temps:* a mad rascal, a merry greek; *Gringalet:* a merry grig . . . rogue, etc. (Cotgrave).
[3] A. has 'know.'
[4] See *Like will to Like*, Dodsley, 3: 337.
[5] Cf. Robert the Ryfelar, etc., in *Pierce Plowman*; Peter Piebaker, etc., in *Thersytes*; Margery Mylkeducke, etc., in Skelton.

Sometime Davy Diceplayer[1] when he hath well cast
Keepeth revell route as long as it will last.
Sometime Tom Titivile[2] maketh us a feast,
Sometime with sir Hugh Pye I am a bidden gueast,
Sometime at Nichol Neverthrives I get a soppe,
Sometime I am feasted with Bryan Blinkinsoppe,[3]
Sometime I hang on Hankyn[4] Hoddydodies sleeve,
But thys day on Ralph Royster Doysters by hys leeve.
For truely of all men he is my chiefe banker
Both for meate and money, and my chiefe shootanker.[5]
For, sooth Roister Doister in that he doth say,[6]
And require what ye will ye shall have no nay.
But now of Roister Doister somewhat to expresse, A iii
That ye may esteeme him after hys worthinesse,
In these twentie townes and seke them throughout,
Is not the like stocke, whereon to graffe a loute.
All the day long is he facing[7] and craking[8]
Of his great actes in fighting and fraymaking:
But when Roister Doister is put to his proofe,
To keepe the Queenes[9] peace is more for his behoofe.
If any woman smyle or cast on hym an eye,
Up is he to the harde eares in love by and by,
And in all the hotte haste must she be hys wife,
Else farewell hys good days, and farewell his life,
Maister Raufe Royster Doyster is but dead and gon
Excepte she on hym take some compassion,
Then chiefe of counsell, must be Mathew Merygreeke,
What if I for mariage to suche an one seeke?

[1] Cf. More's lines to Davy the dycer (*Works*, p. 1433[a]). [2] See Appendix *C*.

[3] Cf. Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, II. ii.

[4] Cf. Hankin boby in *Thersytes*; Handy-dandy in *P. Plowman*; Huddy-peke in *Four Elements*, in Skelton, etc.; *ib.* hoddy poule (= "dunder-head," Dyce).

[5] "This ointment is even shot-anchor," Heywood's *Four PP.* (= last resort).

[6] Cf. ll. 47, 49; for the whole scene cf. Plautus, *Miles Glor.* v. 31 *sqq.*: *Et adsentandumst quicquid hic mentibitur*; also Ter. *Eunuchus*, II. ii, 252 *et seq.*

[7] Cf. Palsgrave, 542: "I face as one dothe that brauleth." [8] boasting.

[9] Of course 'kinges' if written before July 7, 1553; probably changed to 'Queen' (= Elizabeth) by the printer. (Fleay conjectures, *Hist. Stage*, p. 59, that *R. D.* was revived March 8, 1561; the play having been rewritten from an Edward VI. interlude. *Gen. Ed.*)

Then must I sooth it, what ever it is:
For what he sayth or doth can not be amisse,
Holde up his yea and nay, be his nowne[1] white[2] sonne,
Prayse and rouse him well, and ye have his heart wonne,
For so well liketh he his owne fonde fashions
That he taketh pride of false commendations.
But such sporte have I with him as I would not leese,
Though I should be bounde to lyve with bread and cheese.
For exalt hym, and have hym as ye lust in deede:
Yea to hold his finger in a hole for a neede.
I can with a worde make him fayne or loth,
I can with as much make him pleased or wroth,
I can when I will make him mery and glad,
I can when me lust make him sory and sad,
I can set him in hope and eke in dispaire,
I can make him speake rough, and make him speake faire.
But I marvell I see hym not all thys same day,
I wyll seeke him out: But loe he commeth thys way,
I have yond espied hym sadly comming, A iii *b*
And in love for twentie pounde, by hys glommyng.

Actus. i. Scæna. ii.

RAFE ROISTER DOISTER. MATHEW MERYGREEKE.

R. Royster. Come death when thou wilt, I am weary of my life.
M. Mery. I tolde you I, we should wowe another wife.
R. Royster. Why did God make me suche a goodly person?
M. Mery. He is in[3] by the weke, we shall have sport anon.
R. Royster. And where is my trustie friende Mathew Merygreeke?
M. Mery. I wyll make as I sawe him not, he doth me seeke.
R. Roister. I have hym espyed me thinketh, yond is hee,
Hough Mathew Merygreeke my friend, a worde with thee.[4]

[1] The 'n' transferred from 'myne' (my nowne). Cf. *nuncle*, etc.
[2] Cf. *Like will to Like*, 329; Leland calls Udall *niveum . . . sodalem*; Cooper's ed. XXVII.
[3] Heywood's *Prov.*; *Lear*, V. iii, 15.
[4] *R. R. D.* addresses *M.* with 'thou' 'thee,' whereas *M.* uses — on the whole — 'you, ye' (to *R. R. D.*); cf. Skeat's *William of Palerne*, XLI. note; Zupitza's *Guy*, v. 356, note.

M. Mery. I wyll not heare him, but make as I had haste,
Farewell all my good friendes, the tyme away dothe waste,
And the tide they say, tarieth for no man.
R. Roister. Thou must with thy good counsell helpe me if thou can.
M. Mery. God keepe thee worshypfull Maister Roister Doister,
And fare well the lustie Maister Roister Doister.
R. Royster. I muste needes speake with thee a worde or twaine.
M. Mery. Within a month or two I will be here againe,
Negligence in greate affaires ye knowe may marre all.
R. Roister. Attende upon me now, and well rewarde thee I shall.
M. Mery. I have take my leave, and the tide is well spent.
R. Roister. I die except thou helpe, I pray thee be content,
Doe thy parte wel nowe, and aske what thou wilt,
For without thy aide my matter is all spilt.
M. Mery. Then to serve your turne I will some paines take,
And let all myne owne affaires alone for your sake.
R. Royster. My whole hope and trust resteth onely in thee.
M. Mery. Then can ye not doe amisse what ever it bee.
R. Royster. Gramercies Merygreeke, most bounde to thee I am. A iv
M. Mery. But up with that heart, and speake out like a ramme,
Ye speake like a Capon that had the cough now:
Bee of good cheere, anon ye shall doe well ynow.
R. Royster. Upon thy comforte, I will all things well handle.
M. Mery. So loe, that is a breast to blowe out a candle.
But what is this great matter I woulde faine knowe,
We shall fynde remedie therefore I trowe.
Doe ye lacke money? ye knowe myne olde offers,
Ye have always a key to my purse and coffers.
R. Royster. I thanke thee: had ever man suche a frende?
M. Mery. Ye gyve unto me: I must needes to you lende.
R. Royster. Nay I have money plentie all things to discharge.[1]
M. Mery [*aside*]. That knewe I ryght well when I made offer so large.
R. Royster. But it is no suche matter.[2]

[1] Cf. *Miles*, v. 1063.
[2] The first half-line is not assigned to *R. R. D.* in E. and A.; but it should be. *Gen. Ed.*

M. Mery. What is it than?
Are ye in daunger of debte to any man?
If ye be, take no thought nor be not afraide,
Let them hardly [1] take thought how they shall be paide.
R. Royster. Tut I owe nought.
M. Mery. What then? fear ye imprisonment?
R. Royster. No.
M. Mery. No I wist ye offende not so,[2] to be shent.
But if [y]e[3] had, the Toure coulde not you so holde,
But to breake out at all times ye would be bolde.
What is it? hath any man threatned you to beate?
R. Royster. What is he that durst have put me in that heate?
He that beateth me, by his armes,[4] shall well fynde,
That I will not be farre from him nor runne behinde.
M. Mery. That thing knowe all men ever since ye overthrewe,
The fellow of the Lion which *Hercules* slewe.[5]
But what is it than?
R. Royster. Of love I make my mone.
M. Mery. Ah this foolishe a[6] love, wilt neare let us alone?
But bicause ye were refused the last day,
Ye said ye woulde nere more be intangled that way:
"I would medle no more, since I fynde all so unkinde," [7]
R. Royster. Yea, but I can not so put love out of my minde.
Math. Mer. But is your love tell me first, in any wise, A iv *b*
In the way of Mariage, or of Merchandise?
If it may otherwise than lawfull be founde,
Ye get none of my helpe for an hundred pounde.
R. Royster. No by my trouth I would have hir to my Wife.
M. Mery. Then are ye a good man, and God save your life,
And what or who is she, with whome ye are in love?
R. Royster. A woman whome I knowe not by what meanes to move.

[1] certainly; cf. 'hardily,' Chauc. *C. T. Prol.* v. 156.
[2] E. has the comma after 'offende.'
[3] E. misprints *be* for 'ye'; corrected by C. and H.
[4] An oath = by God's armes; cf. V. vi, 22.
[5] Cf. *Thersytes*, Dodsley, 1, 403.
[6] Cf. *Phil Soc. Dict.* s.v. A *prep.* § 11; C. and H. drop the 'a.'
[7] The quotation marks are the editor's.

M. Mery. Who is it?
R. Royster. A woman yond.
M. Mery. What is hir name?
R. Royster. Hir yonder.
M. Mery. Who[1] [?]
R. Royster. Mistresse ah —
M. Mery. Fy fy for shame [!]
Love ye, and know not whome? but hir yonde, a Woman,
We shall then get you a Wyfe, I can not tell whan.
R. Royster. The faire Woman, that supped wyth us yesternyght —
And I hearde hir name twice or thrice, and had it ryght.
M. Mery. Yea, ye may see ye nere[2] take me to good cheere with you,
If ye had, I coulde have tolde you hir name now.
R. Royster. I was to blame in deede, but the nexte tyme perchaunce:
And she dwelleth in this house.
M. Mery. What Christian Custance.
R. Royster. Except I have hir to my Wife, I shall runne madde.
M. Mery. Nay unwise perhaps, but I warrant you for madde.
R. Royster. I am utterly dead unlesse I have my desire.
M. Mery. Where be the bellowes that blewe this sodeine fire?
R. Royster. I heare she is worthe a thousande pounde and more.
M. Mery. Yea, but learne this one lesson of me afore,
An hundred pounde of Marriage money doubtlesse,
Is ever thirtie pounde sterlyng, or somewhat lesse,
So that hir Thousande pounde yf she be thriftie,
Is muche neere[3] about two hundred and fiftie,
Howebeit wowers and Widowes are never poore.
R. Royster. Is she a Widowe?[4] I love hir better therefore.
M. Mery. But I heare she hath made promise to another.
R. Royster. He shall goe without hir, and[5] he were my brother.
M. Mery. I have hearde say, I am right well advised,
That she hath to Gawyn Goodlucke promised.
R. Royster. What is that Gawyn Goodlucke? B i

[1] E., 'Whom.'
[2] never; C., 'ne're'; H., 'ne'er.'
[3] Middle Engl. comparative; cf. *near*, *ner*, etc.
[4] Cf. Plautus, *Miles*, 965.
[5] 'an.'

M. Mery. a Merchant man.

R. Royster Shall he speede afore me? nay sir by sweete Sainct Anne.

Ah sir, Backare quod Mortimer to his sowe,[1]
I wyll have hir myne owne selfe I make God a vow.
For I tell thee, she is worthe a thousande pounde.

M. Mery. Yet a fitter wife for your maship[2] might be founde:
Suche a goodly man as you, might get one wyth lande,[3]
Besides poundes of golde a thousande and a thousande,
And a thousande, and a thousande, and a thousande,
And so to the summe of twentie hundred thousande,
Your most goodly personage is worthie of no lesse.[4]

R. Royster. I am sorie God made me so comely doubtlesse,[5]
For that maketh me eche where so highly favoured,
And all women on me so enamoured.[6]

M. Mery. Enamoured quod you? have ye spied out that?
Ah sir, mary nowe I see you know what is what.
Enamoured ka?[7] mary sir say that againe,
But I thought not ye had marked it so plaine.

R. Royster. Yes, eche where they gaze all upon me and stare.

M. Mery Yea malkyn, I warrant you as muche as they dare.
And ye will not beleve what they say in the streete,
When your mashyp passeth by all such as I meete,
That sometimes I can scarce finde what aunswere to make.
Who is this (sayth one) sir *Launcelot du lake?*[8]
Who is this, greate *Guy*[9] of Warwike, sayth an other?
No (say I) it is the thirtenth *Hercules* brother.
Who is this? noble *Hector* of *Troy*, sayth the thirde?
No, but of the same nest (say I) it is a birde.

[1] Cf. Heywood's *Proverbs*, I. ch. 11 (72); 300 *Epigrams*, 158.
[2] *mastership*; see l. 116, etc.; cf. 'ientman,' III. v, 8; 'gemman,' etc.
[3] Cf. Plaut. *Miles*, 1061.
[4] Cf. *ib.*: *Neu ecastor nimis uilist tandem.*
[5] Cf. *ib.* 68, *et passim*; and Terent. *Eunuch.* V. viii, 62.
[6] Cf. Plaut. *Miles*, 1264, and the whole of the first scene.
[7] Cf. 'Ko I,' 'Ko she,' III. iii, 21, 35; 'Ko you,' III. iv, 131; *Pericles*, II. i, 82; "Die Ke-tha?" 'company quotha?' *Four Elements* [Dodsley, 1, 23].
[8] Cf. *Thersites*, [Dodsley, 1, 399, 400].
[9] E., 'Cuy.'

Who is this? greate *Goliah*, *Sampson*, or *Colbrande?*[1]
No (say I) but it is a brute[2] of the Alie[3] lande.
Who is this? greate *Alexander?*[4] or *Charle le Maigne?*
No, it is the tenth Worthie, say I to them agayne:
I knowe not if I sayd well.

R. Royster. Yes for so I am.

M. Mery. Yea, for there were but nine worthies before ye came. B i *b*

To some others, the third *Cato*[5] I doe you call.
And so as well as I can I aunswere them all.
Sir I pray you, what lorde or great gentleman is this?
Maister Ralph Roister Doister dame say I, ywis.
O Lorde (sayth she than) what a goodly man it is,
Woulde Christ I had such a husbande as he is.
O Lorde (say some) that the sight of his face we lacke:[6]
It is inough for you (say I) to see his backe.
His face is for ladies of high and noble parages.[7]
With whome he hardly scapeth great mariages.
With muche more than this, and much otherwise.

R. Royster. I can thee thanke that thou canst suche answeres devise:
But I perceyve thou doste me throughly knowe.

M. Mery. I marke your maners for myne owne learnyng I trowe,
But suche is your beautie, and suche are your actes,
Suche is your personage, and suche are your factes,[8]
That all women faire and fowle, more and less,
They[9] eye you, they lubbe[10] you, they talke of you doubtlesse,

[1] *diabolicae staturae*; see *Guy of Warwick*, v. 9945, etc.
[2] *Brutus*, of the British, Welsh or Arthurian story, hence generally a hero [Murray].
[3] 'Alie' = Hali, Haly, Holy? *or* Alye = *affinis* = of the neighbouring country?
[4] Cf. Plaut. *Miles*, 777; Achilles, *ib.* 1054.
[5] *Tertius e caelo cecidit Cato*, Juven. *Sat.* 2, 40.
[6] Cf. Plaut. *Miles*, 65.
[7] Cf. "a prince of highe parage," *Chester Plays*, I, 157.
[8] Cf. Caxton's "faytes of armes" (*Prol. Eneydos*), the *M. L.* "facta guerrae, armorum."
[9] E., 'They' (not 'That,' as A. reads).
[10] love; cf. III. iv, 99. Baby-talk? or the language of the Dutch 'minions'? Hazlitt says: a colloquialism still in use. But the dictionaries are silent.

Your p[l]easant looke maketh them all merie,
Ye passe not by, but they laugh till they be werie,
Yea and money coulde I have[,] the truthe to tell,
Of many, to bryng you that way where they dwell.
R. Royster. Merygreeke for this thy reporting well of mee:
M. Mery. What shoulde I else sir, it is my duetie pardee:
R. Royster. I promise thou shalt not lacke, while I have a grote.
M. Mery. Faith sir, and I nere had more nede of a newe cote.
R. Royster. Thou shalte have one to morowe, and golde for to spende.
M. Mery. Then I trust to bring the day to a good ende.
For as for mine owne parte having money inowe,
I could lyve onely with the remembrance of you.
But nowe to your Widowe whome you love so hotte.
R. Royster. By cocke thou sayest truthe, I had almost forgotte.
M. Mery. What if Christian Custance will not have you what?
R. Roister. Have me? yes I warrant you,[1] never doubt of that,
I knowe she loveth me, but she dare not speake. B ii
M. Mery. In deede meete it were some body should it breake.
R. Roister. She looked on me twentie tymes yesternight,
And laughed so.
M. Mery. That she coulde not sitte upright,
R. Roister. No faith coulde she not.
M. Mery. No even such a thing I cast.[2]
R. Roister. But for wowyng thou knowest women are shamefast.
But and she knewe my minde, I knowe she would be glad,
And thinke it the best chaunce that ever she had.
M. Mery. Too[3] hir then like a man, and be bolde forth to starte,
Wowers never speede well, that have a false harte.
R. Roister. What may I best doe?
M. Mery. Sir remaine ye a while [here[4]]?
Ere long one or other of hir house will appere.
Ye knowe my minde.

[1] R. uses 'you'; cf. I. ii, 8.
[2] Cf. Palsgrave, 477, "Je revolve."
[3] Cf. I. iv, iii, etc., C. & H. 'To.'
[4] Not in E.; added by C. In E., the comma is after 'while.'

R. Royster. Yea now hardly[1] lette me alone.
M. Mery. In the meane time sir, if you please, I wyll home,
And call your Musitians,[2] for in this your case
It would sette you forth, and all your wowyng grace,
Ye may not lacke your instrumentes to play and sing.
R. Royster. Thou knowest I can doe that.
M. Mery. As well as any thing.
Shall I go call your folkes, that ye may shewe a cast?[3]
R. Royster. Yea runne I beseeche thee in all possible haste.
M. Mery. I goe. *Exeat.*
R. Royster. Yea for I love singyng out of measure,
It comforteth my spirites and doth me great pleasure.
But who commeth forth yond from my swete hearte Custance?
My matter frameth well, thys is a luckie chaunce.

Actus. i. Scæna iii.

MAGE MUMBLE CRUST,[4] *spinning on the distaffe.* TIBET TALK APACE, *sowyng.* ANNOT ALYFACE, *knittyng.* R. ROISTER.

M. Mumbl. If thys distaffe were spoonne[,] Margerie Mumblecrust [—]
Tib. Talk.[5] Where good stale ale is will drinke no water I trust.
M. Mumbl. Dame Custance hath promised us good ale and white bread.[6]
Tib. Talk. If she kepe not promise, I will beshrewe hir head: B ii *b*
But it will be starke nyght before I shall have done.
R. Royster [*aside*]. I will stande here a while, and talke with them anon,

[1] Cf. I. ii, 44; IV. vi, 7.
[2] Cf. Reinhardstoettner, *Plautus*, etc., 671: *Capitano Spavento viene con li musici per far una mattinata a Isabella.*
[3] specimen.
[4] On Mumblecrust, etc., see Appendix *D.*
[5] Interrupting Mage.
[6] Better fare than usual. See Harrison's *Description of Engl.* in Holinshed's *Chron.* 1, 168 (ed. 1587).

I heare them speake of Custance, which doth my heart good,
To heare hir name spoken doth even comfort my blood.

M. Mumbl. Sit downe to your worke Tibet like a good girle.

Tib. Talk. Nourse medle you with your spyndle and your whirle,
No haste but good, Madge Mumblecrust, for whip and whurre [1]
The olde proverbe doth say, never made good furre.

M. Mumbl. Well, ye wyll sitte downe to your worke anon, I trust.

Tib. Talk. Soft fire maketh sweete malte,[2] good Madge Mumblecrust.

M. Mumbl. And sweete malte maketh joly good ale for the nones.

Tib. Talk. Whiche will slide downe the lane without any bones.
Cantet.[3]

Olde browne bread crustes must have much good mumblyng,
But good ale downe your throte hath good easie tumbling.

R. Royster [*aside*]. The jolyest wench that ere I hearde, little mouse, —
May I not rejoice that she shall dwell in my house?

Tib. Talk. So sirrha, nowe this geare beginneth for to frame.

M. Mumbl. Thanks to God, though your work stand stil, your tong is not lame

Tib. Talk. And though your teeth be gone, both so sharpe and so fine
Yet your tongue can renne on patins[4] as well as mine.

M. Mumbl. Ye were not for nought named Tyb Talke apace.

Tib. Talk. Doth my talke grieve you? Alack, God save your grace.

M. Mumbl. I holde[5] a grote ye will drinke anon for this geare.

Tib. Talk. And I wyll pray you the stripes for me to beare.

[1] Note the fondness for proverbs, a trait taken from life and often to be found in later plays. — Sherwood: To whurre, whurle (or yarre) as a dog, *Gronder comme un chien*. Cooper: scolding. It is perhaps = whirr, whirret (slashing, slash)?

[2] Cf. III. iii, 102; Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1, ch. 2 (p. 6); Camden's *Proverbs*, 276, 277, etc.

[3] Apparently vv. 17, 18.

[4] Heywood's *Proverbs*, 2, ch. 7. Patten: a wooden shoe that made a great clattering.

[5] Wager; cf. *G. G. N.*, I. iii, 20; I. iv, 47.

M. Mumbl. I holde a penny, ye will drink without a cup.
Tib. Talk. Wherein so ere ye drinke, I wote ye drinke all up.
An. Alyface.[1] By Cock and well sowed, my good Tibet Talke apace.
Tib. Talk. And een as well knitte my nowne Annot Alyface.
R. Royster [*aside*]. See what a sort she kepeth that must be my wife[!]
Shall not I when I have hir, leade a merrie life?
Tib. Talk. Welcome my good wenche, and sitte here by me just.
An. Alyface. And howe doth our old beldame here, Mage Mumblecrust?
Tib. Talk. Chyde, and finde faultes, and threaten to complaine.
An. Alyface. To make us poore girles shent to hir is small gaine. B iii
M. Mumbl. I dyd neyther chyde, nor complaine, nor threaten.
R. Royster [*aside*]. It woulde grieve my heart to see one of them beaten.
M. Mumbl. I dyd nothyng but byd hir worke and holde hir peace.
Tib. Talk. So would I, if you coulde your clattering ceasse:
But the devill can not make olde trotte[2] holde hir tong.
An. Alyface. Let all these matters passe, and we three sing a song,
So shall we pleasantly bothe the tyme beguile now,
And eke dispatche all our workes ere we can tell how.
Tib. Talk. I shrew them that say nay, and that shall not be I.
M. Mumbl. And I am well content.
Tib. Talk. Sing on then by and by.
R. Royster [*aside*]. And I will not away, but listen to their song,
Yet Merygreeke and my folkes tary very long.

TIB, AN, *and* MARGERIE, *doe singe here.*

Pipe mery Annot.[3] etc.
Trilla, Trilla. Trillarie.
Worke Tibet, worke Annot, worke Margerie.
Sewe Tibet, knitte Annot, spinne Margerie.
Let us see who shall winne the victorie.

[1] entering.
[2] Sherwood: *Une vieille charougne.* A tough toothlesse trot, etc.
[3] The same song is alluded to in *A pore Helpe* (Hazlitt's *Early Pop. Poetry*, 3, 253).

Tib. Talk. This sleve is not willyng to be sewed I trowe,
A small thing might make me all in the grounde to throwe.

Then they sing agayne.

Pipe merrie Annot. etc.
Trilla. Trilla. Trillarie.
What Tibet, what Annot, what Margerie.
Ye sleepe, but we doe not, that shall we trie.
Your fingers be nombde, our worke will not lie.

Tib. Talk. If ye doe so againe, well I would advise you nay.
In good sooth one stoppe[1] more, and I make holy day.

They singe the thirde tyme.

Pipe Mery Annot. etc.
Trilla. Trilla. Trillarie.
Nowe Tibbet, now Annot, nowe Margerie. B iii *b*
Nowe whippet[2] apace for the maystrie,
But it will not be, our mouth is so drie.

Tib. Talk. Ah, eche finger is a thombe to day me thinke,
I care not to let all alone, choose it swimme or sinke.

They sing the fourth tyme.

Pipe Mery Annot. etc.
Trilla. Trilla. Trillarie.
When Tibet, when Annot, when Margerie.
I will not, I can not, no more can I.
Then give we all over, and there let it lye.

Lette hir caste downe hir worke.

Tib. Talk. There it lieth, the worste is but a curried cote [!][3]
Tut I am used therto, I care not a grote.

[1] stitch.

[2] Cf. *whippit* (in Halliwell): to jump about, etc. In *A Treatyse shewing . . . the Pryde and Abuse of Women Now a Dayes* (c. 1550): "With whippet a whyle lyttle pretone, Prancke it, and hagge it well," etc.

[3] E. has comma.

An. Alyface. Have we done singyng since? then will I in againe,
Here I founde you, and here I leave both twaine. *Exeat.*
M. Mumbl. And I will not be long after: Tib Talke apace.
Tib. Talk. What is ye matter?
M. Mumbl. [*looking at R.*]. Yond stode a man al this space
And hath hearde all that ever we spake togyther.
Tib. Talk. Mary the more loute he for his comming hither.
And the lesse good he can to listen maidens talke.
I care not and I go byd him hence for to walke:
It were well done to knowe what he maketh here away.[1]
R. Royster [*aside*]. Nowe myght I speake to them, if I wist what to say.
M. Mumbl. Nay we will go both off, and see what he is.
R. Royster. One that hath hearde all your talke and singyng ywis.
Tib. Talk. The more to blame you, a good thriftie husbande[2]
Woulde elsewhere have had some better matters in hande.
R. Royster. I dyd it for no harme, but for good love I beare,
To your dame mistresse Custance, I did your talke heare.
And Mistresse nource I will kisse you for acquaintance.
M. Mumbl. I come anon sir.
Tib. Talk. Faith I would our dame Custance
Sawe this geare.
M. Mumbl. I must first wipe al cleane, yea I must.
Tib. Talk. Ill chieue[3] it dotyng foole, but it must be cust.

[ROYSTER *kisses* MUMBLECRUST.]

M. Mumbl. God yelde[4] you sir, chad[5] not so much ichotte[5] not whan,
Nere since chwas bore chwine, of such a gay gentleman.
R. Royster. I will kisse you too[,] mayden[,] for the good will I beare you. B iv

[1] Murray's earliest quotation for 'here away,' etc., is from 1564.
[2] Sherwood: *Bon mesnagier.*
[3] bring to an end.
[4] yield it you = reward.
[5] I had; I wot. The dialect (generally southern, but occasionally also northern) used by rustic characters in the earlier plays; *e.g.* in *G. G. N.*, *Trial of Treasure*, *Like will to Like*, etc.

Tib Talk. No forsoth, by your leave ye shall not kisse me.
R. Royster. Yes be not afearde, I doe not disdayne you a whit.
Tib. Talk. Why shoulde I feare you? I have not so little wit,
Ye are but a man I knowe very well.
R. Royster. Why then?
Tib. Talk. Forsooth for I wyll not, I use not to kisse men.
R. Royster. I would faine kisse you too good maiden, if I myght.
Tib. Talk. What shold that neede?
R. Royster. But to honor you by this light.
I use to kisse all them that I love[,] to God I vowe.
Tib. Talk. Yea sir? I pray you when dyd ye last kisse your cowe.[1]
R. Royster. Ye might be proude to kisse me, if ye were wise.
Tib. Talk. What promotion were therein?
R. Royster. Nourse is not so nice.[2]
Tib. Talk. Well I have not bene taught to kissing and licking.
R. Royster. Yet I thanke you mistresse Nourse, ye made no sticking.
M. Mumbl. I will not sticke for a kosse with such a man as you.
Tib. Talk. They that lust: I will againe to my sewyng now.
An. Alyfac[*e, re-entering*]. Tidings hough, tidings, dame Custance greeteth you well.
R. Royster. Whome me?
An. Alyface. You sir? no sir? I do no suche tale tell.
R. Royster. But and she knewe me here.
An. Alyface. Tybet Talke apace,
Your mistresse Custance and mine, must speake with your grace.
Tib. Talk. With me?
An. Alyface. Ye muste come in to hir out of all doutes.
Tib. Talk. And my work not half done? A mischief on all loutes. *Ex*[*eant*] *am*[*bae.*]
R. Royster. Ah good sweet nourse [!]
M. Mumb. A good sweete gentleman [!]

[1] Cf. *G. G. N.* v. 211; Heywood, *Prov.* 2, ch. 7; Camden, *Prov.* 268.
[2] mincing, coy.

R. Royster. What?
M. Mumbl. Nay I can not tel sir, but what thing would you?
R. Royster. Howe dothe sweete Custance, my heart of gold, tell me[,] how?
M. Mumbl. She dothe very well sir, and commaunde me to you.
R. Royster. To me?
M. Mumbl. Yea to you sir.
R. Royster. To me? nurse tel me plain
To me?
M. Mumb. Ye.
R. Royster. That word maketh me alive again.
M. Mumbl. She commaunde me to one last day who ere it was.
R. Royster. That was een to me and none other by the Masse.
M. Mumbl. I can not tell you surely, but one it was.
R. Royster. It was I and none other: this commeth to good passe.
I promise thee nourse I favour hir.
M. Mumb. Een so sir.
R. Royster. Bid hir sue to me for mariage.
M. Mumbl. Een so sir. B iv *b*
R. Royster. And surely for thy sake she shall speede.
M. Mumb. Een so sir.
R. Royster. I shall be contented to take hir.
M. Mumb. Een so sir.
R. Royster. But at thy request and for thy sake.
M. Mumb. Een so sir.
R. Royster. And come hearke in thine eare what to say.
M. Mumb. Een so sir.

Here lette him tell hir a great long tale in hir eare.[1]

[1] Cf. the whispering scene in the *Trial of Treasure.*

Actus. i. Scæna. iiii.

MATHEW MERYGREEKE. DOBINET DOUGHTIE. HARPAX [*and Musitians entering*]. RALPH ROYSTER. MARGERIE MUMBLECRUST [*still on the scene, whispering*].

M. Mery. Come on sirs apace, and quite your selves like men,
Your pains shalbe rewarded.
D. Dou. But I wot not when.
M. Mery. Do your maister worship as ye have done in time past.
D. Dough. Speake to them: of mine office he shall have a cast.
M. Mery. *Harpax*,[1] looke that thou doe well too, and thy fellow.
Harpax. I warrant, if he will myne example folowe.
M. Mery. Curtsie whooresons, douke you and crouche at every worde,
D. Dough. Yes whether our maister speake earnest or borde.
M. Mery. For this lieth upon his preferment in deede.
D. Dough. Oft is hee a wower, but never doth he speede.
M. Mery. But with whome is he nowe so sadly roundyng yond?
D. Dough. With *Nobs nicebecetur miserere*[2] fonde.
[*M.*] *Mery* [*approaching R. R.*]. God be at your wedding, be ye spedde alredie?
I did not suppose that your love was so greedie,
I perceive nowe ye have chose[3] of devotion,
And joy have ye ladie of your promotion.
R. Royster. Tushe foole, thou art deceived, this is not she.
M. Mery. Well mocke[4] muche of hir, and keepe hir well I vise[5] ye.
I will take no charge of such a faire piece keeping.
M. Mumbl. What ayleth thys fellowe? he driveth me to weeping.

[1] Cf. the slave of Polymachæroplagides in Plaut. *Pseudolus*.
[2] Hazlitt: intentional nonsense for '*nobis miscebetur* [!] *miserere*.' Liturgical words muttered indistinctly and used here jocosely. Heywood: "betweene you and your Ginifinee *Nycebecetur*" (*Prov.* 1, ch. 11, p. 57 = 'What's her name?' *Nescio quid dicitur?*).
[3] Cf. 'spoke,' V. v, 5; and 'take,' III. iii, 135.
[4] make (Hazlitt). [5] avise, advise.

M. Mery. What weepe on the weddyng day? be merrie woman,
Though I say it, ye have chose a good gentleman.
R. Royster. Kocks nownes[1] what meanest thou man[?] tut a whistle[2][!]
[*M. Mery.*][3] Ah sir, be good to hir, she is but a gristle,[4] C i
Ah sweete lambe and coney. 25
R. Royster. Tut thou art deceived.
M. Mery. Weepe no more lady, ye shall be well received.
Up wyth some mery noyse sirs, to bring home the bride.[5]
R. Royster. Gogs armes knave, art thou madde? I tel thee thou art wide.[6]
M. Mery. Then ye entende by nyght to have hir home brought.
R. Royster. I tel thee no. 30
M. Mery. How then?
R. Royster. Tis neither ment ne thought.
M. Mery. What shall we then doe with hir?
R. Royster. Ah foolish harebraine,
This is not she.
M. Mery. No is?[7] why then unsayde againe,
And what yong girle is this with your mashyp so bolde?
R. Royster. A girle?
M. Mery. Yea. I dare say, scarce yet three score yere old. 34
R. Royster. This same is the faire widowes nourse of whome ye wotte.
M. Mery. Is she but a nourse of a house? hence home olde trotte,
Hence at once.
R. Royster. No, no.
M. Mery. What an please your maship
A nourse talke so homely[8] with one of your worship?

[1] R.'s oaths are generally not so strong; I count in *G. G. N.* 48 oaths beginning with, By Gog's, Cocks, etc.

[2] For the rhyme's sake; cf. Wilson's *Rhetorique*, 202: *Reticencia*, A whisht or warning to speake no more.

[3] These lines are assigned to R. in E.

[4] Cf. Sherwood: *Grison*, gray with age, . . . grizle.

[5] This part of the scene is the reverse of Plaut. *Miles*, v. 1000 *seq.*, where Pal. has difficulties in keeping Pyrg. from falling in love with the servant.

[6] Cf. *G. G. N.* p. 252.

[7] 'Is it not she?' cf. v. 88; II. iv, 14. Elliptical construction, cf. Heywood, *Johan*, ll. 26 and 624.

[8] friendly (Cotgr.).

R. Royster. I will have it so: it is my pleasure and will.
M. Mery. Then I am content. Nourse come againe, tarry still.
R. Royster. What, she will helpe forward this my sute for hir part.
M. Mery. Then ist mine owne pygs nie,[1] and blessing on my hart.
R. Royster. This is our best friend[,] man[!]
M. Mery. Then teach hir what to say[!]
M. Mumbl. I am taught alreadie.
M. Mery. Then go, make no delay.
R. Royster. Yet hark one word in thine eare.
M. Mery [*Dobinet, etc., press on Royster, who pushes them back*]. Back sirs from his taile.
R. Royster. Backe vilaynes, will ye be privie of my counsaile?
M. Mery. Backe sirs, so: I tolde you afore ye woulde be shent.
R. Royster. She shall have the first day a whole pecke of argent.
M. Mumbl. A pecke? *Nomine patris* [*crossing herself*], have ye so much spare?[2]
R. Royster. Yea and a carte lode therto, or else were it bare,
Besides other movables, housholde stuffe and lande.
M. Mumbl. Have ye lands too.
R. Royster. An hundred marks.
M. Mery. Yea a thousand
M. Mumbl. And have ye cattell too? and sheepe too?
R. Royster. Yea a fewe.
M. Mery. He is ashamed the numbre of them to shewe.
Een rounde about him, as many thousande sheepe goes,
As he and thou and I too, have fingers and toes.
M. Mumbl. And how many yeares olde be you?
R. Royster. Fortie at lest.
M. Mery. Yea and thrice fortie to them. C i *b*
R. Royster. Nay now thou dost jest.
I am not so olde, thou misreckonest my yeares.
M. Mery. I know that: but my minde was on bullockes and steeres.
M. Mumbl. And what shall I shewe hir your masterships name is?
R. Royster. Nay she shall make sute ere she know that ywis.
M. Mumbl. Yet let me somewhat knowe.

[1] Cf. Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, 3268, Skelton, etc. [2] C., 'to' spare.

M. Mery. This is hee[,] understand,
That killed the blewe Spider[1] in Blanchepouder[2] lande.
M. Mumbl. Yea *Jesus*[!] William[!] zee law[!] dyd he zo[?] law[!]
M. Mery. Yea and the last Elephant[3] that ever he sawe,
As the beast passed by, he start out of a buske,[4]
And een with pure strength of armes pluckt out his great tuske.
M. Mumbl. *Jesus*, *nomine patris* [*crossing herself*], what a thing was that?
R. Roister. Yea but Merygreke one thing thou hast forgot.
M. Mery. What?
R. Royster. Of thother Elephant.
M. Mery. Oh hym that fledde away.
R. Royster. Yea.
M. Mery. Yea he knew that his match was in place that day
Tut, he bet the king of Crickets[5] on Christmasse day,
That he crept in a hole, and not a worde to say.
M. Mumbl. A sore man by zembletee.[6]
M. Mery. Why, he wrong a club
Once in a fray out of the hande of Belzebub.
R. Royster. And how when Mumfision?
M. Mery. Oh your coustrelyng[7]
Bore the lanterne a fielde so before the gozelyng.
Nay that is to long a matter now to be tolde:
Never aske his name Nurse, I warrant thee, be bolde,
He conquered in one day from *Rome*, to *Naples*,
And woonne Townes[,] nourse[,] as fast as thou canst make Apples.

[1] Cf. the first scene in Plaut. *Miles.* Instead of the blue spider, etc., Thersites kills Cotswold Lions, fights against a snail, as Horribilicribrifax against a cat, and Sir Thopas (in *Endymion*) against the 'monster' Ovis.

[2] *Pouldre blanche*: a powder compounded of Ginger, Cinnamon, and Nutmegs (Cotgrave). Cf. *Blaunche laund* in the *Story of Fulk Fitz Warine*; the Lady of Blanchland in the poem on *Carle off Carlile* in Percy's *Folio Ms.* 3, 279, etc.

[3] Cf. Plaut. *Miles*, I. i, 26.

[4] Northern dialect for 'bush.'

[5] In the series of the 'blue spider' and the 'gozeling.' Cf. "the King of Cockneys on *Childermas-day*," Brand's *Pop. Ant.* 1, 536, etc.

[6] by the holy blood? (Hazlitt: *quasi* semblety, semblance.)

[7] Cf. *Custrel* in *Phil. Soc. Dict.*, *Coustillier* in Cotgr.

M. Mumbl. O Lorde, my heart quaketh for feare: he is to sore.
R. Royster. Thou makest hir to much afearde, Merygreeke no more.
This tale woulde feare my sweete heart Custance right evill.
M. Mery. Nay let hir take him Nurse, and feare not the devill.
But thus is our song dasht. [*To the musicians*] Sirs ye may
home againe.
R. Royster. No shall they not. I charge you all here to remaine:
The villaine slaves[!] a whole day ere they can be founde.
M. Mery. Couche on your marybones whooresons, down to the
ground[!][1]
Was it meete he should tarie so long in one place
Without harmonie of Musike, or some solace? C ii
Who so hath suche bees as your maister in hys head,
Had neede to have his spirites with Musike to be fed.
By your maisterships licence [*picking something from his coat*].
R. Royster. What is that? a moate?
M. Mery. No it was a fooles feather[2] had light on your coate.
R. Roister. I was nigh no feathers since I came from my bed.
M. Mery. No sir, it was a haire that was fall from your hed.
R. Roister. My men com when it plese them.
M. Mery. By your leve.
R. Roister. What is that?
M. Mery. Your gown was foule spotted with the foot of a gnat.
R. Roister. Their maister to offende they are nothing afearde.
What now?
M. Mery. A lousy haire from your masterships beard.
Omnes famul[*i*].[3] And sir for Nurses sake pardon this one
offence.
We shall not after this shew the like negligence.
R. Royster. I pardon you this once, and come sing nere the wurse.
M. Mery. How like you the goodnesse of this gentleman[,] nurse?

[1] Here follows a farcical scene, doubtlessly inserted for the applause of the galleries. The musicians are supposed to kneel in mock reverence (v. 90), while M. indulges in practical jokes upon R.

[2] A picture of such a 'fool's feather,' added to the 'comb' in Douce's *Illustrations*, II. Plate 4, 1 (cf. *ib.* p. 322).

[3] E., *famulae*, but the maids are not on the stage; v. 107 (his men) shows that the musicians are meant.

M. Mumbl. God save his maistership that so can his men forgeve,
And I wyll heare them sing ere I go, by his leave.
R. Royster. Mary and thou shalt wenche, come we two will daunce.
M. Mumbl. Nay I will by myne owne selfe foote the song perchaunce.
R. Royster. Go to it sirs lustily.
M. Mumbl. Pipe up a mery note,
Let me heare it playde, I will foote it for a grote.

Cantent.[1]

R. Royster. Now nurse take thys same letter here to thy mistresse.
And as my trust is in thee plie my businesse.
M. Mumbl. It shalbe done[!][2]
M. Mery. Who made it?
R. Royster. I wrote it ech whit.
M. Mery. Then nedes it no mending.
R. Royster. No, no.
M. Mery. No I know your wit.
I warrant it wel.
M. Mumb. It shal be delivered.
But if ye speede, shall I be considered?
M. Mery. Whough, dost thou doubt of that?
Madge. What shal I have?
M. Mery. An hundred times more than thou canst devise to crave
M. Mumbl. Shall I have some newe geare? for my olde is all spent.
M. Mery. The worst kitchen wench shall goe in ladies rayment.
M. Mumbl. Yea?
M. Mery. And the worst drudge in the house shal go better
Than your mistresse doth now.
Mar. Then I trudge with your letter. [*Exit.*]
R. Royster. Now may I repose me: Custance is mine owne. C ii *b*
Let us sing and play homeward that it may be knowne.
M. Mery. But are you sure, that your letter is well enough?
R. Royster. I wrote it my selfe.
M. Mery. Then sing we to dinner.

Here they sing, and go out singing.

[1] *Cantent* refers apparently to the *Seconde Song* at the end of the play. [2] E. has '?'.

Actus. i. Scæna. v.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE. MARGERIE MUMBLECRUST.

C. Custance. Who tooke[1] thee thys letter Margerie Mumblecrust?
M. Mumbl. A lustie gay bacheler tooke it me of trust,
And if ye seeke to him he will lowe[2] your doing.
C. Custance. Yea, but where learned he that manner of wowing?
M. Mumbl. If to sue to hym, you will any paines take,
He will have you to his wife (he sayth) for my sake.
C. Custance. Some wise gentlemen belike. I am bespoken[3]:
And I thought verily thys had bene some token
From my dere spouse[4] Gawin Goodluck, whom when him please
God luckily sende home to both our heartes ease.
M. Mumbl. A joyly[5] man it is I wote well by report,
And would have you to him for marriage resort:
Best open the writing, and see what it doth speake.
C. Custance. At thys time nourse I will neither reade ne breake.
M. Mumbl. He promised to give you a whole pecke of golde.
C. Custance. Perchaunce lacke of a pynte when it shall be all tolde.
M. Mumbl. I would take a gay riche husbande, and I were you.
C. Custance. In good sooth Madge, een so would I, if I were thou.[6]
But no more of this fond talke now, let us go in,
And see thou no more move me folly to begin.
Nor bring mee no mo letters for no mans pleasure,
But thou know from whom.
M. Mumbl. I warrant ye shall be sure.

[1] gave. Cf. *The Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode:* "Take him a gray courser," etc.
[2] Cf. 'allowe,' V. i, 12; 'chieve,' 'gree,' etc. (C. changes: 'loue').
[3] promised.
[4] affianced; cf. IV. i, 17; IV iii, 41; V. ii, 6.
[5] C., 'ioly'; cf. ioily, II. iii, 53.
[6] Custance's quick answer need not be carried back to Parmenio (as by Cooper).

Actus. ii. Scæna i.[1] C [iii]

DOBINET DOUGHTIE.

D. Dough. Where is the house I goe to, before or behinde?
I know not where nor when nor how I shal it finde.
If I had ten mens bodies and legs and strength,
This trotting that I have must needs lame me at length.
And nowe that my maister is new set on wowyng,
I trust there shall none of us finde lacke of doyng:
Two paire of shoes a day will nowe be too litle
To serve me, I must trotte to and fro so mickle.
Go beare me thys token, carrie me this letter,
Nowe this is the best way, nowe that way is better.
Up before day sirs, I charge you, an houre or twaine,
Trudge, do me thys message, and bring worde quicke againe,
If one misse but a minute, then [H]is armes and woundes[2]
I woulde not have slacked for ten thousand poundes.
Nay see I beseeche you, if my most trustie page,
Goe not nowe aboute to hinder my mariage,
So fervent hotte wowyng, and so farre from wiving,
I trowe never was any creature livyng,
With every woman is he in some loves pang,
Then up to our lute at midnight, twangledome twang,[3]
Then twang with our sonets, and twang with our dumps,[4]
And heyhough from our heart, as heavie as lead lumpes:
Then to our recorder[5] with toodleloodle poope
As the howlet out of an yvie bushe should hoope.
Anon to our gitterne, thrumpledum, thrumpledum thrum,
Thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrumpledum, thrumpledum thrum.

[1] II. i. A night has passed between the first and the second acts [note the 'last day' in v. 46]. The following monologue is distinctly in the spirit of the Roman comedy. The signature at the bottom of this page in the E. copy is C v.

[2] E., 'his,' and no dashes, but a comma after 'woundes.'

[3] *Twangillos* in Halliwell, *Twango* in Flügel's *Dict.*

[4] An onomatopoetic melody, song; cf. *Romeo*, IV. v, 108, 129.

[5] flute.

Of Songs and Balades also is he a maker,
And that can he as finely doe as Iacke Raker,[1] C iii *b*
Yea and *extempore* will he dities compose,
Foolishe *Marsias* nere made the like I suppose,
Yet must we sing them, as good stuffe I undertake,
As for such a pen man is well fittyng to make.
Ah for these long nights, heyhow, when will it be day?
I feare ere I come she will be wowed away.
Then when aunswere is made that it may not bee,
O death why commest thou not? by and by[3] (sayth he)[;]
But then, from his heart to put away sorowe,
He is as farre in with some newe love next morowe.
But in the meane season we trudge and we trot,
From dayspring to midnyght, I sit not, nor rest not.
And now am I sent to dame Christian Custance:
But I feare it will ende with a mocke for pastance.[2]
I bring hir a ring, with a token in a cloute,
And by all gesse, this same is hir house out of doute.
I knowe it nowe perfect, I am in my right way.
And loe yond the olde nourse that was wyth us last day.

Actus ii. Scæna ii.

MAGE MUMBLECRUST. DOBINET DOUGHTIE.

M. Mumbl. I was nere so shoke[4] up afore since I was borne,
That our mistresse coulde not have chid[4] I wold have sworne:
And I pray God I die if I ment any harme,
But for my life time this shall be to me a charme.
D. Dough. God you save and see nurse, and howe is it with you? 5
M. Mumbl. Mary a great deale the worse it is for suche as thou.

[1] Cf. Skelton against Garnesche: "Ye wolde be callyd a maker And make mocke lyke Jake Raker" (Dyce: "an imaginary person whose name had become proverbial" for bad verses).

[2] Note 'pastance,' indicating the original pronunciation in the rhyme, III. iii, 151; V. ii, 23; where the word is not required for the rhyme we find 'pastime,' V. v, 20, etc. So in Henry VIII's famous song, *Pastime with good companye*, we have the word rhyming with 'daliance,' 'daunce.'

[3] From time to time. *Prompt. Parv. Gen. Ed.*

[4] 'shoke' in Shakespeare; 'chid' cf. II. iii, 4.

D. Dough. For me? Why so?
M. Mumb. Why wer not thou one of them, say,
That song and playde here with the gentleman last day?
D. Dough. Yes, and he would know if you have for him spoken.
And prayes you to deliver this ring and token.
M. Mumbl. Nowe by the token that God tokened[,] brother,
I will deliver no token one nor other.
I have once ben so shent for your maisters pleasure, C iv
As I will not be agayne for all hys treasure.
D. Dough. He will thank you woman.
M. Mumbl. I will none of his thanke. *Ex.*
D. Dough. I weene I am a prophete, this geare will prove blanke:[1]
But what should I home againe without answere go?
It were better go to *Rome*[2] on my head than so.
I will tary here this moneth, but some of the house
Shall take it of me, and then I care not a louse.
But yonder commeth forth a wenche or a ladde,
If he have not one Lumbardes touche,[3] my lucke is bad.

Actus. ii. Scæna. iii.

TRUEPENIE. D. DOUGH. TIBET-T. ANOT AL.

Trupeny. I am cleane lost for lacke of mery companie,
We gree not halfe well within, our wenches and I,
They will commaunde like mistresses, they will forbyd,
If they be not served, Trupeny must be chyd.
Let them be as mery nowe as ye can desire,
With turnyng of a hande, our mirth lieth in the mire,
I can not skill of such chaungeable mettle,
There is nothing with them but in docke out nettle.[4]

[1] unsuccessful.
[2] Cf. *Hickscorner* (Dodsley, 1, 168): "If any of us three be mayor of London I wis I will ride to Rome on my thumb."
[3] touchstone (Cotgr.). The Lombards famous as bankers; ill famed for their "subtyl crafft . . . to deceyue a gentyl man" (Boorde's *Introd.*, p. 186).
[4] Cf. Chaucer, *Troil.* 4, 461; Heywood, *Prov.* 2, ch. 1. Reference to the cure of nettle-stings by dock-leaves.

D. Dough. Whether is it better that I speake to him furst,
Or he first to me, it is good to cast the wurst.
If I beginne first, he will smell all my purpose,
Otherwise I shall not neede any thing to disclose.
Trupeny. What boy have we yonder? I will see what he is.
D. Dough. He commeth to me. It is hereabout ywis.
Trupeny. Wouldest thou ought friende, that thou lookest so about?
D. Dough. Yea, but whether ye can helpe me or no, I dout.
I seeke to one mistresse Custance house here dwellyng.
Trupenie. It is my mistresse ye seeke too by your telling.
D. Dough. Is there any of that name heere but shee?
Trupenie. Not one in all the whole towne that I knowe pardee. C iv *b*
D. Dough. A Widowe she is I trow.
Trupenie. And what and she be?
D. Dough. But ensured to an husbande.
Trupenie. Yea, so thinke we.
D. Dough. And I dwell with hir husbande that trusteth to be.
Trupenie. In faith then must thou needes be welcome to me,
Let us for acquaintance shake handes togither,
And what ere thou be, heartily welcome hither.
Tib. Talk. Well Trupenie never but flinging.[1] [entering with AN.]
An. Alyface. And frisking?
Trupenie. Well Tibet and Annot, still swingyng and whiskyng?
Tib. Talk. But ye roile abroade.
An. Alyface. In the streete evere where.
Trupenie. Where are ye twaine, in chambers when ye mete me there?
But come hither fooles, I have one nowe by the hande,
Servant to hym that must be our mistresse husbande,
Byd him welcome.
An. Alyface. To me truly is he welcome.
Tib. Talk. Forsooth and as I may say, heartily welcome.
D. Dough. I thank you mistresse maides
An. Alyface. I hope we shal better know
Tib. Talk. And when wil our new master come.

[1] running about.

D. Dough. Shortly I trow.
Tib. Talk. I would it were to morow: for till he resorte
Our mistresse being a Widow hath small comforte,
And I hearde our nourse speake of an husbande to day
Ready for our mistresse, a riche man and a gay,
And we shall go in our frenche hoodes[1] every day,
In our silke cassocks (I warrant you) freshe and gay,
In our tricke[2] ferdegews and billiments of golde,[3]
Brave[4] in our sutes of chaunge seven double folde,
Then shall ye see Tibet sirs, treade the mosse so trimme,
Nay, why sayd I treade? ye shall see hir glide and swimme,
Not lumperdee clumperdee like our spaniell Rig.
Trupeny. Mary then prickmedaintie[5] come toste me a fig.[6]
Who shall then know our Tib Talke apace trow ye?
An. Alyface. And why not Annot Alyface as fyne as she?
Trupeny. And what had Tom Trupeny, a father or none?
An. Alyface. Then our prety newe come man will looke to be one.
Trupeny. We foure I trust shall be a joily mery knot.
Shall we sing a fitte to welcome our friende, Annot? D i
An. Alyface. Perchaunce he can not sing.
D. Dough. I am at all assayes.[7]
Tib. Talk. By cocke and the better welcome to us alwayes.

Here they sing.

A thing very fitte
For them that have witte,
And are felowes knitte
Servants in one house to bee,
Is fast fast for to sitte,
And not oft to flitte,
Nor varie a whitte,
But lovingly to agree.

No man complainyng,
Nor other disdayning,
For losse or for gainyng,
But felowes or friends to bee.
No grudge remainyng,
No worke refrainyng,
Nor helpe restrainyng,
But lovingly to agree.

[1] Cf. Boorde's *Introd.*, 191, etc. [2] neat. Cf. Ascham, *Tox.* 28.
[3] E. and A. read: 'ferdegews'; C. and H.: 'ferdegews.' Is it the same as French: *Verdugalle* (A vardingale, Cotgr.)? *ib.* s.v. *Bavolet:* A billiment or head-attire, etc.
[4] gay (the earliest quot. in Murray is from 1568).
[5] Cf. Jamieson's *Scott. Dict.:* Prickmedainty, one who is finical in dress or carriage.
[6] Is this related to "giving a fig"? [7] ready for every event (*Phil. Soc. Dict.*).

No man for despite,
By worde or by write
His felowe to twite,
But further in honestie,
No good turnes entwite,[1]
Nor olde sores recite,
But let all goe quite,
And lovingly to agree.

After drudgerie,
When they be werie,
Then to be merie,
To laugh and sing they be free
With chip and cherie
Heigh derie derie,
Trill on the berie,[2]
And lovingly to agree.

Finis.

Tib. Talk. Wyll you now in with us unto our mistresse go?
D. Dough. I have first for my maister an errand or two.
But I have here from him a token and a ring,
They shall have moste thanke of hir that first doth it bring.
Tib. Talk. Mary that will I.
Trupeny. See and Tibet snatch not now.
Tib. Talk. And why may not I sir, get thanks as well as you? *Exeat.*
An. Alyface. Yet get ye not all, we will go with you both.
And have part of your thanks be ye never so loth.
[*Exeant omnes.*]
D. Dough. So my handes are ridde of it: I care for no more.
I may now return home: so durst I not afore.. *Exeat.*

Actus. ii. Scæna. iiii. D i *b*

C. CUSTANCE. TIBET. ANNOT ALYFACE. TRUPENY.

C. Custance. Nay come forth all three: and come hither pretie mayde:
Will not so many forewarnings make you afrayde?
Tib. Talk. Yes forsoth.
C. Custance. But stil be a runner up and downe
Still be a bringer of tidings and tokens to towne.
Tib. Talk. No forsoth mistresse.

[1] to make a thing a subject for reproach (*Phil. Soc. Dict.*).
[2] *Four Elem.* (Dodsley, I, 20).

C. Custance. Is all your delite and joy
In whiskyng and ramping[1] abroade like a Tom boy.
Tib. Talk. Forsoth these were there too, Annot and Trupenie.
Trupenie. Yea but ye alone tooke it, ye can not denie.
Annot Aly. Yea that ye did.
Tibet. But if I had not, ye twaine would.
C. Custance. You great calfe ye should have more witte, so ye should:
But why shoulde any of you take such things in hande.
Tibet. Because it came from him that must be your husbande.
C. Custance. How do ye know that?
Tibet. Forsoth the boy did say so.
C. Custance. What was his name?
An. Alyface. We asked not.
C. Custance. No?[2]
An. Aliface. He is not farre gone of likelyhod.
Trupeny. I will see.
C. Custance. If thou canst finde him in the streete bring him to me.
Trupenie. Yes. *Exeat.*
C. Custance. Well ye naughty girles, if ever I perceive
That henceforth you do letters or tokens receive,
To bring unto me from any person or place,
Except ye first shewe me the partie face to face,
Eyther thou or thou, full truly abye[3] thou shalt.
Tibet. Pardon this, and the next tyme pouder me in salt.
C. Custance. I shall make all girles by you twaine to beware.
Tibet. If ever I offende againe do not me spare.
But if ever I see that false boy any more
By your mistreshyps licence I tell you afore
I will rather have my cote twentie times swinged,
Than on the naughtie wag not to be avenged.
C. Custance. Good wenches would not so rampe abrode ydelly,
But keepe within doores, and plie their work earnestly, D ii

[1] Cf. Cotgr. *s.v. Tronon:* f. A great raumpe, or tomboy; *s.v Trotiere:* f. A raumpe . . . raunging damsell, etc.
[2] E., 'No did?' — 'did' spoils the rhyme.
[3] Cf. Palsgrave, 415; I abye, I forthynke or am punished for a thynge, etc.

If one would speake with me that is a man likely,
Ye shall have right good thanke to bring me worde quickly.
But otherwyse with messages to come in post
From henceforth I promise you, shall be to your cost.
Get you in to your work.
Tib. An. Yes forsoth.
C. Custance. Hence both twaine.
And let me see you play me such a part againe.
[*Exeant* TIB. *and* AN.]
Trupeny [*entering*]. Maistresse, I have runne past the farre ende of the streete,
Yet can I not yonder craftie boy see nor meete.
C. Custance. No?
Trupeny. Yet I looked as farre beyonde the people.
As one may see out of the toppe of Paules steeple.
C. Custance. Hence in at doores, and let me no more be vext.
Trupeny. Forgeve me this one fault, and lay on for the next.
C. Custance. Now will I in too, for I thinke so God me mende,
This will prove some foolishe matter in the ende. *Exeat.*

Actus. [i]ii. Scæna. i.

MATHEWE MERYGREEKE.

M. Mery. Nowe say thys againe: he hath somewhat to dooing
Which followeth the trace of one that is wowing,
Specially that hath no more wit in his hedde,
Than my cousin Roister Doister withall is ledde.
I am sent in all haste to espie and to marke
How our letters and tokens are likely to warke.
Maister Roister Doister must have aunswere in haste
For he loveth not to spende much labour in waste.
Nowe as for Christian Custance by this light,
Though she had not hir trouth to Gawin Goodluck plight,

Yet rather than with such a loutishe dolte to marie,
I dare say woulde lyve a poore lyfe solitarie,
But fayne woulde I speake with Custance if I wist how
To laugh at the matter, yond commeth one forth now.

Actus. iii. Scæna. ii. D ii *b*

Tibet. M. Merygreeke. Christian Custance.

Tib. Talk. Ah that I might but once in my life have a sight
Of him that made us all so yll shent by this light,
He should never escape if I had him by the eare,
But even from his head, I would it bite or teare.
Yea and if one of them were not inowe,
I would bite them both off, I make God avow.
M. Mery. What is he, whome this little mouse doth so threaten?
Tib. Talk. I woulde teache him I trow, to make girles shent or beaten.
M. Mery. I will call hir: Maide with whome are ye so hastie?
Tib. Talk. Not with you sir, but with a little wag-pastie,
A deceiver of folkes, by subtill craft and guile.
M. Mery. I knowe where she is: Dobinet hath wrought some wile.
Tib. Talk. He brought a ring and token which he sayd was sent
From our dames husbande, but I wot well I was shent:
For it liked hir as well to tell you no lies,
As water in hir shyppe, or salt cast in hir eies:
And yet whence it came neyther we nor she can tell.
M. Mery. We shall have sport anone: I like this very well.
And dwell ye here with mistresse Custance faire maide?
Tib. Talk. Yea mary doe I sir: what would ye have sayd?
M. Mery. A little message unto hir by worde of mouth.
Tib. Talk. No messages by your leave, nor tokens forsoth.
M. Mery. Then help me to speke with hir.
Tibet. With a good wil that.
Here she commeth forth. Now speake ye know best what.

[CUSTANCE *enters.*]

C. Custance. None other life with you maide, but abrode to skip?
Tib. Talk. Forsoth here is one would speake with your mistresship.[1]
C. Custance. Ah, have ye ben learning of mo messages now?
Tib. Talk. I would not heare his minde, but bad him shewe it to you.
C. Custance. In at dores.
Tib. Talk. I am gon. *Ex.*
M. Mery. Dame Custance god ye save.
C. Custance. Welcome friend Merygreeke: and what thing wold ye have? D iii[2]
M. Mery. I am come to you a little matter to breake.
C. Custance. But see it be honest, else better not to speake.
M. Mery. Howe feele ye your selfe affected here of late?
C. Custance. I feele no maner chaunge but after the olde rate.
But whereby do ye meane?
M. Mery. Concerning mariage.
Doth not love lade you?
C. Custance. I feele no such cariage.[3]
M. Mery. Doe ye feele no pangues of dotage? aunswere me right.
C. Custance. I dote so, that I make but one sleepe all the night
But what neede all these wordes?
M. Mery. Oh Jesus, will ye see
What dissemblyng creatures these same women be?
The gentleman ye wote of, whome ye doe so love,
That ye woulde fayne marrie him, yf ye durst it move,
Emong other riche widowes, which are of him glad,
Lest ye for lesing of him perchaunce might runne mad,
Is nowe contented that upon your sute making,
Ye be as one in election of taking.
C. Custance. What a tale is this? that I wote of? whome I love?
M. Mery. Yea and he is as loving a worme againe as a dove.
Een of very pitie he is willyng you to take,
Bicause ye shall not destroy your selfe for his sake.
C. Custance. Mary God yelde his mashyp what ever he be,
It is gentmanly spoken.

[1] Cf. II. iv, 26. [2] Wrong signature in E., D. v. [3] ·urden.

M. Mery. Is it not trowe ye?
If ye have the grace now to offer your self, ye speede.
C. Custance. As muche as though I did, this time it shall not neede,
But what gentman is it, I pray you tell me plaine,
That woweth so finely?
M. Mery. Lo where ye be againe,
As though ye knewe him not.
C. Custance. Tush ye speake in jest.
M. Mery. Nay sure, the partie is in good knacking[1] earnest,
And have you he will (he sayth) and have you he must.
C. Custance. I am promised duryng my life, that is just.
M. Mery. Mary so thinketh he, unto him alone.
C. Custance. No creature hath my faith and trouth but one,
That is Gawin Goodlucke: and if it be not hee,
He hath no title this way what ever he be, D iii *b*
Nor I know none to whome I have such worde spoken.
M. Mery. Ye knowe him not[,] you[,] by his letter and token[!]
C. Custance. In dede true it is, that a letter I have,
But I never reade it yet as God me save.
M. Mery. Ye a woman? and your letter so long unredde.
C. Custance. Ye may therby know what hast I have to wedde.
But now who it is, for my hande I knowe by gesse.
M. Mery. Ah well I say.
C. Custance. It is Roister Doister doubtlesse.
M. Mery. Will ye never leave this dissimulation?
Ye know hym not.
C. Custance. But by imagination,
For no man there is but a very dolt and loute
That to wowe a Widowe woulde so go about.
He shall never have me hys wife while he doe live.
M. Mery. Then will he have you if he may, so mote I thrive,
And he biddeth you sende him worde by me,
That ye humbly beseech him, ye may his wife be,
And that there shall be no let in you nor mistrust,
But to be wedded on sunday next if he lust,
And biddeth you to looke for him.

[1] Cf. *Appius and Virg.* (Dodsley, 4, 121): "it's time to be knacking," etc.

C. Custance. Doth he byd so?
M. Mery. When he commeth, aske hym whether he did or no?
C. Custance. Goe say, that I bid him keepe him warme at home
For if he come abroade, he shall cough me a mome.[1]
My mynde was vexed, I shrew his head sottish dolt.
M. Mery. He hath in his head [——][2]
C. Custance. As much braine as a burbolt.[3]
M. Mery. Well dame Custance, if he heare you thus play choploge.[4]
C. Custance. What will he?
M. Mery. Play the devill in the horologe.[5]
C. Custance. I defye him loute.
M. Mery. Shall I tell hym what ye say?
C. Custance. Yea and adde what so ever thou canst, I thee pray,
And I will avouche it what so ever it bee.
M. Mery. Then let me alone we will laugh well ye shall see,
It will not be long ere he will hither resorte.
C. Custance. Let hym come when hym lust, I wishe no better sport.
Fare ye well, I will in, and read my great letter.
I shall to my wower make answere the better. *Exeat.* D iv

Actus. iii. Scæna. iii.

MATHEW MERYGREEKE. ROISTER DOISTER.

M. Mery. Nowe that the whole answere in my devise doth rest,
I shall paint out our wower in colours of the best.
And all that I say shall be on Custances mouth,
She is author of all that I shall speake forsoth.

[1] he will show what a fool he is; cf. Skelton, 2, 254: "thou wylte coughe me a dawe" (a fole, etc.).
[2] E. has a period.
[3] Cf. Palsgr.: Byrde bolt matteras; Cotgrave, s.v. 'Matteras' . . . a quarrell [arrow] without feathers, . . . a light-brain'd . . . fellow.
[4] See Udall's *Apophthegms* (1542, *apud* Murray): "chop-loguers or great pratlers." The word originated in Protestant derision of the 'tropological' and 'anagogical' senses of the scholastics; cf. *Tindale on the four senses of Scripture* (*Obedience of a Christian Man*, 304, 307, 308): "we must seek out some chopological sense."
[5] Cf. Heywood, *Prov.* 2, ch. 4 (109); 300 *Epigrams*, p. 149, etc.

But yond commeth Roister Doister nowe in a traunce.
R. Royster. *Juno* sende me this day good lucke and good chaunce.
I can not but come see how Merygreeke doth speede.
M. Mery [*aside*]. I will not see him, but give him a jutte in deede.[1]
I crie your mastershyp mercie[!] [*running hard into him*]
R. Royster. And whither now?
M. Mery. As fast as I could runne sir in post against you.
But why speake ye so faintly, or why are ye so sad?
R. Royster. Thou knowest the proverbe, bycause I can not be had.
Hast thou spoken with this woman?
M. Mery. Yea that I have.
R. Royster. And what will this geare be?
M. Mery. No so God me save.
R. Royster. Hast thou a flat answer?
M. Mery. Nay a sharp answer.
R. Royster. What
M. Mery. Ye shall not (she sayth) by hir will marry hir cat.
Ye are such a calfe, such an asse, such a blocke,
Such a lilburne,[2] such a hoball,[3] such a lobcocke,[4]
And bicause ye shoulde come to hir at no season,
She despised your maship out of all reason.
Bawawe[5] what ye say (ko I) of such a jentman,
Nay I feare him not (ko she) doe the best he can.
He vaunteth him selfe for a man of prowesse greate,
Where as a good gander I dare say may him beate.
And where he is louted[6] and laughed to skorne,
For the veriest dolte that ever was borne,
And veriest lubber, sloven and beast,
Living in this worlde from the west to the east: D iv *b*
Yet of himselfe hath he suche opinion,
That in all the worlde is not the like minion.[7]

[1] To hit, or run against (Baret, 1580, cf. Hall).
[2] heavy, stupid fellow (Halliwell).
[3] Cf. Sherwood: a Hob (or clowne).
[4] lubber.
[5] Cf. Baw! as an exclamation of contempt, repudiation, in *Pierce Plowm.*, C. 13, 74, 22, 398 ("still used in Lancashire as an interjection of contempt and abhorrence," Whitaker, 1813, cf. Skeat).
[6] humiliated; Shak., *1 Hen. VI.* (IV. iii, 13).
[7] not only the lover, sweetheart, etc., but also the flatterer, favorite (of a prince), despicable creature (cf. Cotgr.).

He thinketh eche woman to be brought in dotage
With the onely sight of his goodly personage:
Yet none that will have hym: we do hym loute and flocke,[1]
And make him among us, our common sporting stocke,
And so would I now (ko she) save onely bicause,
Better nay (ko I) I lust not medle with dawes.
Ye are happy (ko I) that ye are a woman,
This would cost you your life in case ye were a man.

R. Royster. Yea an hundred thousand pound should not save hir life.

M. Mery. No but that ye wowe hir to have hir to your wife,
But I coulde not stoppe hir mouth.

R. Royster. Heigh how alas,

M. Mery. Be of good cheere man, and let the worlde passe.[2]

R. Royster. What shall I doe or say nowe that it will not bee.

M. Mery. Ye shall have choice of a thousande as good as shee,
And ye must pardon hir, it is for lacke of witte.

R. Royster. Yea, for were not I an husbande for hir fitte?
Well what should I now doe?

M. Mery. In faith I can not tell.

R. Royster. I will go home and die.

M. Mery. Then shall I bidde toll the bell?

R. Royster. No.

M. Mery. God have mercie on your soule, ah good gentleman,
That er ye shuld th[u]s dye for an unkinde woman,
Will ye drinke once ere ye goe.

R. Royster. No, no, I will none.

M. Mery. How feele[3] your soule to God.

R. Royster. I am nigh gone.

M. Mery. And shall we hence streight?

R. Royster. Yea.

M. Mery. *Placebo dilexi.*

[1] a Latinism (*floccifacere*); used also in Udall's *Paraphr. to Luke* (1545; see *Phil. Soc. Dict.*).

[2] Cf. *Towneley Myst.*, 101, and *Trial of Treasure*; 'wynde,' *Four Elem.*; "let the world 'slide,'" *Wit and Science.*

[3] A translation from the Latin *Ordo ad visitandum infirmum* (*interroget eum episcopus, quomodo credat in deum*, Maskell, *Mon. Rit.*, 1, 89).

Maister [R]oister Doister will streight go home and die. *ut infra.*[1]

R. Royster. Heigh how, alas, the pangs of death my hearte do breake.

M. Mery. Holde your peace for shame sir, a dead man may not speake.

Nequando: What mourners and what torches shall we have?

R. Royster. None.

M. Mery. Dirige. He will go darklyng to his grave,
Neque, lux, neque crux, neque mourners, *neque* clinke,
He will steale to heaven, unknowing to God I thinke.
A porta inferi, who shall your goodes possesse?

R. Royster. Thou shalt be my sectour,[2] and have all more and lesse. E i

M. Mery. Requiem æternam. Now God reward your mastershyp.
And I will crie halfepenie doale for your worshyp.
Come forth sirs, heare the dolefull newes I shall you tell. *Evocat servos militis.*
Our good maister here will no longer with us dwell,
But in spite of Custance, which hath hym weried,
Let us see his mashyp solemnely buried.
And while some piece of his soule is yet hym within,
Some part of his funeralls let us here begin.
Audiui vocem, All men take heede by this one gentleman,
Howe you sette your love upon an unkinde woman.
For these women be all such madde pievishe elves,
They will not be wonne except it please them selves.
But in fayth Custance if ever ye come in hell,
Maister Roister Doister shall serve you as well.
And will ye needes go from us thus in very deede?

R. Royster. Yea in good sadnesse [!]

M. Mery. Now Jesus Christ be your speede.
Good night Roger olde knave, farewell Roger olde knave,
Good night Roger[3] olde knave, knave knap. *ut infra.*[4]
Pray for the late maister Roister Doisters soule,
And come forth parish Clarke, let the passing bell toll.

[1] On this Mock Requiem see p. 186 and Appendix *E.*
[2] executor.
[3] Cf. Sherwood: *Roger bon temps,* a mad rascall, a merry greek.
[4] See p. 187.

Pray for your mayster sirs, and for hym ring a peale. *Ad servos militis.*
He was your right good maister while he was in heale.
Qui Lazarum.
R. Royster. Heigh how.
M. Mery. Dead men go not so fast
In Paradisum.
R. Royster. Heihow.
M. Mery. Soft, heare what I have cast[1]
R. Royster. I will heare nothing, I am past.
M. Mery. Whough, wellaway.
Ye may tarie one houre, and heare what I shall say,
Ye were best sir for a while to revive againe,
And quite them er ye go.
R. Royster. Trowest thou so?
M. Mery. Ye plain.
R. Royster. How may I revive being nowe so farre past?
M. Mery. I will rubbe your temples, and fette you againe at last.
R. Royster. It will not be possible.
M. Mery [*rubbing R.'s temples roughly*]. Yes for twentie pounde.
R. Royster. Armes[!][2] what dost thou?
M. Mery. Fet you again out of your sound[3]
By this crosse ye were nigh gone in deede, I might feele
Your soule departing within an inche of your heele. E i *b*
Now folow my counsell.
R. Royster. What is it?
M. Mery. If I wer you,
Custance should eft seeke to me, ere I woulde bowe.
R. Royster. Well, as thou wilt have me, even so will I doe.
M. Mery. Then shall ye revive againe for an houre or two.
R. Royster. As thou wilt I am content for a little space.
M. Mery. Good happe is not hastie:[4] yet in space com[e]th grace,[5]
To speake with Custance your selfe shoulde be very well,
What good therof may come, nor I, nor you can tell.

[1] Cf. I. ii, 181; I. iv, 4; II. iii, 10, etc.
[2] by God's Armes!
[3] swoon.
[4] Cf. I. iii, 11, 14.
[5] Heywood, *Prov.* 1, ch. 4 (17); Camden's *Prov.*, 271.

But now the matter standeth upon your mariage,
Ye must now take unto you a lustie courage.[1]
Ye may not speake with a faint heart to Custance,
But with a lusty breast[2] and countenance,
That she may knowe she hath to answere to a man.
R. Royster. Yes I can do that as well as any can.
M. Mery. Then bicause ye must Custance face to face wowe,
Let us see how to behave your selfe ye can doe.
Ye must have a portely bragge after your estate.
R. Roister. Tushe, I can handle that after the best rate.
M. Mery. Well done, so loe, up man with your head and chin,
Up with that snoute man: so loe, nowe ye begin,
So, that is somewhat like, but[,] prankie[3] cote, nay[,] whan[!]
That is a lustie brute,[4] handes under your side man:
So loe, now is it even as it shoulde[5] bee,
That is somewhat like, for a man of your degree.
Then must ye stately goe, jetting[6] up and downe,
Tut, can ye no better shake the taile of your gowne?
There loe, such a lustie bragge it is ye must make.
R. Royster. To come behind, and make curtsie, thou must som pains take.
M. Mery. Else were I much to blame, I thanke your mastershyp[,][7]
The lorde one day[—]all to begrime you with worshyp, [*M. pushes violently against R.*]
Backe sir sauce,[8] let gentlefolkes have elbowe roome,
Voyde sirs, see ye not maister Roister Doister come?
Make place my maisters. [*Knocks against R.*]
R. Royster. Thou justlest nowe to nigh.
M. Mery. Back al rude loutes.

[1] H. makes the rhyme 'carriage.'
[2] voice? or rather courage.
[3] Cf. Palsgr. p. 664: set the plyghtes in order.
[4] gallant; cf. I. ii, 124, and the *Fourth Song*, v. 7.
[5] A. has 'should.'
[6] Cf. Palsgr. 589: I jette with facyon and countenaunce to set forthe my selfe. *Je braggue*, etc.
[7] E. has no punctuation after 'mastershyp' or 'lord'; A. has a period after the former.
[8] impudent fellow!

R. Royster. Tush.
M. Mery. I crie your maship mercy
Hoighdagh, if faire fine mistresse Custance sawe you now,
Ralph Royster Doister were hir owne I warrant you.
R. Royster. Neare[1] an M by your girdle?[2]
M. Mery. Your good mastershyps
Maistershyp, were hir owne Mistreshyps mistreshyps,
Ye were take[3] up for haukes, ye were gone, ye were gone,
But now one other thing more yet I thinke upon.
R. Royster. Shewe what it is.
M. Mery. A wower be he never so poore
Must play and sing before his bestbeloves doore,
How much more than you?
R. Royster. Thou speakest wel out of dout.
M. Mery. And perchaunce that woulde make hir the sooner come out.
R. Royster. Goe call my Musitians, bydde them high apace.
M. Mery. I wyll be here with them ere ye can say trey ace.[4] *Exeat.*
R. Royster. This was well sayde of Merrygreeke, I lowe hys wit,
Before my sweete hearts dore we will have a fit[,]
That if my love come forth, that I may with hir talke,
I doubt not but this geare shall on my side walke.
But lo, how well Merygreeke is returned sence.
M. Mery [*returning with the musicians*]. There hath grown no grasse on my heele since I went hence,
Lo here have I brought that shall make you pastance.
R. Royster. Come sirs let us sing to winne my deare love Custance.

Cantent.[5]

M. Mery. Lo where she commeth, some countenaunce to hir make.
And ye shall heare me be plaine with hir for your sake.

[1] never.
[2] Cf. Halliwell: to keep the term 'master' out of sight, to be wanting in proper respect. [M. makes good his carelessness in the next verses!]
[3] Cf. 'chose,' I. iv, 15.
[4] In a 'treyce'; the French way of counting in games; cf. *ambs ace*, *syce ace*, etc.
[5] This seems to refer to the '*Fourth Song*' at the end of the play.

Actus. iii. Scæna. iiii.

CUSTANCE. MERYGREEKE. ROISTER DOISTER.

C. Custance. What gaudyng[1] and foolyng is this afore my doore?
M. Mery. May not folks be honest, pray you, though they be pore?
C. Custance. As that thing may be true, so rich folks may be fooles,
R. Royster. Hir talke is as fine as she had learned in schooles.
M. Mery. Looke partly towarde hir, and drawe a little nere. E ii *b*
C. Custance. Get ye home idle folkes. 6
M. Mery. Why may not we be here?
Nay and ye will haze,[2] haze: otherwise I tell you plaine,
And ye will not haze, then give us our geare againe.
C. Custance. In deede I have of yours much gay things God save all.
R. Royster. Speake gently unto hir, and let hir take all. 10
M. Mery. Ye are to tender hearted: shall she make us dawes?
Nay dame, I will be plaine with you in my friends cause.
R. Royster. Let all this passe sweete heart and accept my service.[3]
C. Custance. I will not be served with a foole in no wise,
When I choose an husbande I hope to take a man. 15
M. Mery. And where will ye finde one which can doe that he can?
Now thys man towarde you being so kinde,
You not to make him an answere somewhat to his minde.
C. Custance. I sent him a full answère by you dyd I not?
M. Mery. And I reported it. 20
C. Custance. Nay I must speake it againe.
R. Royster. No no, he tolde it all.
M. Mery. Was I not metely plaine?
R. Royster. Yes.
M. Mery. But I would not tell all, for faith if I had
With you dame Custance ere this houre it had been bad,
And not without cause: for this goodly personage,
Ment no lesse than to joyne with you in mariage. 25

[1] As early as the *Promptorium Parvulorum*: Gawde or jape = *Nuga*.
[2] C., 'have us.' [3] E., 'sernice.'

C. Custance. Let him wast no more labour nor sute about me.
M. Mery. Ye know not where your preferment lieth I see,
He sending you such a token, ring and letter.
C. Custance. Mary here it is, ye never sawe a better.
M. Mery. Let us see your letter.
C. Custance. Holde, reade it if ye can.
And see what letter it is to winne a woman.
M. Mery [*takes the letter and reads*]. To mine owne deare coney birde, swete heart, and pigsny
Good Mistresse Custance present these by and by,
Of this superscription do ye blame the stile?
C. Custance. With the rest as good stuffe as ye redde a great while.
M. Mery. Sweete mistresse where as I love you nothing at all,[1]
Regarding your substance and richesse chiefe of all,
For your personage, beautie, demeanour and wit,
I commende me unto you never a whit. E iii
Sorie to heare report of your good welfare.
For (as I heare say) suche your conditions are,
That ye be worthie favour of no living man,
To be abhorred of every honest man.
To be taken for a woman enclined to vice.
Nothing at all to Vertue gyving hir due price.
Wherfore concerning mariage, ye are thought
Suche a fine Paragon, as nere honest man bought.
And nowe by these presentes I do you advertise
That I am minded to marrie you in no wise.
For your goodes and substance, I coulde bee content
To take you as ye are. If ye mynde to bee my wyfe,
Ye shall be assured for the tyme of my lyfe,
I will keepe ye ryght well, from good rayment and fare,
Ye shall not be kepte but in sorowe and care.
Ye shall in no wyse lyve at your owne libertie,
Doe and say what ye lust, ye shall never please me,

[1] The ambiguous letter finds a pre-Shakespearian parallel in the satirical poem on *Women* printed from *Add. Ms.* 17492, fol. 18, in Flügel's *Lesebuch*, p. 39; and in the poem printed in Ebert's *Jahrbuch*, 14, 214.

But when ye are mery, I will be all sadde,
When ye are sory, I will be very gladde.
When ye seeke your heartes ease, I will be unkinde,
At no tyme, in me shall ye muche gentlenesse finde.
But all things contrary to your will and minde,
Shall be done: otherwise I wyll not be behinde
To speake. And as for all them that woulde do you wrong
I will so helpe and mainteyne, ye[1] shall not lyve long.
Nor any foolishe dolte, shall cumbre you but I.[2]
I, who ere say nay, wyll sticke by you tyll I die,
Thus good mistresse Custance, the lorde you save and kepe,
From me Roister Doister, whether I wake or slepe.
Who favoureth you no lesse, (ye may be bolde)
Than this letter purporteth, which ye have unfolde.

C. Custance. Howe by this letter of love? is it not fine?

R. Royster. By the armes of Caleys[3] it is none of myne.

M. Mery. Fie you are fowle to blame this is your owne hand. E iii *b*

C. Custance. Might not a woman be proude of such an husbande?

M. Mery. Ah that ye would in a letter shew such despite.

R. Royster. Oh I would I had hym here, the which did it endite.

M. Mery. Why ye made it your selfe ye tolde me by this light.

R. Royster. Yea I ment I wrote it myne owne selfe yesternight.

C. Custance. Ywis sir, I would not have sent you such a mocke.

R. Royster. Ye may so take it, but I ment it not so by cocke.

M. Mery. Who can blame this woman to fume and frette and rage?
Tut, tut, your selfe nowe have marde your owne marriage.
Well, yet mistresse Custance, if ye can this remitte,
This gentleman other wise may your love requitte.

C. Custance. No God be with you both, and seeke[4] no more to me. *Exeat.*

R. Royster. Wough, she is gone for ever, I shall hir no more see.

[1] Cf. III. v, 77, where R should have written or inserted 'ye[i],' thus obviating the necessity of resorting to bad grammar — 'they' for 'them.'

[2] See Appendix *H* under 'Arber.'

[3] Cf. IV. vii, 48; an oath in Skelton's *Magnif.* 685 (and *Bowge*, 398). Calais was lost to the English January 20, 1558.

[4] Cf. v. 110, 122; II. iii, 17, etc.

M. Mery. What weepe? fye for shame, and blubber? for manhods sake,
Never lette your foe so muche pleasure of you take.
Rather play the mans parte, and doe love refraine.
If she despise you een despise ye hir againe.
R. Royster. By gosse[1] and for thy sake I defye hir in deede.
M. Mery. Yea and perchaunce that way ye shall much sooner speede,
For one madde propretie these women have in fey,
When ye will, they will not: Will not ye, then will they.
Ah foolishe woman, ah moste unluckie Custance,
Ah unfortunate woman, ah pievishe Custance,
Art thou to thine harmes so obstinately bent,
That thou canst not see where lieth thine high preferment?
Canst thou not lub[2] dis man, which coulde lub dee so well?
Art thou so much thine own foe[?]
R. Royster. Thou dost the truth tell.
M. Mery. Wel I lament.
R. Royster. So do I.
M. Mery. Wherfor?
R. Royster. For this thing
Bicause she is gone.
M. Mery. I mourne for an other thing.
R. Royster. What is it Merygreeke, wherfore thou dost griefe take?
M. Mery. That I am not a woman myselfe for your sake,
I would have you my selfe, and a strawe for yond Gill,
And mocke[3] much of you though it were against my will.
I would not I warrant you, fall in such a rage, E iv
As so to refuse suche a goodly personage.
R. Royster. In faith I heartily thanke thee Merygreeke.
M. Mery. And I were a woman.
R. Royster. Thou wouldest to me seeke.
M. Mery. For though I say it, a goodly person ye bee.
R. Royster. No, no.
M. Mery. Yes a goodly man as ere I dyd see.
R. Royster. No, I am a poore homely man as God made mee.

[1] = Gog's. R.'s oaths gain force with his misfortune.
[2] Cf. I. ii, 146. [3] make; cf. I. iv, 18.

M. Mery. By the faith that I owe to God sir, but ye bee.
Woulde I might for your sake, spend a thousande pound land.
R. Royster. I dare say thou wouldest have me to thy husbande.
M. Mery. Yea: And I were the fairest lady in the shiere,
And knewe you as I know you, and see you nowe here.
Well I say no more.
R. Royster. Grammercies with all my hart.
M. Mery. But since that can not be, will ye play a wise parte?
R. Royster. How should I?
M. Mery. Refraine[1] from Custance a while now.
And I warrant hir soone right glad to seeke to you,
Ye shall see hir anon come on hir knees creeping.
And pray you to be good to hir salte teares weeping.
R. Royster. But what and she come not?
M. Mery. In faith then farewel she.
Or else if ye be wroth, ye may avenged be.
R. Royster. By cocks precious potsticke, and een so I shall.
I wyll utterly destroy hir, and house and all,
But I woulde be avenged in the meane space,
On that vile scribler, that did my wowyng disgrace.
M. Mery. Scribler (ko you) in deede he is worthy no lesse.
I will call hym to you, and ye bidde me doubtlesse.
R. Royster. Yes, for although he had as many lives,
As a thousande widowes, and a thousande wives,
As a thousande lyons, and a thousand rattes,
A thousande wolves, and a thousande cattes,
A thousande bulles, and a thousande calves,
And a thousande legions divided in halves,
He shall never scape death on my swordes point,
Though I shoulde be torne therfore joynt by joynt
M. Mery. Nay, if ye will kyll him, I will not fette him, E iv *b*
I will not in so muche extremitie sette him,
He may yet amende sir, and be an honest man,
Therefore pardon him good soule, as muche as ye can.

[1] Palæstrio (*Miles Glor.* 1244): *Nam tu te vilem feceris . . . Sine ultro veniat, quæsitet, desideret, exspectet.*

R. Royster. Well, for thy sake, this once with his lyfe he shall passe,
But I wyll hewe hym all to pieces by the Masse.
M. Mery. Nay fayth ye shall promise that he shall no harme have,
Else I will not set him.
R. Royster. I shall so God me save.
But I may chide him a good.[1]
M. Mery. Yea that do hardely.
R. Royster. Go then.
M. Mery. I returne, and bring him to you by and by. *Ex.*

Actus iii. Scæna v.

ROISTER DOISTER. MATHEWE MERYGREEKE. SCRIVENER.

R. Royster. What is a gentleman but his worde and his promise?
I must nowe save this vilaines lyfe in any wife,
And yet at hym already my handes doe tickle,
I shall uneth holde them, they wyll be so fickle.
But lo and Merygreeke have not brought him sens?
M. Mery [*entering with the Scriv.*]. Nay I woulde I had of my purse payde fortie pens.
Scrivener. So woulde I too: but it needed not that stounde,
M. Mery. But the jentman[2] had rather spent five thousande pounde,
For it disgraced him at least five tymes so muche.
Scrivener. He disgraced hym selfe, his loutishnesse is suche.
R. Royster. Howe long they stande prating? Why comst thou not away?
M. Mery. Come nowe to hymselfe, and hearke what he will say.
Scrivener. I am not afrayde in his presence to appeere.
R. Royster. Arte thou come felow?
Scrivener. How thinke you? am I not here?
R. Royster. What hindrance hast thou done me, and what villanie?
Scrivener. It hath come of thy selfe, if thou hast had any.

[1] Cf. Tindale, 1462 [*Prol. Jonas*]: "the heathen Ninivites though they were blinded with lusts a good"; *Two G. of V.*, IV. iv, 170: "weep agood." [2] Cf. III. ii, 52.

R. Royster. All the stocke thou comest of later or rather,[1]
From thy fyrst fathers grandfathers fathers father,
Nor all that shall come of thee to the worldes ende, F i
Though to three score generations they descende,
Can be able to make me a just recompense,
For this trespasse of thine and this one offense.
Scrivener. Wherin?
R. Royster. Did not you make me a letter brother?[2]
Scrivener. Pay the like hire, I will make you suche an other.
R. Royster. Nay see and these whooreson Phariseys and Scribes
Doe not get their livyng by polling[3] and bribes.[4]
If it were not for shame [*advances towards the Scr. to strike him.*]
Scrivener.[5] Nay holde thy hands still.
M. Mery. Why[,] did ye not promise that ye would not him spill?
Scrivener [*prepares to fight*]. Let him not spare me. [*Strikes R.*]
R. Royster. Why wilt thou strike me again?
Scrivener. Ye shall have as good as ye bring of me that is plaine.
M. Mery. I can not blame him sir, though your blowes wold him greve.
For he knoweth present death to ensue of all ye geve.
R. Royster. Well, this man for once hath purchased thy pardon.
Scrivener. And what say ye to me? or else I will be gon.
R. Royster. I say the letter thou madest me was not good.
Scrivener. Then did ye wrong copy it of likelyhood.
R. Royster. Yes, out of thy copy worde for worde I wrote.
Scrivener. Then was it as ye prayed to have it I wote,
But in reading and pointyng there was made some faulte.
R. Royster. I wote not, but it made all my matter to haulte.
Scrivener. How say you, is this mine originall or no?
R. Royster. The selfe same that I wrote out of, so mote I go.
Scrivener. Loke you on your owne fist,[6] and I will looke on this.
And let this man be judge whether I reade amisse.

[1] sooner. [2] Cf. 'cousin,' III. i, 4. [3] swindling.
[4] robbing; Palsgr. 465: I bribe, I pull, I pyll! *Ie bribe* (*Romant*), *je derobbe*. . . He bribeth and he polleth.
[5] So in E.; A., C., and H. give the words "Nay . . . still" to *Mery* unnecessarily.
[6] R. had received his copy back from Custance!

To myne owne dere coney birde, sweete heart, and pigsny,[1]
Good mistresse Custance, present these by and by.
How now? doth not this superscription agree?
R. Royster. Reade that is within, and there ye shall the fault see.
Scrivener. Sweete mistresse, where as I love you, nothing at all
Regarding your richesse and substance: chiefe of all
For your personage, beautie, demeanour and witte
I commende me unto you: Never a whitte
Sory to heare reporte of your good welfare. F i *b*
For (as I heare say) suche your conditions are,
That ye be worthie favour: of no living man
To be abhorred: of every honest man
To be taken for a woman enclined to vice
Nothing at all: to vertue giving hir due price.
Wherefore concerning mariage, ye are thought
Suche a fine Paragon, as nere honest man bought.
And nowe by these presents I doe you advertise,
That I am minded to marrie you: In no wyse
For your goodes and substance: I can be content
To take you as you are: yf ye will be my wife,
Ye shall be assured for the time of my life,
I wyll keepe you right well: from good raiment and fare,
Ye shall not be kept: but in sorowe and care
Ye shall in no wyse lyve: at your owne libertie,
Doe and say what ye lust: ye shall never please me
But when ye are merrie: I will bee all sadde
When ye are sorie: I wyll be very gladde
When ye seeke your heartes ease: I will be unkinde
At no time: in me shall ye muche gentlenesse finde.
But all things contrary to your will and minde
Shall be done otherwise: I wyll not be behynde
To speake: And as for all they that woulde do you wrong,
(I wyll so helpe and maintayne ye) shall not lyve long.
Nor any foolishe dolte shall cumber you, but I,
I, who ere say nay, wyll sticke by you tyll I die.
Thus good mistresse Custance, the lorde you save and kepe.

[1] Omitted in A.

From me Roister Doister, whether I wake or slepe,
Who favoureth you no lesse, (ye may be bolde)
Than this letter purporteth, which ye have unfolde.
Now sir, what default can ye finde in this letter?
R. Royster. Of truth in my mynde there can not be a better.
Scrivener. Then was the fault in readyng, and not in writyng,
No nor I dare say in the fourme of endityng, F ii
But who read this letter, that it sounded so nought?
M. Mery. I redde it in deede.
Scrivener. Ye red it not as ye ought.
R. Royster. Why thou wretched villaine was all this same fault in thee? [*Advances angrily against M.*]
M. Mery [*strikes R.*]. I knocke your costarde[1] if ye offer to strike me.
R. Royster. Strikest thou in deede? and I offer but in jest?
M. Mery. Yea and rappe you againe except ye can sit in rest.
And I will no longer tarie here me beleve.
R. Royster. What wilt thou be angry, and I do thee forgeve?
Fare thou well scribler, I crie thee mercie in deede.
Scrivener. Fare ye well bibbler, and worthily may ye speede.
R. Royster. If it were an other but thou, it were a knave.
M. Mery. Ye are an other your selfe sir, the lorde us both save,
Albeit in this matter I must your pardon crave,
Alas woulde ye wyshe in me the witte that ye have?
But as for my fault I can quickely amende,
I will shewe Custance it was I that did offende.
R. Royster. By so doing hir anger may be reformed.
M. Mery. But if by no entreatie she will be turned,
Then sette lyght by hir and bee as testie as shee,
And doe your force upon hir with extremitie.
R. Roister. Come on therefore lette us go home in sadnesse.
M. Mery. That if force shall neede all may be in a readinesse,[2]
And as for thys letter hardely[3] let all go,
We wyll know where[4] she refuse you for that or no.

Exeant am[*bo.*]

[1] head; cf. *G. G. N.*, p. 250; *Hickscorner*, p. 168, etc.
[2] H. gives this line to R.
[3] by all means; cf. I. ii, 175; IV, iii, 41, etc.
[4] whether.

Actus iiii. Scæna i.

SYM SURESBY.

Sim Sure. Is there any man but I Sym Suresby alone,
That would have taken such an enterprise him upon,
In suche an outragious tempest as this was.
Suche a daungerous gulfe of the sea to passe. F ii *b*
I thinke verily *Neptunes* mightie godshyp,
Was angry with some that was in our shyp,
And but for the honestie which in me he founde,
I thinke for the others sake we had bene drownde.
But fye on that servant which for his maisters wealth[1]
Will sticke for to hazarde both his lyfe and his health.
My maister Gawyn Goodlucke after me a day
Bicause of the weather, thought best hys shyppe to stay,
And now that I have the rough sourges so well past,
God graunt I may finde all things safe here at last.
Then will I thinke all my travaile well spent.
Nowe the first poynt wherfore my maister hath me sent
Is to salute dame Christian Custance his wife[2]
Espoused: whome he tendreth no lesse than his life,
I must see how it is with hir well or wrong,
And whether for him she doth not now thinke long:
Then to other friendes I have a message or tway,
And then so to returne and mete him on the way.
Now wyll I goe knocke that I may dispatche with speede,
But loe forth commeth hir selfe happily in deede.

Actus iiii. Scæna ii.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE. SIM. SURESBY.

C. Custance. I come to see if any more stirryng be here,
But what straunger is this, which doth to me appere?

[1] welfare; cf. *Prol.* 10.
[2] Cf. 'spouse,' etc., I. v, 9; IV. iii, 41. E. has comma between 'wife' and 'Espoused.'

Sym Surs. I will speake to hir: Dame the lorde you save and see.
C. Custance. What friende Sym Suresby? Forsoth right welcome ye be,
Howe doth mine owne Gawyn Goodlucke, I pray the tell?
S. Suresby. When he knoweth of your health he will be perfect well.
C. Custance. If he have perfect helth, I am as I would be. F iii
Sim. Sure. Suche newes will please him well, this is as it should be.
C. Custance. I thinke now long for him.
Sym Sure. And he as long for you.
C. Custance. When wil he be at home?
Sym Sure. His heart is here een now
His body commeth after.
C. Custance. I woulde see that faine.
Sim Sure. As fast as wynde and sayle can cary it a maine.
But what two men are yonde comming hitherwarde?
C. Custance. Now I shrew their best Christmasse chekes[1] both togetherward.

Actus. iiii. Scæna. iii.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE. SYM SURESBY. RALPH ROISTER. MATHEW MERYGREKE. TRUPENY.

C. Custance. What meane these lewde felowes thus to trouble me stil?
Sym Suresby here perchance shal therof deme som yll.
And shall su[s]pect[2] in me some point of naughtinesse,
And they come hitherward.
Sim Sure. What is their businesse?
C. Custance. I have nought to them, nor they to me in sadnesse.
Sim Sure. Let us hearken them, somewhat there is I feare it.
R. Royster. I will speake out aloude best, that she may heare it.
M. Mery. Nay alas, ye may so feare hir out of hir wit.
R. Royster. By the crosse of my sworde, I will hurt hir no whit.

[1] Cf. V. iv, 28; 'cheek' here like 'eyes,' 'teeth.' [2] E., 'supect.'

M. Mery. Will ye doe no harme in deede, shall I trust your worde?
R. Royster. By Roister Doisters fayth I will speake but in borde.
Sim Sure. Let us hearken them, somwhat there is I feare it.
R. Royster. I will speake out aloude, I care not who heare it:
Sirs, see that my harnesse, my tergat, and my shield,
Be made as bright now, as when I was last in fielde,
As white as I shoulde to warre againe to morrowe:
For sicke shall I be, but I worke some folke sorow.
Therfore see that all shine as bright as sainct George,
Or as doth a key newly come from the Smiths forge.
I woulde have my sworde and harnesse to shine so bright,[1] F iii *b*
That I might therwith dimme mine enimies sight,
I would have it cast beames as fast I tell you playne,
As doth the glittryng grasse after a showre of raine.
And see that in case I shoulde neede to come to arming,
All things may be ready at a minutes warning,
For such chaunce may chaunce in an houre, do ye heare?
M. Mery. As perchance shall not chaunce againe in seven yeare.
R. Royster. Now draw we neare to hir, and here what shall be sayde.
[*Advances towards Cust.*]
M. Mery. But I woulde not have you make hir too muche afrayde.
R. Royster. Well founde sweete wife[2] (I trust) for al this your soure looke.
C. Custance. Wife, why cal ye me wife?
Sim Sure. [*enters while the last words are spoken*]. Wife? this gear goth acrook.
M. Mery. Nay mistresse Custance, I warrant you, our letter
Is not as we redde een nowe, but much better,
And where ye halfe stomaked this gentleman afore,
For this same letter, ye wyll love hym now therefore,
Nor it is not this letter, though ye were a queene,
That shoulde breake marriage betweene you twaine I weene.
C. Custance. I did not refuse hym for the letters sake.
R. Royster. Then ye are content me for your husbande to take.

[1] Taken from Plautus, *Mil. Glor.* I. 1. [2] Cf. IV. i, 17.

C. Custance. You for my husbande to take? nothing lesse truely.
R. Royster. Yea say so, sweete spouse, afore straungers hardly.
M. Mery. And though I have here his letter of love with me,
Yet his ryng and tokens he sent, keepe safe with ye.
C. Custance. A mischiefe take his tokens, and him and thee too.
But what prate I with fooles? have I nought else to doo?
Come in with me Sym Suresby to take some repast.
Sim Sure. I must ere I drinke by your leave, goe in all hast,
To a place or two, with earnest letters of his.
C. Custance. Then come drink here with me.
Sim Sure. I thank you.
C. Custance. Do not misse.
You shall have a token to your maister with you.
Sym Sure. No tokens this time gramercies, God be with you.
Exeat.
C. Custance. Surely this fellowe misdeemeth some yll in me.
Which thing but God helpe, will go neere to spill me.
R. Royster. Yea farewell fellow, and tell thy maister Goodlucke
That he cometh to late of thys blossome to plucke. F iv
Let him keepe him there still, or at least wise make no hast.
As for his labour hither he shall spende in wast.
His betters be in place nowe.
M. Mery [*aside*]. As long as it will hold.
C. Custance. I will be even with thee thou beast, thou mayst be bolde.
R. Royster. Will ye have us then?
C. Custance. I will never have thee.[1]
R. Royster. Then will I have you!
C. Custance. No, the devill shall have thee.
I have gotten this houre more shame and harme by thee,
Then all thy life days thou canst do me honestie.
M. Mery [*to Roister*]. Why nowe may ye see what it comth too in the ende,
To make a deadly foe of your most loving frende:
[*To Custance*]. And ywis this letter if ye woulde heare it now—
C. Custance. I will heare none of it.

[1] Note the 'thee' and 'you.'

M. Mery [*to Cust.*]. In faith would ravishe you.
C. Custance. He hath stained my name for ever this is cleare.
R. Royster. I can make all as well in an houre —
M. Mery [*aside*]. As ten yeare —
[*To Cust.*]. How say ye, will ye have him?
C. Custance. No.
M. Mery. Will ye take him?
C. Custance. I defie him.
M. Mery. At my word?
C. Custance. A shame take him.
Waste no more wynde, for it will never bee.
M. Mery. This one faulte with twaine shall be mended, ye shall see.
Gentle mistresse Custance now, good mistresse Custance,
Honey mistresse Custance now, sweete mistresse Custance,
Golden mistresse Custance now, white[1] mistresse Custance,
Silken mistresse Custance now, faire mistresse Custance.
C. Custance. Faith rather than to mary with suche a doltishe loute,
I woulde matche my selfe with a beggar out of doute.
M. Mery. Then I can say no more, to speede we are not like,
Except ye rappe out a ragge of your Rhetorike.
C. Custance. Speake not of winnyng me: for it shall never be so.
R. Royster. Yes dame, I will have you whether ye will or no,
I commaunde you to love me, wherfore shoulde ye not?
Is not my love to you chafing and burning hot?
M. Mery. Too hir, that is well sayd.
R. Royster. Shall I so breake my braine
To dote upon you, and ye not love us againe?
M. Mery. Wel sayd yet.
C. Custance. Go to [,] you goose.
R. Royster. I say Kit Custance,
In case ye will not haze,[2] well, better yes perchaunce. F iv *b*
C. Custance. Avaunt lozell,[3] picke thee hence.
M. Mery. Well sir, ye perceive,
For all your kinde offer, she will not you receive.
R. Royster. Then a strawe for hir, and a strawe for hir againe,
She shall not be my wife, woulde she never so faine,

[1] Cf. I. i, 49. [2] Cf. III. iv, 7, 8. [3] lubber or lout.

No and though she would be at ten thousand pounde cost.
M. Mery. Lo dame, ye may see what an husbande ye have lost.
C. Custance. Yea, no force, a jewell muche better lost than founde.
M. Mery. Ah, ye will not beleve how this doth my heart wounde.
How shoulde a mariage betwene you be towarde,
If both parties drawe backe, and become so frowarde.
R. Royster [*threatening, advancing upon Cust.*]. Nay dame, I will fire thee out of thy house,[1]
And destroy thee and all thine, and that by and by.
M. Mery. Nay for the passion of God sir, do not so.
R. Royster. Yes, except she will say yea to that she sayd no.
C. Custance. And what, be there no officers trow we, in towne
To checke idle loytrers,[2] braggyng up and downe?
Where be they, by whome vacabunds shoulde be represt?
That poore sillie[3] Widowes might live in peace and rest.
Shall I never ridde thee out of my companie?
I will call for helpe, what hough, come forth Trupenie.
Trupenie [*entering*]. Anon. What is your will mistresse? dyd ye call me?
C. Custance. Yea, go runne apace, and as fast as may be,
Pray Tristram Trusty, my moste assured frende,
To be here by and by, that he may me defende.
Trupenie. That message so quickly shall be done by Gods grace,
That at my returne ye shall say, I went apace. *Exeat.*
C. Custance. Then shall we see I trowe, whether ye shall do me harme,
R. Royster. Yes in faith Kitte, I shall thee[4] and thine so charme,
That all women incarnate by thee may beware.
C. Custance. Nay, as for charming me, come hither if thou dare,
I shall cloute thee tyll thou stinke, both thee and thy traine,
And coyle thee mine owne handes, and sende thee home againe.
R. Royster. Yea sayst thou me that dame? dost thou me threaten?
Goe we, I still see whether I shall be beaten.

[1] C. adds the rhyme: 'though I die.'
[2] See Appendix *F.*
[3] simple, timid.
[4] R. 'thous' Custance now!

M. Mery. Nay for the paishe[1] of God, let me now treate peace,
For bloudshed will there be in case this strife increace.
Ah good dame Custance, take better way with you.
C. Custance. Let him do his worst.
M. Mery. [*Roister advances upon Cust., attempts to strike*]. Yeld in time. [*to Cust.*]
R. Royster [*is beaten back by Cust.; retiring to Mery.:*]. Come hence thou. *Exeant Roister et Mery.*

Actus. iiii. Scæna. iiii.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE. ANOT ALYFACE. TIBET T. M. MUMBLECRUST.

C. Custance. So sirra, if I should not with hym take this way,
I should not be ridde of him I thinke till doomes day,
I will call forth my folkes, that without any mockes
If he come agayne we may give him rappes and knockes.
Mage Mumblecrust, come forth, and Tibet Talke apace.
Yea and come forth too, mistresse Annot Alyface.
[*Enter the maids.*]
Annot Aly. I come.
Tibet. And I am here.
M. Mumb. And I am here too at length.
C. Custance. Like warriers if nede bee, ye must shew your strength
The man that this day hath thus begiled you,
Is Ralph Roister Doister, whome ye know well inowe,[2]
The moste loute and dastarde that ever on grounde trode.
Tib. Talk. I see all folke mocke hym when he goth abrode.
C. Custance. What pretie maide? will ye talke when I speake?
Tib. Talk. No forsooth good mistresse.
C. Custance. Will ye my tale breake?
He threatneth to come hither with all his force to fight,
I charge you if he come[:] on him with all your might[!]
M. Mumbl. I with my distaffe will reache hym one rappe,
Tib. Talk. And I with my newe broome will sweepe hym one swappe,

[1] Cf. v. 102 'passion'; 'pashe,' IV. vii, 51; IV. viii, 52. [2] A. reads 'mowe,' C. 'inowe.'

And then with our greate clubbe I will reache hym one rappe [—]
An. Aliface. And I with our skimmer will fling him one flappe.
Tib. Talk. Then Trupenies fireforke will him shrewdly fray,
And you with the spitte may drive him quite away.
C. Custance. Go make all ready, that it may be een so. G i *b*
Tib. Talk. For my parte I shrewe them that last about it go.
Exeant.

Actus. iiii. Scæna. v.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE. TRUPENIE. TRISTRAM TRUSTY. C. CUSTANCE.

C. Custance. Trupenie dyd promise me to runne a great pace,
My friend Tristram Trusty to set into this place.
Indeede he dwelleth hence a good stert[1] I confesse:
But yet a quicke messanger might twice since[,] as I gesse,
Have gone and come againe. Ah yond I spie him now.
Trupeny [*enters with Trusty, whom he leaves behind*]. Ye are a slow goer sir, I make God avow.
My mistresse Custance will in me put all the blame.
Your leggs be longer than myne: come apace for shame.
C. Custance. I can[2] thee thanke Trupenie, thou hast done right wele.
Trupeny. Maistresse since I went no grasse hath growne on my hele,
But maister Tristram Trustie here maketh no speede.
C. Custance. That he came at all I thanke him in very deede,
For now have I neede of the helpe of some wise man.
T. Trusty. Then may I be gone againe, for none such I [a]m.
Trupenie. Ye may bee by your going: for no Alderman
Can goe I dare say, a sadder pace than ye can.
C. Custance. Trupenie get thee in, thou shalt among them knowe,
How to use thy selfe, like a propre man I trowe.
Trupeny. I go. [*Ex.*]
C. Custance. Now Tristram Trusty I thank you right much.
For at my first sending to come ye never grutch.
T. Trusty. Dame Custance God ye saue, and while my life shall last,
For my friende Goodlucks sake ye shall not sende in wast.

[1] Cf. Cotgr., *Tressault:* A start . . . also, a leap. [2] Cf. I. ii, 140.

C. Custance. He shal give you thanks.
T. Trusty. I will do much for his sake [!]
C. Custance. But alack, I feare, great displeasure shall be take.
T. Trusty. Wherfore?
C. Custance. For a foolish matter.
T. Trusty. What is your cause [?]
C. Custance. I am yll accombred with a couple of dawes.
T. Trusty. Nay weepe not woman: but tell me what your cause is G ii
As concerning my friende is any thing amisse?
C. Custance. No not on my part: but here was Sym Suresby [—]
T. Trustie. He was with me and told me so.
C. Custance. And he stoode by
While Ralph Roister Doister with helpe of Merygreeke,
For promise of mariage dyd unto me seeke.[1]
T. Trusty. And had ye made any promise before them twaine [?]
C. Custance. No I had rather be torne in pieces and flaine,
No man hath my faith and trouth, but Gawyn Goodlucke,
And that before Suresby dyd I say, and there stucke,
But of certaine letters there were suche words spoken.
T. Trustie. He tolde me that too.
C. Custance. And of a ring and token.
That Suresby I spied, dyd more than halfe suspect,
That I my faith to Gawyn Goodlucke dyd reiect.
T. Trusty. But there was no such matter dame Custance in deede?
C. Custance. If ever my head thought it, God sende me yll speede.
Wherfore I beseech you, with me to be a witnesse,
That in all my lyfe I never intended thing lesse,
And what a brainsicke foole Ralph Roister Doister is,
Your selfe know well enough.
T. Trusty. Ye say full true ywis.
C. Custance. Bicause to bee his wife I ne graunt nor apply,[2]
Hither will he com he sweareth by and by,
To kill both me and myne, and beate downe my house flat.
Therfore I pray your aide.
T. Trustie. I warrant you that.

[1] Cf. II, iii. 17; III. iv, 85. [2] Think of it.

C. Custance. Have I so many yeres lived a sobre life,
And shewed my selfe honest, mayde, widowe, and wyfe
And nowe to be abused in such a vile sorte,
Ye see howe poore Widowes lyve all voyde of comfort.
T. Trusty. I warrant hym do you no harme nor wrong at all.
C. Custance. No, but Mathew Merygreeke doth me most appall,[1]
That he woulde joyne hym selfe with suche a wretched loute.
T. Trusty. He doth it for a jest I knowe hym out of doubte,
And here cometh Merygreke.
C. Custance. Then shal we here his mind.

Actus. iiii. Scæna. vi. G ii *b*

MERYGREKE. CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE. TRIST. TRUSTY.

M. Mery. Custance and Trustie both, I doe you here well finde.
C. Custance. Ah Mathew Merygreeke, ye have used me well.
M. Mery. Nowe for altogether[2] ye must your answere tell.
Will ye have this man, woman? or else will ye not?
Else will he come never bore so brymme[3] nor tost so hot.
Tris. and Cu. But why joyn ye with him.
T. Trusty. For mirth?
C. Custance. Or else in sadnesse [?]
M. Mery. The more fond of you both! hardly y^e^[4] mater gesse [!]
Tristram. Lo how say ye dame?
M. Mery. Why do ye thinke dame Custance
That in this wowyng I have ment ought but pastance?
C. Custance.[5] Much things ye spake, I wote, to maintaine his dotage.
M. Mery. But well might ye judge I spake it all in mockage?[6]
For why? Is Roister Doister a fitte husband for you?

[1] Sherwood, To appall: *Esmayer, descourager.*
[2] once for all.
[3] breme, brim, furious; cf. V. 34.
[4] So in E. C. reads correctly 'the'; but A. has 'yat,' and M. 'that.'
[5] The names of the speakers in vv. 10 and 11 are by mistake in inverse order in E.
[6] 'mockage' is neither English nor French. Palsgr., Cotgr., etc., do not have it; Halliwell quotes it from "Collier's *Old Ballads* 48; Harrison, 235."

T. Trusty. I dare say ye never thought it.
M. Mery. No to God I vow.
And did not I knowe afore of the insurance[1]
Betweene Gawyn Goodlucke, and Christian Custance?
And dyd not I for the nonce, by my conveyance,[2]
Reade his letter in a wrong sense for daliance?
That if you coulde have take it up at the first bounde,
We should therat such a sporte and pastime have founde,
That all the whole towne should have ben the merier.
C. Custance. Ill ake your heades both, I was never werier,
Nor never more vexte since the first day I was borne.
T. Trusty. But very well I wist he here did all in scorne.
C. Custance. But I feared thereof to take dishonestie.
M. Mery. This should both have made sport, and shewed your honestie
And Goodlucke I dare sweare, your witte therin would low.
T. Trusty. Yea, being no worse than we know it to be now.
M. Mery. And nothing yet to late, for when I come to him,
Hither will he repaire with a sheepes looke full grim,
By plaine force and violence to drive you to yelde. G iii
C. Custance. If ye two bidde me, we will with him pitche a fielde,
I and my maides together.
M. Mery. Let us see, be bolde.
C. Custance. Ye shall see womens warre.
T. Trusty. That fight wil I behold.
M. Mery. If occasion serve, takyng his parte full brim,
I will strike at you, but the rappe shall light on him.
When we first appeare.
C. Custance. Then will I runne away
As though I were afeard.
T. Trusty. Do you that part wel play
And I will sue for peace.
M. Mery. And I wil set him on.
Then will he looke as fierce as a Cotssold lyon.[3]

[1] See II. iii, 32. [2] Cf. the figure of Crafty Conueyaunce in Skelton's *Magnyfycence.*
[3] the 'Cotswold lyon' is the 'sheepe' of v. 29; cf. Heywood, *Prov.* I. ch. 11 (78): 'as fierce as a Lion of Cotsolde'; *Thersites* (Dodsley 1, 403), etc.

T. Trusty. But when gost thou for him?
M. Mery. That do I very nowe.
C. Custance. Ye shall find us here.
M. Mery. Wel god have mercy on you. *Ex.*
T. Trusty. There is no cause of feare, the least boy in the streete:
C. Custance. Nay, the least girle I have, will make him take his feete.
But hearke, me thinke they make preparation.
T. Trusty. No force, it will be a good recreation.
C. Custance. I will stand within, and steppe forth speedily,
And so make as though I ranne away dreadfully. [*Exeant.*]

Actus. iiii. Scæna. vii.

R. Royster. M. Merygreeke. C. Custance. D. Doughtie. Harpax. Tristram Trusty.

R. Royster. Nowe sirs, keepe your ray,[1] and see your heartes be stoute,
But where be these caitifes, me think they dare not route,[2]
How sayst thou Merygreeke? What doth Kit Custance say?
M. Mery. I am loth to tell you.
R. Royster. Tushe speake man, yea or nay?
M. Mery. Forsooth sir, I have spoken for you all that I can.
But if ye winne hir, ye must een play the man,
Een to fight it out, ye must a mans heart take.
R. Royster. Yes, they shall know, and[3] thou knowest I have a stomacke.
[*M. Mery.*] A stomacke (quod you) yea, as good as ere man had. G iii *b*
R. Royster. I trowe they shall finde and feele that I am a lad.
M. Mery. By this crosse I have seene you eate your meate as well,
As any that ere I have seene of or heard tell,
A stomacke quod you? he that will that denie
I know was never at dynner in your companie.

[1] line, array.
[2] Cf. Palsg. 695: assemble in routes, styrre about.
[3] H. changes 'and' into 'as.'

R. Royster. Nay, the stomacke of a man it is that I meane.
M. Mery. Nay the stomacke of a horse or a dogge I weene.
R. Royster. Nay a mans stomacke with a weapon meane I.
M. Mery. Ten men can scarce match you with a spoone in a pie.
R. Royster. Nay the stomake of a man to trie in strife.
M. Mery. I never sawe your stomake cloyed yet in my lyfe.
R. Royster. Tushe I meane in strife or fighting to trie.
M. Mery. We shall see how ye will strike nowe being angry.
R. Royster [*strikes M.*]. Have at thy pate then, and save thy head if thou may.
M. Mery. [*strikes R. again*]. Nay then have at your pate agayne by this day,
R. Royster. Nay thou mayst not strike at me againe in no wise.
M. Mery. I can not in fight make to you suche warrantise:
But as for your foes here let them the bargaine bie.[1]
R. Royster. Nay as for they, shall every mothers childe die.
And in this my fume a little thing might make me,
To beate downe house and all, and else the devill take me.
M. Mery. If I were as ye be, by gogs deare mother,
I woulde not leave one stone upon an other.
Though she woulde redeeme it with twentie thousand poundes.
R. Royster. It shall be even so, by his lily woundes.
M. Mery. Bee not at one with hir upon any amendes.
R. Royster. No though she make to me never so many frendes.
Nor if all the worlde for hir woulde undertake,[2]
No not God hymselfe neither, shal not hir peace make,
On therfore, marche forwarde, — soft, stay a whyle yet. [!]
M. Mery. On.
R. Royster. Tary.
M. Mery. Forth.
R. Royster. Back.
M. Mery. On.
R. Royster. Soft. Now forward set. [*march against the house.*]
C. Custance [*entering:*]. What businesse have we here? out [!] alas, alas! [*retires for fun.*]

[1] Cf. 'chieve, 'low. [2] intercede.

R. Royster. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Dydst thou see that Merygreeke? how afrayde she was?
Dydst thou see how she fledde apace out of my sight? [G iv]
Ah good sweete Custance I pitie hir by this light.
M. Mery. That tender heart of yours wyll marre altogether,
Thus will ye be turned with waggyng of a fether.
R. Royster. On sirs, keepe your ray.
M. Mery. On forth, while this geare is hot
R. Royster. Soft, the Armes of Caleys, I have one thing forgot.
M. Mery. What lacke we now?
R. Royster. Retire, or else we be all slain.
M. Mery. Backe for the pashe of God, backe sirs, backe againe.
What is the great mater?
R. Royster. This hastie forth goyng
Had almost brought us all to utter undoing,
It made me forget a thing most necessarie.
M. Mery. Well remembered of a captaine by sainct Marie.
R. Royster. It is a thing must be had.
M. Mery. Let us have it then.
R. Royster. But I wote not where nor how.
M. Mery. Then wote not I when.
But what is it?
R. Royster. Of a chiefe thing I am to seeke.
M. Mery. Tut so will ye be, when ye have studied a weke.
But tell me what it is?
R. Royster. I lacke yet an hedpiece.
M. Mery. The kitchen collocauit,[1] the best hennes to grece,
Runne, fet it Dobinet, and come at once withall,
And bryng with thee my potgunne, hangyng by the wall,
[*Dobinet goes*]
I have seene your head with it full many a tyme,
Covered as safe as it had bene with a skrine:

[1] Jocose formation; probably a "collock," a (kitchen) pail (*North-Engl.* acc. to Halliwell). A large pail generally with an erect handle in Yorks, Lancash., etc. (Wright, *Dial. Dict.*). Cf. Heywood, *Prov.* 2, ch. 7, "give you a *recumbentibus.*" If this fine Latin ending was a school-joke it would be of chronological importance.

And I warrant it save your head from any stroke,
Except perchaunce to be amased[1] with the smoke:
I warrant your head therwith, except for the mist,
As safe as if it were fast locked up in a chist: [*Dob. enters*]
And loe here our Dobinet commeth with it nowe.
D. Dough. I will cover me to the shoulders well inow.
M. Mery. Let me see it on.
R. Royster. In fayth it doth metely well.
M. Mery. There can be no fitter thing. Now ye must us tell
What to do.
R. Royster. Now forth in ray sirs, and stoppe no more.
M. Mery. Now sainct George to borow,[2] Drum dubbe a dubbe afore.
T. Trusty. [*entering*]. What meane you to do sir, committe manslaughter.
R. Royster. To kyll fortie such, is a matter of laughter.
T. Trusty. And who is it sir, whome ye intende thus to spill? G iv *b*
R. Royster. Foolishe Custance here forceth me against my will.
T. Trusty. And is there no meane your extreme wrath to slake.
She shall some amendes unto your good mashyp make.
R. Royster. I will none amendes.
T. Trusty. Is hir offence so sore?
M. Mery. And he were a loute she coulde have done no more.
She hath calde him foole, and dressed him like a foole.
Mocked him lyke 2 foole, used him like a foole.
T. Trusty. Well yet the Sheriffe, the Justice, or Constable,
Hir misdemeanour to punishe might be able.
R. Royster. No sir, I mine owne selfe will in this present cause,
Be Sheriffe, and Justice, and whole Judge of the lawes,
This matter to amende, all officers be I shall,
Constable, Bailiffe, Sergeant.
M. Mery. And hangman and all.
T. Trusty. Yet a noble courage, and the hearte of a man
Should more honour winne by bearyng with a woman.
Therfore take the lawe, and lette hir aunswere thereto.
R. Royster. Merygreeke, the best way were even so to do.

[1] Stupefied; cf. Palsgr. p. 421.
[2] for security; see *Robyn Hode*, st. 63; *Cock Lorels Bote*, etc.

What honour should it be with a woman to fight?
M. Mery. And what then, will ye thus forgo and lese your right?
R. Royster. Nay, I will take the lawe on hir withouten grace.
T. Trusty. Or yf your mashyp coulde pardon this one trespace.
I pray you forgive hir.
R. Royster. Hoh?
M. Mery. Tushe tushe sir do not.
Be good maister to hir.
R. Royster. Hoh?
M. Mery. Tush I say do not.
And what shall your people here returne streight home?
T. Trustie. Yea, levie the campe sirs, and hence againe eche one,[1]
R. Royster. But be still in readinesse if I happe to call,
I can not tell what sodaine chaunce may befall.
M. Mery. Do not off your harnesse sirs I you advise,
At the least for this fortnight in no maner wise,
Perchaunce in an houre when all ye thinke least,
Our maisters appetite to fight will be best.
But soft, ere ye go, have once at Custance house.
R. Royster. Soft, what wilt thou do?
M. Mery. Once discharge my harquebouse
And for my heartes ease, have once more with my potgoon. H i
R. Royster. Holde thy handes else is all our purpose cleane fordoone.
M. Mery. And it cost me my life.
R. Royster. I say thou shalt not.
M. Mery [*making a mock assault*]. By the matte[2] but I will. Have once more with haile shot.
I will have some penyworth, I will not leese all.

[1] T. in addressing the 'Miles' goes on with his military jargon. In E. this line is assigned to Royster, and the next two lines from '*But*' to 'befall' to T. Trustie.
[2] By the mass!

Actus. iiii. Scæna. viii.[1]

M. MERYGREEKE. C. CUSTANCE. R. ROISTER. TIB. T. AN. ALYFACE. M. MUMBLECRUST. TRUPENIE. DOBINET DOUGHTIE. HARPAX. *Two drummes with their Ensignes.*

C. Custance. What caitifes are those that so shake my house wall?
M. Mery [*with a sly wink*]. Ah sirrha [!] now Custance if ye had so muche wit
I woulde see you aske pardon, and your selves submit.
C. Custance. Have I still this adoe with a couple of fooles?
M. Mery. Here ye what she saith?
C. Custance. Maidens come forth with your tooles.
R. Royster. In a ray.
M. Mery. Dubba dub sirrha.
R. Royster. In a ray.
They come sodainly on us.
M. Mery. Dubbadub.
R. Royster. In a ray.
That ever I was borne, we are taken tardie.
M. Mery. Now sirs, quite our selves like tall men and hardie.
C. Custance. On afore Trupenie, holde thyne owne Annot,
On towarde them Tibet, for scape us they can not.
Come forth Madge Mumblecrust, so stande fast togither.
M. Mery. God sende us a faire day.
R. Royster. See they marche on hither.
Tib. Talk. But mistresse.
C. Custance. What sayst [th]ou?[2]
Tib. Shall I go fet our goose?[3]
C. Custance. What to do?
Tib. To yonder Captain I will turne hir loose
And she gape and hisse at him, as she doth at me,
I durst jeoparde my hande she wyll make him flee.

[1] IV. viii, Cf. Plaut. *Miles*, v. 1394 *seq.* [2] E. has 'you.'
[3] the 'goose' would produce the same effect as the 'snail' in *Thersites*.

C. Custance. On forward.
R. Royster. They com.
M. Mery. Stand. [*They fight; M. hitting R.*
R. Royster. Hold.
M. Mery. Kepe.
R. Royster. There.
M. Mery. Strike.
R. Royster. Take heede.
C. Custance. Wel sayd Truepeny.
Trupeny. Ah whooresons.
C. Custance. Wel don in deede
M. Mery. Hold thine owne *Harpax*, downe with them Dobinet.
H i *b*
C. Custance. Now Madge, there Annot: now sticke them Tibet.
Tib. Talk. [*against Dob.*]. All my chiefe quarell is to this same little knave,
That begyled me last day, nothyng shall him save.
D. Dough. Downe with this litle queane, that hath at me such spite,
Save you from hir maister, it is a very sprite.
C. Custance. I my selfe will mounsire graunde[1] captaine undertake,
[*advances against Roister.*]
R. Royster. They win grounde.
M. Mery. Save your selfe sir, for gods sake.
R. Royster [*retiring, beaten*]. Out, alas, I am slaine, helpe.
M. Mery. Save your selfe.
R. Royster. Alas.
M. Mery. Nay then, have at you mistresse.
[*pretending to strike Cust., he hits Roist.*]
R. Royster. Thou hittest me, alas.
M. Mery. I wil strike at Custance here. [*again hitting R.*]
R. Royster. Thou hittest me.
M. Mery. [*aside*]. So I wil.
Nay mistresse Custance.
R. Royster. Alas, thou hittest me still.
Hold.

[1] Heywood, *Prov.* 1, ch. 5 (21): "thus be I by this once *le senior de graunde*, | many that commaund me, I shall commaunde."

M. Mery. Save your self sir.
R. Royster. Help,[1] out alas I am slain
M. Mery. Truce, hold your hands, truce for a pissing while or twaine:
Nay how say you Custance, for saving of your life,
Will ye yelde and graunt to be this gentmans wife?
C. Custance. Ye tolde me he loved me, call ye this love?
M. Mery. He loved a while even like a turtle dove.
C. Custance. Gay love God save it, so soone hotte, so soone colde,[2]
M. Mery. I am sory for you: he could love you yet so he coulde.
R. Royster. Nay by cocks precious[3] she shall be none of mine.
M. Mery. Why so?
R. Royster. Come away, by the matte she is mankine.[4]
I durst adventure the losse of my right hande,
If shee dyd not slee hir other husbande:
And see if she prepare not againe to fight.
M. Mery. What then? sainct George to borow, our Ladies knight.[5]
R. Royster. Slee else whom she will, by gog she shall not slee mee.
M. Mery. How then?
R. Royster. Rather than to be slaine, I will flee.
C. Custance. Too it againe, my knightesses, downe with them all.
R. Royster. Away, away, away, she will else kyll us all.
M. Mery. Nay sticke to it, like an hardie man and a tall.
R. Royster. Oh bones,[6] thou hittest me. Away, or else die we shall.
M. Mery. Away for the pashe of our sweete Lord Jesus Christ.
C. Custance. Away loute and lubber, or I shall be thy priest.
Exeant [*Royster and his 'army.'*][7]
So this fielde is ours we have driven them all away. H ii
Tib Talk. Thankes to God mistresse, ye have had a faire day.

[1] Cf. *Mil. Glor.* 1406.
[2] Heywood's *Prov.* 2, ch. 8; *ib.* 1, ch. 2; Camden, *Prov.* 270; Ray, etc.
[3] See the complete oath, III. iv, 127.
[4] masculine, furious.
[5] See Child's *Ballads, Index*; Flügel's *Lesebuch*, 440.
[6] Gog's bones, *G. G. N. passim.*
[7] E. has the stage direction: *Exeant om.*

C. Custance. Well nowe goe ye in, and make your selfe some good cheere.

Omnes pariter. We goe [! — *Exeant Custance's maidens*].

T. Trust. Ah sir, what a field we have had heere.

C. Custance. Friend Tristram, I pray you be a witnesse with me.

T. Trusty. Dame Custance, I shall depose for your honestie,
And nowe fare ye well, except some thing else ye wolde. 60

C. Custance. Not now, but when I nede to sende I will be bolde.
I thanke you for these paines. [*Exeat Trusty.*[1]] And now I wyll get me in,
Now Roister Doister will no more wowyng begin. *Ex.* 63

Actus. v. Scæna. i.

GAWYN GOODLUCKE. SYM SURESBY.

Sym Suresby my trustie man, nowe advise thee well,
And see that no false surmises thou me tell,
Was there such adoe about Custance of a truth?

Sim. Sure. To reporte that I hearde and sawe, to me is ruth,
But both my duetie and name and propretie,[2] 5
Warneth me to you to shewe fidelitie,
It may be well enough, and I wyshe it so to be,
She may hir selfe discharge and trie[3] hir honestie,
Yet their clayme to hir me thought was very large,
For with letters rings[4] and tokens, they dyd hir charge. 10
Which when I hearde and sawe I would none to you bring.

G. Goodl. No, by sainct Marie, I allowe thee in that thing.
Ah sirra, nowe I see truthe in the proverbe olde,
All things that shineth is not by and by[5] pure golde,
If any doe lyve a woman of honestie,[6] 15
I would have sworne Christian Custance had bene shee.[6]

[1] The *Exeat* in E. stands at the end of 61.
[2] natural disposition.
[3] make proof of; cf. Palsgr. p. 762.
[4] Cf. Plaut. *Miles*, v. 957 (IV. i, 11).
[5] straightway, therefore.
[6] Note the rhyme.

Sim Sure. Sir, though I to you be a servant true and just.
Yet doe not ye therfore your faithfull spouse mystrust.
But examine the matter, and if ye shall it finde, H ii *b*
To be all well, be not ye for my wordes unkinde.
G. Goodl. I shall do that is right, and as I see cause why.
But here commeth Custance forth, we shal know by and by.

Actus. v. Scæna. ii.

C. CUSTANCE. GAWYN GOODLUCKE. SYM SURESBY.

C. Custance. I come forth to see and hearken for newes good,
For about this houre is the tyme of likelyhood,
That Gawyn Goodlucke by the sayings of Suresby,
Would be at home, and lo yond I see hym I.
What Gawyn Goodlucke, the onely hope of my life,
Welcome home, and kysse me your true espoused wife.
Ga. Good. Nay soft dame Custance, I must first by your licence,
See whether all things be cleere in your conscience,
I heare of your doings to me very straunge.
C. Custance. What feare ye? that my faith towardes you should chaunge?
Ga. Good. I must needes mistrust ye be elsewhere entangled.
For I heare that certaine men with you have wrangled
About the promise of mariage by you to them made.
C. Custance. Coulde any mans reporte your minde therein persuade?
Ga. Good. Well, ye must therin declare your selfe to stande cleere,
Else I and you dame Custance may not joyne this yere.
C. Custance. Then woulde I were dead, and faire layd in my grave,
Ah Suresby, is this the honestie that ye have?
To hurt me with your report, not knowyng the thing.
Sim Sure. If ye be honest my wordes can hurte you nothing.
But what I hearde and sawe, I might not but report.
C. Custance. Ah Lorde, helpe poore widowes, destitute of comfort.

Fruly most deare spouse, nought was done but for pastance.
G. Good. But such kynde of sporting is homely[1] daliance.
C. Custance. If ye knewe the truthe, ye would take all in good parte. H iii
Ga. Good. By your leave I am not halfe well skilled in that arte.
C. Custance. It was none but Roister Doister that foolishe mome.[2]
Ga. Good. Yea Custance, better (they say) a badde scuse[3] than none.[2]
C. Custance. Why Tristram Trustie sir, your true and faithfull frende,
Was privie bothe to the beginning and the ende.
Let him be the Judge, and for me testifie.
Ga. Good. I will the more credite that he shall verifie,
And bicause I will the truthe know een as it is,
I will to him my selfe, and know all without misse.
Come on Sym Suresby, that before my friend thou may
Avouch the same wordes, which thou dydst to me say. *Exeant.*

Actus. v. Scæna. iii.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE.

C. Custance. O Lorde, howe necessarie it is nowe of dayes,
That eche bodie live uprightly all maner wayes,
For lette never so little a gappe be open,
And be sure of this, the worst shall be spoken[.]
Howe innocent stande I in this for deede or thought,[4]
And yet see what mistrust towardes me it hath wrought[.]
But thou Lorde knowest all folkes thoughts and eke intents
And thou arte the deliverer of all innocentes.
Thou didst helpe the advoutresse[5] that she might be amended,
Much more then helpe Lorde, that never yll intended.
Thou didst helpe *Susanna*, wrongfully accused,
And no lesse dost thou see Lorde, how I am now abused,

[1] Cf. Sherwood, s. v.: . . 'rude,' 'simple,' 'vil,' etc.
[2] Note the rhyme.
[3] Cf. stablishe, etc.
[4] E. and A. have an interrogation mark.
[5] Adulteress.

Thou didst helpe *Hester*, when she should have died,
Helpe also good Lorde, that my truth may be tried.
Yet if Gawin Goodlucke with Tristram Trusty speake.
I trust of yll report the force shall be but weake,
And loe yond they come sadly talking togither, H iii *b*
I wyll abyde, and not shrinke for their comming hither.

Actus. v. Scæna. iiii.

GAWYN GOODLUCKE. TRISTRAM TRUSTIE. C. CUSTANCE. SYM SURESBY.

Ga. Good. And was it none other than ye to me reporte?
Tristram. No, and here were [y^at] wished [ye] to have seene the sporte.[1]
Ga. Good. Woulde I had, rather than halfe of that in my purse.
Sim Sure. And I doe muche rejoyce the matter was no wurse,
And like as to open it, I was to you faithfull,
So of dame Custance honest truth I am joyfull.
For God forfende that I shoulde hurt hir by false reporte.
Ga. Good. Well, I will no longer holde hir in discomforte.
C. Custance. Nowe come they hitherwarde, I trust all shall be well.
Ga. Good. Sweete Custance neither heart can thinke nor tongue tell,
Howe much I joy in your constant fidelitie,
Come nowe kisse me the[2] pearle of perfect honestie.
C. Custance. God lette me no longer to continue in lyfe,
Than I shall towardes you continue a true wyfe.
Ga. Goodl. Well now to make you for this some parte of amendes,
I shall desire first you, and then suche of our frendes,
As shall to you seeme best, to suppe at home with me,
Where at your fought fielde we shall laugh and mery be.
Sim Sure. And mistresse I beseech you, take with me no greefe,
I did a true mans part, not wishyng you repreefe.[3]
C. Custance. Though hastie reportes through surmises growyng,
May of poore innocentes be utter overthrowyng,

[1] E., 'here were ye wished to haue.' [2] Nom.-vocative; cf. V. vi, 37. [3] reproach.

Yet bicause to thy maister thou hast a true hart,
And I know mine owne truth, I forgive thee for my part.
Ga. Goodl. Go we all to my house, and of this geare no more.
Goe prepare all things Sym Suresby, hence, runne afore. H iv
Sim Sure. I goe. *Ex.*
G. Good. But who commeth yond, M. Merygreeke?
C. Custance. Roister Doisters champion, I shrewe his best cheeke.[1]
T. Trusty. Roister Doister selfe[2] your wower is with hym too.
Surely some thing there is with us they have to doe.

Actus. v. Scæna. v.[3]

M. Merygreeke. Ralph Roister. Gawyn Goodlucke. Tristram Trustie. C. Custance.

M. Mery. Yond I see Gawyn Goodlucke, to whome lyeth my message,
I will first salute him after his long voyage,
And then make all thing well concerning your behalfe.
R. Royster. Yea for the pashe of God.
M. Mery. Hence out of sight ye calfe,
Till I have spoke with them, and then I will you fet[—]
R. Royster. In Gods name.
M. Mery. What Master Gawin Goodluck wel met
And from your long voyage I bid you right welcome home.
Ga. Good. I thanke you.
M. Mery. I come to you from an honest mome.
Ga. Good. Who is that?
M. Mery. Roister Doister that doughtie kite.
C. Custance. Fye, I can scarce abide ye shoulde his name recite.
M. Mery. Ye must take him to favour, and pardon all past,
He heareth of your returne, and is full yll agast.
Ga. Good. I am ryght well content he have with us some chere.
C. Custance. Fye upon hym beast, then wyll not I be there.

[1] See IV. ii, 14.
[2] Cf. Koch's *Hist. Gram.* 2: 324.
[3] Cf. last scene of Ter. *Eunuchus.*

Ga. Good. Why Custance do ye hate hym more than ye love me? 15
C. Custance. But for your mynde[1] sir, where he were would I not be[.][2]
T. Trusty. He woulde make us al laugh.
M. Mery. Ye nere had better sport.
Ga. Good. I pray you sweete Custance, let him to us resort.
C. Custance. To your will I assent.
M. Mery. Why, suche a foole it is,[3]
As no man for good pastime would forgoe or misse. 20
G. Goodl. Fet him to go wyth us.
M. Mery. He will be a glad man. *Ex.*
T. Trusty. We must to make us mirth,[4] maintaine[5] hym all we can.
And loe yond he commeth and Merygreeke with him. H iv *b*
C. Custance. At his first entrance ye shall see I wyll him trim.
But first let us hearken the gentlemans wise talke. 25
T. Trusty. I pray you marke if ever ye sawe crane so stalke.

Actus. v. Scæna. vi.

R. ROISTER. M. MERYGREEKE. C. CUSTANCE. G. GOODLUCKE. T. TRUSTIE. D. DOUGHTIE. HARPAX.

R. Royster. May I then be bolde?
M. Mery. I warrant you on my worde,
They say they shall be sicke, but ye be at theyr borde.
R. Royster. Thei wer not angry then[?]
M. Mery. Yes at first, and made strange
But when I sayd your anger to favour shoulde change,
And therewith had commended you accordingly, 5
They were all in love with your mashyp by and by.
And cried you mercy that they had done you wrong.
R. Royster. For why, no man, woman, nor childe can hate me long.[6]

[1] "Unless you desire it." [2] E. has interrogation mark.
[3] Cf. *Eunuch.* V. viii, 49: *Fatuus est, insulsus, bardus.*
[4] Cf. *ib.* V. viii, 57; *Hunc comedendum et deridendum vobis propino.*
[5] E., 'maintaiue.'
[6] Cf. *Eunuch.* V. viii, 62: *Numquam etiam fui usquam, quin me omnes amarint plurimum*

M. Mery. We feare (quod they) he will be avenged one day,
Then for a peny give all our lives we may.
R. Royster. Sayd they so in deede[?]
M. Mery. Did they? yea, even with one voice
He will forgive all (quod I) Oh how they did rejoyce.
R. Royster. Ha, ha, ha.
M. Mery. Goe fette hym (say they) while he is in good moode,
For have his anger who lust, we will not by the Roode.
R. Royster. I pray God that it be all true, that thou hast me tolde,
And that she fight no more.
M. Mery. I warrant you, be bolde
Too them, and salute them. [*advance towards Goodl., etc.*]
R. Royster. Sirs, I greete you all well.
Omnes. Your maistership is welcom.
C. Custance. Savyng my quarell.
For sure I will put you up into the Eschequer.[1]
M. Mery. Why so? better nay: Wherfore?
C. Custance. For an usurer.[2]
R. Royster. I am no usurer good mistresse by his armes.
M. Mery. When tooke he gaine of money to any mans harmes?
C. Custance. Yes, a fowle usurer he is, ye shall see els[—]
R. Royster [*aside to M.*] Didst not thou promise she would picke
no mo quarels?
C. Custance. He will lende no blowes, but he have in recompence
Fiftene for one,[2] whiche is to muche of conscience.
R. Royster. Ah dame, by the auncient lawe of armes, a man
Hath no honour to foile his handes on a woman.
C. Custance. And where other usurers[3] take their gaines yerely,
This man is angry but he have his by and by.
Ga. Goodl. Sir, doe not for hir sake beare me your displeasure.
M. Mery. Well, he shall with you talke therof more at leasure.
Upon your good usage, he will now shake your hande.
R. Royster. And much heartily welcome from a straunge lande.

[1] Cf. Pollock-Maitland, *Hist. Engl. Law*, 1, 171: "The Exchequer is called a curia . . . it receives and audits the accounts of the sheriffs and other collectors; it calls the King's debtors before it," etc.

[2] Cf. Wright's Songs, 76.

[3] See Introd., *Date of the Play.*

M. Mery. Be not afearde Gawyn to let him shake your fyst.
Ga. Goodl. Oh the moste honeste gentleman that ere I wist.
I beseeche your mashyp to take payne to suppe with us.
M. Mery. He shall not say you nay and I too, by Jesus.
Bicause ye shall be friends, and let all quarels passe.
R. Royster. I wyll be as good friends with them as ere I was.
M. Mery. Then let me fet your quier that we may have a song.
R. Royster. Goe.
G. Goodluck. I have hearde no melodie all this yeare long.
M. Mery [*to the musicians whom he has called in*]. Come on sirs quickly.
R. Royster. Sing on sirs, for my frends sake.
D. Dough. Cal ye these your frends?
R. Royster. Sing on, and no mo words make.

Here they sing.[1]

Ga. Good. The Lord preserve our most noble Queene of renowne,
And hir virtues rewarde with the heavenly crowne.
C. Custance. The Lorde strengthen hir most excellent Majestie,
Long to reigne over us in all prosperitie.
T. Trusty. That hir godly proceedings the faith to defende,[2]
He may stablishe and maintaine through to the ende.
M. Mery. God graunt hir as she doth, the Gospell to protect,[3]
Learning and vertue to advaunce, and vice to correct.[4]
R. Royster. God graunt hir lovyng subjects both the minde and grace,
Hir most godly procedyngs worthily to imbrace. I i *b*
Harpax. Hir highnesse most worthy counsellers[5] God prosper,
With honour and love of all men to minister.
Omnes. God graunt the nobilitie[6] sir to serve and love,
With all the whole commontie as doth them behove.

AMEN.

[1] See Appendix G.

[2] The title, '*Fidei Defensor*,' was given to Henry VIII. in 1521; the title, *Defender of the Faith*, is found in the statutes of Mary and Elizabeth; *Defenders of the Faith* in those of Philip and Mary.

[3] Similarly in the *Prayer* at the end of *Cambyses*.

[4] Similarly in the *Prayer* at the end of *Like will to Like*.

[5] Similarly in the plays of *Jacob and Esau*, *Disob. Child*, *New Custom*, *Cambyses*, *Like will to Like*.

[6] Similarly in the *Prayers* of *Nice Wanton*, *Disob. Child*, *Appius*, *Like will to Like*, *Triall of Treas.* [all estates].

Certaine Songs to be song by *those which shall use this Comedie or Enterlude*

THE SECONDE SONG[1]

Who so to marry a minion Wyfe,
Hath hadde good chaunce and happe,
Must love hir and cherishe hir all his life,
And dandle hir in his lappe.

If she will fare well, yf she wyll go gay,
A good husbande ever styll,
What ever she lust to doe, or to say,
Must lette hir have hir owne will.

About what affaires so ever he goe,
He must shewe hir all his mynde,
None of hys counsell she may be kept fr[o]e,[2]
Else is he a man unkynde.

THE FOURTH SONG.[3]

I mun be maried a Sunday
I mun be maried a Sunday,
Who soever shall come that way, [I ii]
I mun be maried a Sunday.

Royster Doyster is my name,
Royster Doyster is my name,
A lustie brute[4] I am the same,
I mun be maried a Sunday.

Christian Custance have I founde,
Christian Custance have I founde,
A Wydowe worthe a thousande pounde,
I mun be maried a sunday.

[1] See I. iv, 112. [2] A. (and E. ?): 'free.' [3] To be inserted III. iii, 152. [4] Cf. III. iii, 120.

Custance is as sweete as honey,
Custance is as sweete as honey,
I hir lambe and she my coney,
I mun be maried a Sunday.

When we shall make our weddyng feast,
When we shall make our weddyng feast,
There shall bee cheere for man and beast,
I mun be maried a Sunday.
I mun be maried a Sunday, etc.

The Psalmodie.[1]

Placebo dilexi,
Maister Roister Doister wil streight go home and die,
Our Lorde Jesus Christ his soule have mercie upon.
Thus you see to day a man, to morow[2] John.[3]
Yet saving for a womans extreeme crueltie,
He might have lyved yet a moneth or two or three,
But in spite of Custance which hath him weried, I ii. *b*
His mashyp shall be worshipfully buried.
And while some piece of his soule is yet hym within,
Some parte of his funeralls let us here beginne.
Dirige. He will go darklyng to his grave.
Neque lux, *neque crux*, *nisi solum* clinke,[4]
Never gentman so went toward heaven I thinke.[5]
Yet sirs as ye wyll the blisse of heaven win,
When he commeth to the grave lay hym softly in,
And all men take heede by this one Gentleman,
How you sette your love upon an unkinde woman:
For these women be all suche madde pievish elves,
They wyll not be woonne except it please them selves.
But in faith Custance if ever ye come in hell,
Maister Roister Doister shall serve you as well.

[1] Cf. III. iii, 53.
[2] *Sic*. E.
[3] H. changes to 'none.'
[4] Cf. the slight differences III. iii, 59.
[5] Entirely new line.

Good night Roger old knave, Farewel Roger olde knave.
Good night Roger olde knave, knave, knap.
Nequando. *Audiui vocem.* *Requiem æternam.*

The Peale[1] of belles rong by the parish Clerk, *and Roister Doisters foure men*

THE FIRST BELL A TRIPLE.[2]

When dyed he? When dyed he?

THE SECONDE

We have hym, We have hym.

THE THIRDE

Royster Doyster, Royster Doyster.

THE FOURTH BELL

He commeth, He commeth.

THE GREATE BELL

Our owne, Our owne.

[1] Cf., on 'Voices' of Bells, Brand, *Pop. Ant.* 2 : 214, 216.
[2] Cotgr.: a Triple; also Gaillard-time in Music.

FINIS.

APPENDIX

A. The Metre of Roister Doister. — Udall's verse is a long line of 9, 10, 11, 12 (and rarely more) syllables; a verse which represents the Middle English Long Line (or the Middle English *Septenarius*, as it has been called for lack of a better name), as we find it, for instance, in *Robert of Gloucester*, some Legends, and *Robert of Brunne*.

This Middle English long line, of either six or seven stresses or accents, is found in Skelton's *Magnyfycence*, and other early Plays.

In Roister Doister, on the whole, the lines of six accents seem to prevail, lines corresponding to the Middle English Alexandrine, or in Udall's case perhaps rather to the classical *senarius*, to the *trimeter* of the Roman comedy as understood by Udall. But a great number of *septenarii* occur at the side of these *senarii*, distributed all over the play, and in the speeches of different persons.

In many cases it seems even doubtful whether a verse should be regarded as a *senarius* or a *septenarius*.

Specimens of the Senarius: —

Truepen | ie get | thee in || thou shalt | among | them knowe
I will | speake out | aloude || I care | not who | heare it.

Specimens of the Septenarius (the syllable before the cæsura or the end of the line with a slighter, secondary accent, produces this *septenarius* in most cases): —

I go′ | now Tri′st | ram Tru′st | y‵ || I tha′nk | you′ | right mu′ch |
And see′ | that in′ | case I′ || should neede′ | to come′ | to arm′ | ing.‵

Senarii or Septenarii: —

Yet a fi′tter wi′fe for you′r || ma′ship mi′ght be fou′nde.
or: Ye′t a fi′tter wi′fe for you′r || ma′ship mi′ght be fou′nde.

Such a good′ly ma′n as you′ || mi′ght get on′e with la′nde.
or: Such′ a good′ly ma′n as you′ || mi′ght get on′e with la nde.

B. The Figure of the Miles Gloriosus in English Literature. — The limits of this edition forbid any detailed account of the pedigree of the type of the *Miles Gloriosus* in English Literature, but for the benefit of the student, I wish to give the following references: —

On the *Miles Gloriosus* of the Ancients, cf. the classical account in Otto Ribbeck's *Alazon, Ein Beitrag zur Antiken Ethologie und zur Kennt-*

niss der Griechisch-Römischen Tragödie, Leipzig, 1882. Cf. further the masterly sketches in the *History of Roman Literature* (Leipzig, 1887; 1, 66; 83) by the same author; the shorter account, "*Über die Figuren des Miles Gloriosus und seines Parasiten bei älteren und neueren Dichtern*," by A. O. F. Lorenz (as an appendix to the same scholar's edition of Plautus, *Mil. Glor.*, Berlin, 1886; pp. 230 *seq.*). The fullest collection of material for a general history of this classical type in modern literature is contained in Karl von Reinhardstoettner, *Plautus, Spätere Bearbeitungen Plautinischer Lustspiele*, Leipzig, 1886 (pp. 130 *seq.*, 595–680).

On the *Mil. Glor.* in English Literature, cf. the excellent dissertation by Herman Graf, *Der Mil. Glor. im Englischen Drama bis zur Zeit des Bürgerkrieges Rostock, s. a.* [1891; cf. Koch's note in *Englische Studien*, 18, 134].

On the Shakespearian "quadrifoil," Falstaff, Parolles, Armado, Pistol, cf. the charming *causerie* by Julius Thümmel: *Der Mil. Glor. bei Shakespeare* [published first in the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch* of 1878, and, later, in the same author's *Shakespeare Charaktere*, Halle, 1887, Vol. I. pp. 257–276].

C. Titiville (I. i, 21). — 'Tuteville' was originally the name of a devil in the French Mystery Plays (cf. Mone, *Schauspiele des Mittelalters*, 2, 27)[1]; from the French Mystery play the name was introduced into the Mysteries of Germany, England,[2] and Holland. His diabolical occupation is thus defined in the *Myroure of oure Ladye* (1 ch. 20; cf. Blunt's note, 342; as well as Skeat's to *Pierce Plowm.*, C. xiv, 123): "I am a poure dyuel and my name is Tytyuyllus . . . I muste eche day . . . brynge my master a thousande pokes [bags] full of faylynges, & of neglygences in syllables and wordes that are done in youre order in redynge and in syngynge, & else I must be sore beten."

This 'function' of the Devil seems to allow a connection[3] with the Latin

[1] Cf. *ib.*, the collection of French names of the Devil; and similar collections in Gosche's *Jahrbuch*, I.; Osborn, *Teufelslitteratur*, 16. The English Devil is still waiting for his Historian!

[2] Cf. *Towneley Myst.* (*Juditium*, p. 310, etc.): Tutivillus (to the Primus Dæmon): —

> I was youre chefe tollare
> And sitten courte rollar
> Now am I master Lollar &c.

Gower, too, knows Titivillus; *Vox Clamantis*, 232: —

> *Hic est confessor Domini, sed nec Dominarum,*
> *Qui magis est blandus, quam Titivillus eis.*

[3] There could not be a connection with: *Titimallus* — Titan (Joh. de Janua).

titivillitium,[1] "a vile thyng of no value" (Cooper), something very small and trifling, like the "faylynges and neglygences in syllables" in praying and reading of the church offices.

In Udall's time the ancient Devil had degenerated, and his name had become a byword for a low, miserable fellow; cf. the play of *Thersites* (Dodsley, I, 424): —

> Tinkers and taborers, tipplers, taverners,
> Tittifills, triflers, turners and trumpers,

and Heywood's *Proverbs*, I ch. 10 (40): —

There is no moe such titifyls in Englandes ground||To hold with the hare and run with the hound.

D. Mumblecrust and the Maids (I. iii.). — 1. *Mumblecrust.* Cooper quotes the same name from Dekker's *Satiromastix*, and a Madge Mumblecrust from *Misogonus* (1577). Jack M. is the name of a beggar in *Patient Grissel*, IV. iii (cf. Cooper). Different compounds are Mumble-news (Shakesp. *L.L.L.* V. ii, 464) and Sir John Mumble-matins (Pilkington, *Exposition upon Aggeus*, 1, 2).

2. *Tibet.* Tib (= Isabella) was the typical servant's name; cf. *G.G.N.*; Tib and Tom in *Ail's Well*, II. ii, 24; "every coistrel inquiring for his Tib," *Pericles*, IV. vi, 176, etc.

3. In *Aly face:* the first part indicates the colour of her nose and the desire of her heart.

The whole dialogue of these women takes us back to the times when it was no dishonour to women to go "to the ale" and enjoy themselves there with their gossips; cf. *P. Pl.*, C. 7, 362; *Chester Pl.*, 1, 53, etc.

E. The Mock Requiem (III. iii, 53) is one of the latest instances of parodies of church services such as are found everywhere in the literature of the Middle Ages. One of the oldest of such parodies is the *Drunkard's Mass, Missa Gulæ*, printed in Halliwell and Wright's *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, 2, 208 (cf. the *Paternoster Goliæ*); the *Officium Lusorum* (printed in *Carmina Burana*, 248); the *Sequentia falsi evangelii sec. Marcam* (*Initium S. Evangelii sec. marcas argenti*) in Du Meril, *Poës. Pop. Lat. Ant.* XII. s. p. 407, etc.

In English Lit. we find similar parodies in the *Requiem to the Favourites of Henry VI.* (Ritson's *Songs*, 101; Furnivall's *Polit. Rel. and Love Songs*, 6: For Jake Napes Sowle, *Placebo*, and *Dirige*); in *Passages* of the *Court of Love* (Chalmers, *Engl. Poets*, 1, 377), in the *Placebo Dilexi* in Skelton's

[1] Freund's *Dict.* quotes it from Plautus, *Casin.* 2, 5, 39: *Non ego istud verbum empsitem titivillitio.* The learned Ben Jonson knew the word (*Silent Woman*, 4, 1): —

> Wife! buz? titivilitium
> There's no such thing in nature!

Phyllyp Sparowe (perhaps the source for Udall's happy thought); in Dunba
Will of Maister Andr. Kennedy, etc.

The parallels to Udall's parody are to be found in Maskell's *Monume*
Ritualia,[1] in the *Manuale et Processionale ad usum insignis Eccles. Eborac*
sis,[2] or in the *Rituale Romanum*.[3]

The references are, for —

1. The *Placebo Dilexi* (Ps. 114), Man. Ebor. 60; Sarum 57*.

2. The Antiphona *Ne quando* (*rapiat ut leo animam meam*, etc., Ps.
Ebor. 67. 68; Sarum 69*; Rit. Rom. 166. 167.

3. The Antiphona *Dirige* [*Domine Deus meus in conspectu tuo vi*
meam], Ebor. 65; Sarum 62*; Rit. Rom. 166, etc.

4. *A porta inferi* [*Erue Domine animas eorum*], Sarum 58*; Rit. Rom. 1

5. *Requiem æternam* [*dona eis Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis*], Eb
64; Sarum 59*.

6. The 'Epistola' *Audivi vocem* [*Lectio Libri Apoc. Joh.* 14, 1
Sarum 76*; Rit. Rom. 158.

7. The *Responsorium: Qui Lazarum* [*resuscitasti a monumento fætidu*
Ebor. 69; R. Rom. 169.

8. The *Antiphona: In Paradisum* [*deducant te Angeli*], Rit. Ro
150, etc.

It is needless to say that Merygreeke does not adhere strictly to the or
of the Ritual, but produces a humorous jumble.

The words *neque lux neque crux* are not in the Ritual, but refer to the 'or
about the wax taper'[4] and the crucifix in the extreme unction, etc.
Maskell, I. ccxcviii.; the '*clinke*'[5] refers to the sounding of the pas
bell (supposed to drive away evil spirits)[6]. Latimer remarks about s

[1] *Inhumatio defuncti*, 1, 142; cf. also his 'dissertation' on the order of the Burial,
CCXCIII.

[2] Ed. *Surtees Soc.* 1875, p. 60; cf. *ib.*, *Commendatio Animarum* 56*; *De Modo Dic*
Exsequias defunctorum ad usum Sarum 80*.

[3] Chapter *De Exequiis*; *Officium Defunctorum*.

[4] Cf. *ib.*, *cerei qui cum cruce et thuribulo de more . . . portabantur accensi*; unto
holy candle commit we our souls at our last departing, Tindale, *Works*, 1, 225; *ib.*
3, 140, etc.; on the wax candle and driving the Devil away, cf. Latimer, *Sermons*, 27 (49
The reformers were as much against the candles as against the bells, and other 'popish supe
tions'; cf. Grindal's *Visitation Book* (1551–52), §§ 40, 46, etc.

[5] Cf. Brand's *Pop. Ant.* 2, 220.

[6] Cf. *Durandus Rationale*, Lib. I. fol. 9 (*De Campanis*): "Uerum aliquo moriente camp
debent pulsari ut populus hoc audiens oret pro illo; pro muliere quidem bis . . . pro viro
ter pulsatur," etc. The superstitious background was that the bells were believed to drive a
evil spirits. Cf. *ib.*, "campanæ pulsantur ut demones timentes fugiant . . . hæc etiam
causa quare ecclesia videns concitari tempestates campanas pulsat ut demones tubas eterni
id est campanas audientes territi fugiant et a tempestatis concitatione quiescant et ut campanæ
sationes fideles admoneant et prouocent pro instanti periculo orationi insistere," and Brand's
Ant. 2, 202.

fooleries' : "The devil should have no abiding place in England if ringing bells would serve" (*Serm.*, 27, 498), and the English reformers were, on he whole, of Latimer's opinion ;[1] but there were more tolerant men who timately prevailed, and so in course of time one short peal before the neral was allowed, and one after it,[2] and even a threefold peal was permitted by Whitgift.[3]

On the history of the Funeral Bell, valuable material is contained in the *Parker Soc.* '*Index*,' s.v. Bells (cf. *ib.* sub. 'Candles').

III. iii, 81, 83 : 'Pray for,' etc. If this passage were in a serious context, interesting deductions could be drawn from it as to Udall's religious views, and perhaps as to the date of the play. Prayers for the dead were entirely against the spirit and doctrines of the early Reformers. But here also less radical views were held, and so we find the Prayer enjoined by Cranmer, 1534 (*Works*, 2, 460), by Edward VI. (Injunctions, 1547, *ib.* 204). To mock the prayer would probably have been unsafe between 1547 and 1556, when Udall died. Edward's *Common Prayer Book* of 1549 retains the prayer for the dead (p. 88, 145), but the edition of 1552 is silent about it (*ib.* 272, 319). In *Elizabeth*'s *Primer* of 1559 this *Prayer* is reintroduced (cf. Priv. Prayers, 59, 67); but later Protestants again condemn it, *e.g.* Whitgift (1574), 3, 364.

F. Roister as 'vagrant.' IV. iii, 104. — Of all the statutes against vagrants, that of 1 Edward VI. (c. 3), 1547, affords the best parallel to Custance's resolute and humorous words. This law determines that "whosoever . . . being not lame shall either like a seruing-man wanting a master, or like a beggar or after any such other sort be lurking in any house or houses, or loitering, or idle wandering by the high wayes side, or in streets, cities, townes, or villages . . . then euery such person shall bee taken for a vagabond, . . . and it shalbe lawfull . . . to any . . . person espying the same, to bring or cause to be brought the said person so liuing idle and *loiteringly*, to two of the next justices of the peace," etc.

G. The prayer and 'song' at the end of the play. V. vi, 47. — I am inclined to think that the song which 'they sing' according to the stage direction, is *not* given,[4] and that verses 47–59 are *spoken*, and represent the 'prayer' which the actors would all say kneeling (cf. Nares's *Glossary*, s.v. 'kneel'). That the 'Queene' referred to is Elizabeth, and not Mary, becomes clear from the words "God graunt hir as she doth, *the Gospell to*

[1] bells . . . with such other vanities, Tindale, 3, 258 ; ape's play, *ib.* 283, etc.
[2] Grindal, *Works*, 136.
[3] 3, 362 ; Injunctions at York, 1571, 8 ; Articles at Canterbury, 1576, 9.
[4] Collier, *Hist. Dram. Poetry*, 2, 459, thinks the whole epilogue is 'sung.'

protect. This proves, too, that these words are not by Udall, but by the unknown hand that prepared the play for the press under Elizabeth.

H. Works quoted in the notes. —

ARBER. The editions of Roister Doister in Arber's *English Reprints* —

1. of July 1, 1869.
2. of July 24, 1869.

N.B. The only difference which I have found between the two reprints is the *absence* of one line [III. iv, 66] on p. 51 in the ed. of July 24; the line is contained in ed. of July 1, 1869.

CAMDEN. Proverbs in 'Remaines concerning Britaine.' London, 1623.

COOPER. Ralph Roister Doister, a comedy, ed. by W. D. Cooper, London. Printed for the Shakespeare Society, 1847.

COTGRAVE. A French and English Dictionary, ed. 1650 (with the addition of Dictionaire Anglais & François, by Robert Sherwood. [1st ed. 1611.]

DODSLEY, s. HAZLITT.

FLÜGEL. Neuenglisches Lesebuch von Ewald Flügel, Vol. I. "Die Zeit Heinrich's VIII." Halle, 1895.

HALLIWELL. A Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, by J. O. Halliwell. London, 1847.

HAZLITT. Edition of Roister Doister in "A Select Collection of Old English Plays," originally published by Robert Dodsley, 1744. Fourth ed. by W. Carew Hazlitt. London, 1874 (Vol. 3).

HEYWOOD. The Proverbs of John Heywood [first published in 1546? and reprinted from ed. 1598 by Julian Sharman]. London, 1874.

Epigrams [reprinted from ed. 1562]. Printed for the Spenser Society, 1867.

PALSGRAVE. Lesclarcissement de la Langue Francoyse compose par Maistre Jehan Palsgraue, 1530. Pub. par F. Génin. Paris, 1852.

RAY. A Compleat Collection of English Proverbs, by J. Ray. Third ed. London, 1742.

William Stevenson

GAMMER GURTONS NEDLE

Edited with Critical Essay and Notes by Henry Bradley, Hon. M.A., Oxford

CRITICAL ESSAY

Date of the Play and its Authorship. — The title-page of the earliest known edition of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle*, printed by Thomas Colwell in 1575, states that this "right pithy, pleasaunt, and merie comedie" was "played on stage, not longe ago, in Christes Colledge in Cambridge," and that it was "made by Mr. S., Mr. of Art." There is here no intimation that any former edition had appeared. But the register of the Company of Stationers shows that in the year ending 22 July, 1563, Colwell paid 4d. for licence to print a play entitled *Dyccon of Bedlam, etc.*; and as "*Diccon the Bedlam*" is a most important character in *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* (his name, by good right, standing first in the list of *dramatis personæ*), there is a fair presumption that the piece for which Colwell obtained a licence in 1562–3 was in substance identical with that which he actually printed in 1575 under another title.[1] Whether *Dyccon* was really published in or soon after 1563, or whether Colwell for some reason or other allowed twelve years to elapse before carrying out his intention of publishing the play, cannot now be determined with certainty; the balance of probability seems, however, to be in favour of the latter supposition.[2]

The identity of "Mr. S., Master of Art," to whom the authorship of the comedy is ascribed on the title-page, appears to be discoverable by means of certain evidence contained in the bursar's books of Christ's College, for the knowledge of which the present editor is indebted to the kindness of the Master of that college,

[1] The alternative possibility is that *Gammer Gurton* was a sequel to *Dyccon*. In that case the two plays would most probably be by the same author, so that the value of the argument in the next paragraph would hardly be affected.

[2] Partly because the title-page of 1575 contains no indication that the play had been printed before, and partly because (as will be shown) there is some evidence that the publication was delayed after the title had been changed. It would be interesting to know whether a second licence was obtained for printing the play under its later name; but there happens to be a gap in the detailed accounts of the Stationers Company extending from 1571 to 1576.

Dr. Peile. If we are right in identifying *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* with the play which was licenced to the printer in the year ending 22 July, 1563, the performance at Christ's College must have taken place before that date, for it was not the custom to send a play to the press before it had been acted. Now, in the academic year ending Michaelmas, 1563, there is no record of any dramatic representation having been given in the college. In the preceding year, 1561–62, the accounts mention certain sums "spent at Mr. Chatherton's playe." The person referred to is William Chaderton, then Fellow of Christ's; but, as his name does not begin with S, this entry does not concern our inquiry. In 1560–61 there is no mention of any play; but in 1559–60 we find the two following items: —

> "To the viales at Mr. Chatherton's plaie, *2s. 6d.*"
> "Spent at Mr. Stevenson's plaie, *5s.*"

As no evidence to the contrary has been found, it appears highly probable that the "Mr. S." of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* was William Stevenson, Fellow of Christ's College from 1559 to 1561. It is further probable that he is identical with the person of the same name who was Fellow of the college from 1551 to 1554,[1] and who appears in the bursar's accounts as the author of a play acted in the year 1553–54. It may be presumed that he was deprived of his fellowship under Queen Mary, and was reinstated under Elizabeth. Whether Stevenson's play of 1559–60 was the same which had been given six years before, or whether it was a new one, there is no evidence to show. The former supposition, however, derives some plausibility from the fact that, as several critics have pointed out, the allusions to church matters in *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* seem to indicate a pre-Elizabethan date for its composition.[2] At all events it seems likely that the play of 1553–54 was in English, for

[1] If the Stevenson of 1559–61 was not identical with his namesake, some record of his graduations and matriculation ought to exist. But Dr. Peile, who has taken the trouble to search through the university registers for several years prior to 1559, informs me that no such record can be found.

[2] The reference to the king, moreover, in Act V. ii, 236 would strengthen the probability that the play of 1575 (and 1559–60) was originally composed during Stevenson's first fellowship; at any rate before the death of Edward VI. It might therefore be identical with the play acted in 1553–4. — *Gen. Ed.*

the accounts speak of a Latin play (managed by another Fellow, named Persevall) as having been performed in the same year.

Of Stevenson's history nothing is known, beyond the bare facts that he was born at Hunwick in Durham, matriculated as a sizar in November, 1546, became B.A. in 1549–50, M.A. in 1553, and B.D. in 1560. He was ordained deacon in London in 1552, appointed prebendary of Durham in January, 1560–61, and died in 1575, the year in which *Gammer Gurton* was printed.

It may at first sight appear to be a formidable objection to Stevenson's authorship of the play, that the title-page of the edition of 1575 speaks of the representation at Cambridge as having taken place "not longe ago." But Colwell had had the MS. in his possession ever since 1563; and there is nothing unlikely in the supposition that the wording of the original title-page was retained without any other alteration than the change in the name of the piece. The title-page, it may be remarked, is undated, the tablet at the foot, which is apparently intended to receive the date, being left blank. This fact may possibly indicate that when the printing of the volume was begun it was anticipated that its publication might have to be delayed for some time.[1] The appearance of the title-page suggests the possibility that it may have been altered after being set up: "*Gammer gur-* | *tons Nedle*" in small italic may have been substituted for **Diccon of** | **Bedlam** in type as large as that of the other words in the same lines. In Colwell's edition of Ingelend's *Disobedient Child* (printed 1560) the title-page has the same woodcut border, but the name of the piece is in type of the same size as that of the preceding and following words. As this woodcut does not occur in any other of Colwell's publications now extant, it seems reasonable to infer that *Gammer Gurton* was printed long before 1575.

Former Attributions of Authorship. — It is necessary to say something about the two persons to whom the authorship of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* has hitherto been attributed — Dr. John Bridges, who was in succession Dean of Salisbury and Bishop of Oxford, and Dr. John Still, who was made Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1593.

[1] Too much importance must not, however, be attached to this, as the same thing is found in the title-page of *The Disobedient Child*, above referred to. The date of 1575 for our comedy is given in the colophon at the end of the book. See also p. 206 *n.*

It is curious that both the distinguished churchmen who have been credited with the composition of this very unclerical play received the degree of D.D. in the same year in which it was published.

The evidence on which it has been attempted to assign the play to John Bridges is contained in certain passages of the "Martin Marprelate" tracts. In the first of these, the *Epistle*, published in 1588, the author addresses Bridges in the following terms: —

> "You have bin a worthy writer, as they say, of a long time; your first book was a proper enterlude, called *Gammar Gurtons Needle*. But I think that this trifle, which sheweth the author to have had some witte and invention in him, was none of your doing, because your books seeme to proceede from the braynes of a woodcocke, as having neither wit nor learning."

In his second pamphlet, the *Epitome*, "Martin Marprelate" twice alludes to the dean's supposed authorship of the play, in a manner which conveys the impression that he really believed in it. None of "Martin's" adversaries seem to have contradicted his statement on this point, though Cooper in particular was at great pains to refute the pamphleteer's "slanders" on other dignitaries. It must be admitted that everything that is known of Bridges is decidedly favourable to the supposition that he might have written comedy in his youth. His voluminous *Defence of the Government of the Church of England* abounds in sprightly quips, often far from dignified in tone; and his controversial opponents complained, with some justice, of his "buffoonery." He is recorded by Harrington to have been a prolific writer of verse; and that his interests were not exclusively theological appears from the fact that he is said to have translated, in 1558, three of Machiavelli's *Discourses*, having previously resided in Italy. The only reason for rejecting "Martin Marprelate's" attribution of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* to him is that he was not "Mr. S.," and that he belonged not to Christ's College, but to Pembroke. But as he was resident at Cambridge in 1560 (having taken the degree of A.M. in that year), it is quite possible that he may have assisted William Stevenson in the composition or revision of the play.

The name of Bishop Still is so familiar as that of the reputed author of *Gammer Gurton*, that many readers will be surprised to

learn that this attribution was first proposed in 1782 by Isaac Reed in his enlarged edition of Baker's *Biographia Dramatica*.[1] Reed discovered in the accounts of Christ's College an entry referring to a play acted at Christmas, 1567 (not 1566, as he states); and as this is the latest entry of the kind occurring before 1575, he plausibly inferred that it related to the representation of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle*, which in Colwell's title-page was stated to have taken place "not long ago." The only Master of Arts of the college then living, whose surname began with S, that he was able to find, was John Still, whom he therefore confidently identified with the "Mr. S." who is said to have written *Gammer Gurton*. If our arguments in favour of Stevenson's authorship be accepted, Reed's conclusion of course falls to the ground; and the character of Bishop Still, as it is known from the testimony of several of his personal friends, renders it incredible that he can ever have distinguished himself as a comic writer. The characteristic quality by which he seems chiefly to have impressed his contemporaries was his extraordinary seriousness. Archbishop Parker, in 1573, speaks of him as "a young man," but "better mortified than some other forty or fifty years of age"; and another eulogist commends "his staidness and gravity." If Still's seriousness had been, like that of many grave and dignified persons, in any eminent degree qualified by wit, there would surely have been some indication of the fact in the vivaciously written account of him given by Harrington. But neither there nor elsewhere is there any evidence that he ever made a joke, that he ever wrote a line of verse, or that he had any interests other than those connected with his sacred calling. A fact which has often been remarked upon as strange by those who have accepted the current theory of Still's authorship of *Gammer Gurton* is that in 1592, when he was vice-chancellor of Cambridge, his signature, followed by those of other heads of houses, was appended to a memorial praying that the queen would allow a Latin play to be substituted for the English play which she had commanded to be represented by the university actors on the occasion of her approaching visit. The memorialists urged that

[1] This title was given by Reed; Baker's original work of 1762 was called *A Dictionary of the Stage*.

the performance of English plays had not been customary in the university, being thought "nothing beseminge our students." It is not necessary to attribute much importance to this incident, but, so far as it has any bearing on the question at all, it goes to support the conclusion, already certain on other grounds, that the author of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* cannot have been John Still.[1]

Place in the History of Comedy. — In attempting to assign the place of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* in the history of the English drama, we should remember that it is the sole surviving example of the vernacular college comedies — probably more numerous than is commonly suspected — produced during the sixteenth century, and that most of the features which appear to us novel were doubtless the result of a gradual development. So far as our knowledge goes, however, it is the second English comedy conforming to the structural type which modern Europe has learned from the example of the Roman playwrights. The choice of the old "septenary" measure, in which most of the dialogue is written, may have been due to recollection of the Terentian iambic tetrameter catalectic, just as the rugged Alexandrines of *Ralph Roister Doister* were probably suggested by the Latin comic senarius. But while in Udall's play the matter as well as the form is largely of classical origin, the plot and the characters of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* are purely native. Its material is drawn at first hand from observation of English life; its literary ancestry, so far as it has any, is mainly to be traced through John Heywood's interludes to the farces of the fifteenth-century mysteries, of which one brilliant example is preserved in the *Secunda Pastorum* of the Towneley cycle.

The artistic merit of the piece has often been unduly depreciated, from causes which it is not difficult to understand. The very rudimentary kind of humour which turns on physically disgusting suggestions is no longer amusing to educated people, and there is so much of this poor stuff in the play that the real wit of some scenes, and the clever portraiture of character throughout, have not received their fair share of acknowledgment. Most people who have lived

[1] The arguments against Still's authorship of *Gammer Gurton*, and in favour of that of Bridges, are stated at length in an article by Mr. C. H. Ross in the nineteenth volume of *Anglia* (1896), to which we are indebted for several useful references.

long in an English village will recognise Gammer Gurton and Dame Chat as capital studies from life, though their modern representatives are not quite so foul-mouthed in their wrath as the gossips of the sixteenth century; and Hodge, whose name has become the conventional designation of the English farm labourer, is an equally lifelike figure. The brightly drawn character of Diccon represents a type which the working of the poor laws, and many social changes, have banished from our villages. But old people who were living down to the middle of this century had many stories to tell of the crazy wanderer, who was recognised as too feather-brained to be set to any useful work, but who was a welcome guest in cottage homes, and whose pranks were looked on with kindly toleration by well-disposed people, even when they led to inconvenient consequences.[1] The game of cross-purposes brought about by Diccon's machinations, which forms the plot, is humorously imagined, and worked out with some skill. It does not, of course, rise above the level of farce; but there is real comedy, not quite of the lowest order, in the scene where the fussy self-importance of Dr. Rat, bursting with impotent rage at his well-merited discomfiture, is confronted with the calm impartiality of "Master Baily" — the steward of the lord of the manor, apparently, and the representative of temporal authority in the village. The common verdict that *Gammer Gurtons Nedle* is a work of lower rank than *Ralph Roister Doister* is perhaps on the whole not unjust; but the later play has some merits of its own, and, as the first known attempt to present a picture of contemporary rustic life in the form of a regular comedy, it may be admitted to represent a distinct advance in the development of English dramatic art.

Dialect. — The treatment of dialect in the play demands a word of notice. All the characters, except the curate and the baily, who belong to the educated class, and Diccon, who may be presumed to have come down from a better social station than that of the village people, use a kind of speech which is clearly intended to represent the dialect of the southwestern counties. It is not always very correct;

[1] Of course it is not meant that these persons corresponded exactly to the type represented by Diccon — the ex-patient of Bethlehem Hospital, discharged as being supposed to be cured or rendered harmless, and wearing a badge indicating the possession of a licence to beg.

the writer, for instance, seems to have thought that *cham* stood for "am" as well as "I am," so that he makes Hodge say "cham I not." Stevenson, as we have seen, was of northern birth; and, as a line or two in the same dialect is found in *Ralph Roister Doister*, there is some reason for believing that the dialect of the stage rustic was already a matter of established convention.[1] The word *pes*, a hassock, which occurs in the play, is peculiar, so far as is known, to the East Anglian dialect, and may have been picked up by the author in his walks about Cambridge. Whether derived from *Gammer Gurton* or from plays of earlier date, the conventional dialect of the stage rustic kept its place throughout the Elizabethan period. Shakspere's rustics, as is well known, mostly use the southwestern forms, not those current in the poet's native Warwickshire.

The Present Text. — The text of the present edition is taken from the copy of Colwell's edition (1575) in the Bodleian Library. The original spelling has been preserved, except that *j* and *v* are substituted for *i* and *u* when used as consonants, and *u* for *v* when used as a vowel. Obvious misprints have been corrected, but are mentioned in the footnotes (except in the case of mere errors of word-division, which it seemed unnecessary to notice). The punctuation, and the use of initial capitals, have been conformed to modern practice. Another copy of Colwell's edition is in the British Museum. The play was reprinted in 1661, and, with modernised spelling, in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, and in the new edition of Dodsley by W. C. Hazlitt. An excellent edition, with the original spelling, was published in 1897 by Professor J. M. Manly, in vol. ii. of his *Specimens of the Pre-Shaksperean Drama*. Several of the readings which are given in Professor Manly's text or footnotes as those of Colwell's edition do not agree with those either of the London or the Oxford copy. In the footnotes to the present edition reference to Colwell's, Hazlitt's, and Manly's editions are indicated by Ed. 1575, H. and M., respectively.

HENRY BRADLEY.

[1] In Pikeryng's *Horestes* (1567), which is some years earlier than the first known publication of *Gammer Gurton*, the country characters (one of whom is named Hodge) speak a strongly marked southwestern dialect.

A Ryght

Pithy, Pleaſaunt and me
rie Comedie: In-
tytuled *Gammer gur-
tons Nedle:* Played on
Stage, not longe
ago in Chri-
ſtes
Colledge in Cambridge

Made by Mr. S. Mr. of Art.

Imprynted at London in
Fleete ſtreet beneth the Con-
duit at the ſigne of S. Johñ
Evangeliſt by Tho-
mas Colwell.

The Names of the Speakers in this Comedie

Diccon,[1] *the Bedlem.*
Hodge,[2] *Gammer Gurtons servante.*
Tyb, *Gammer Gurtons mayde.*
Gammer Gurton.
Cocke,[3] *Gammer Gurtons boye.*
Dame Chatte.
Doctor Rat, *the Curate.*
Mayster Baylye.
Doll, *Dame Chattes mayde.*
Scapethryft,[4] *Mayst. Beylies servante.*
Mutes.

God Save the Queene.

[1] The older form of Dick, nickname for Richard.
[2] Nickname for Roger.
[3] Misprinted *Docke.*
[4] Professor Manly gives *scapethryk* as the reading of the edition of 1575; but in the copies in the Bodleian Library and in the British Museum the name is printed correctly.

P. 205 represents the title-page (but without the border) to which I refer on p. 199. Mr. W. J. Lewis points out to me that this woodcut title-page had been used previously by William Copland, in 1553, for his editions of Douglas's *Æneis* and *Palice of Honour.*

Gammer Gurtons Nedle

The Prologue. A ii

As Gammer Gurton with manye a wyde styche
Sat pesynge and patching of Hodg her mans briche,
By chance or misfortune, as shee her geare tost,
In Hodge lether bryches her needle shee lost.
When Diccon the bedlem had hard by report
That good Gammer Gurton was robde in thys sorte,
He quyetly perswaded with her in that stound [1]
Dame Chat, her deare gossyp, this needle had found;
Yet knew shee no more of this matter, alas!
Then knoeth Tom, our clarke, what the priest saith at masse.
Hereof there ensued so fearfull a fraye,
Mas [2] Doctor was sent for, these gossyps to staye,
Because he was curate, and estemed full wyse;
Who found that he sought not, by Diccons device.
When all thinges were tombled and cleane out of fassion,
Whether it were by fortune, or some other constellacion,
Sodenlye the neele Hodge found by the prickynge,
And drew it out of his bottocke, where he felt it stickynge.
Theyr hartes then at rest with perfect securytie,
With a pot of good nale they stroake up theyr plauditie.

[1] moment, time.

[2] A common contraction for *master*.

The fyrst Acte. The fyrst Sceane.

DICCON.

Diccon. Many a myle have I walked, divers and sundry waies,
And many a good mans house have I bin at in my daies;
Many a gossips cup in my tyme have I tasted,
And many a broche[1] and spyt have I both turned and basted;
Many a peece of bacon have I had out of thir balkes,
In ronnyng over the countrey, with long and were walkes;
Yet came my foote never within those doore cheekes,
To seeke flesh or fysh, garlyke, onyons, or leeke[s],
That ever I saw a sorte[2] in such a plyght
As here within this house appereth to my syght.
There is howlynge and scowlyng, all cast in a dumpe,
With whewling and pewling, as though they had lost a trump. A ii b
Syghing and sobbing, they weepe and they wayle;
I marvell in my mynd what the devill they ayle.
The olde trot syts groning, with alas! and alas!
And Tib wringes her hands, and takes on in worse case.
With poore Cocke, theyr boye, they be dryven in such fyts,
I feare mee the folkes be not well in theyr wyts.
Aske them what they ayle, or who brought them in this staye,
They aunswer not at all, but "alacke!" and "welaway!"
Whan I saw it booted not, out at doores I hyed mee,
And caught a slyp of bacon, when I saw that none spyed mee,
Which I intend not far hence, unles my purpose fayle,
Shall serve for a shoinghorne to draw on two pots of ale.

[1] 'Broche' and 'spit' are synonymous.
[2] set of people, company; cf. Heywood, *Play of the Wether*, l. 94.

The fyrst Acte. The second Sceane.

HODGE. DICCON.

Hodge. See! so cham[1] arayed with dablynge in the durt!
She that set me to ditchinge, ich wold she hat the squrt!
Was never poore soule that such a life had.
Gogs bones! thys vylthy glaye hase drest me to bad!
Gods soule! see how this stuffe teares!
Iche were better to bee a bearward and set to keepe beares!
By the Masse, here is a gasshe, a shamefull hole in deade!
And one stytch teare furder, a man may thrust in his heade.
Diccon. By my fathers soule, Hodge, if I shoulde now be sworne,
I can not chuse but say thy breech is foule betorne,
But the next remedye in such a case and hap
Is to plaunche on a piece as brode as thy cap.
Hodge. Gogs soule, man, tis not yet two dayes fully ended
Synce my dame Gurton, chem sure, these breches amended;
But cham made suc[h]e a drudge to trudge at euery neede,
Chwold rend it though it were stitched with[2] sturdy pacthreede.
Diccon. Ho[d]ge, let thy breeches go, and speake and tell mee soone
What devill ayleth Gammer Gurton & Tib her mayd to frowne.
Hodge. Tush, man, thart deceyved: tys theyr dayly looke;
They coure so over the coles, theyre eyes be bleared with smooke.
Diccon. Nay, by the masse, I perfectly perceived, as I came hether,
That eyther Tib and her dame hath ben by the eares together,
Or els as great a matter, as thou shalt shortly see.
Hodge. Now, iche beseeche our Lord they never better agree!
Diccon. By Gogs soule, there they syt as still as stones in the streite,
As though they had ben taken with fairies, or els with some il sprite.

[1] I am. The rustic dialect in the piece is conventional, but its general peculiarities are those of the southwestern counties; *iche* = I, reduced to *ch* in *cham*, *chould*, or *chwold* (I would), *chwere*, etc. The southwestern *v* for *f* is not generally used, but occurs below in *vylthy*, in *vast* (I. iv. 8), and in *vathers* (II. i. 52); *glaye* for clay is probably not genuine dialect.

[2] Misprinted *what*.

Hodge. Gogs hart! I durst have layd my cap to a crowne
Chwould lerne of some prancome as sone as ich came to town.
Diccon. Why, Hodge, art thou inspyred? or dedst thou therof here?
Hodge. Nay, but ich saw such a wonder as ich saw nat this seven yere.
Tome Tannkards cow, be Gogs bones! she set me up her saile,
And flynging about his halfe aker[1] fysking with her taile,
As though there had ben in her ars a swarme of bees,
And chad not cryed "tphrowh, hoore," shead lept out of his lees.
Diccon. Why, Hodg, lies the connyng in Tom Tankards cowes taile?
Hodge. Well, ich chave hard some say such tokens do not fayle.
Bot ca[n]st thou not tell,[2] in faith, Diccon, why she frownes, or wher at?
Hath no man stolne her ducks or hen[n]es, or gelded Gyb, her cat?
Diccon. What devyll can I tell, man? I cold not have one word!
They gave no more hede to my talk than thow woldst to a lorde.
Hodge. Iche cannot styll but muse, what mervaylous thinge it is.
Chyll in and know my selfe what matters are amys.
Diccon. Then fare well, Hodge, a while, synce thou doest inward hast,
For I will into the good wyfe Chats, to feele how the ale doth taste.

The fyrst Acte. The thyrd Sceane.

HODGE. TYB.

Hodge. Cham agast; by the masse, ich wot not what to do.
Chad nede blesse me well before ich go them to.
Perchaunce some felon sprit may haunt our house indeed;
And then chwere but a noddy to venter where cha no neede.

[1] H. prints 'halse aker,' with the following absurd note: "I believe we should read *halse anchor*, or *anker*, as it was anciently spelt; a naval phrase." [2] Ed. 1575 *till*.

Tyb. Cham worse then mad, by the masse, to be at this staye!
Cham chyd, cham blamd, and beaton, all thoures on the daye;
Lamed and honger-storved, prycked up all in jagges,
Havyng no patch to hyde my backe, save a few rotten ragges!
Hodge. I say, Tyb — if thou be Tyb, as I trow sure thou bee, —
What devyll make a doe is this, betweene our dame and thee?
Tyb. Gogs breade, Hodg, thou had a good turne thou wart not here [this while]! A iii b
It had been better for some of us to have ben hence a myle;
My gammer is so out of course and frantyke all at ones,
That Cocke, our boy, and I, poore wench, have felt it on our bones.
Hodge. What is the matter — say on, Tib — wherat she taketh so on?
Tyb. She is undone, she sayth, alas! her joye and life is gone!
If shee here not of some comfort, she is, fayth![1] but dead;
Shal never come within her lyps one inch of meate ne bread.
Hodge. Byr Ladie, cham not very glad to see her in this dumpe.
Cholde[2] a noble her stole hath fallen, & shee hath broke her rumpe.
Tyb. Nay, and that were the worst, we wold not greatly care
For bursting of her huckle bone, or breaking of her chaire;
But greatter, greater, is her grief, as, Hodge, we shall all feele!
Hodge. Gogs woundes, Tyb! my gammer has never lost her neele?
Tyb. Her neele!
Hodge. Her neele!
Tyb. Her neele!
By him that made me, it is true, Hodge, I tell thee.
Hodge. Gogs sacrament, I would she had lost tharte out of her bellie!
The Devill, or els his dame, they ought[3] her, sure, a shame!
How a murryon came this chaunce, say, Tib! unto our dame?
Tyb. My gammer sat her downe on her pes,[4] and bad me reach thy breeches,
And by and by (a vengeance in it!) or she had take two stitches

[1] Printed *sayth*. [2] I hold, *i.e.* 'I wager.' [3] owed.
[4] 'Pess,' a hassock (Rye's *East Anglian Glossary*, English Dialect Society).

To clap a clout upon thine ars, by chaunce asyde she leares,
And Gyb, our cat, in the milke pan she spied over head and eares.
"Ah, hore! out, thefe!" she cryed aloud, and swapt the breches downe.
Up went her staffe, and out leapt Gyb at doors into the towne,
And synce that tyme was never wyght cold set their eies upon it.
Gogs malison chave (Cocke and I) bid twenty times light on it.

Hodge. And is not then my breeches sewid up, to morow that I shuld were?

Tyb. No, in faith, Hodge, thy breeches lie for al this never the nere.

Hodge. Now a vengeance light on al the sort, that better shold have kept it,
The cat, the house, and Tib, our maid, that better shold have swept it!
Se where she cometh crawling! Come on, in twenty devils way!
Ye have made a fayre daies worke, have you not? pray you, say!

The fyrst Acte. The iiii. Sceane.

GAMMER. HODGE. TYB. COCKE.

Gammer. Alas, Hoge, alas! I may well cursse and ban A iv
This daie, that ever I saw it, with Gyb and the mylke pan;
For these and ill lucke togather, as knoweth Cocke, my boye,
Have stacke away my deare neele, and robd me of my joye,
My fayre long strayght neele, that was myne onely treasure;
The fyrst day of my sorow is, and last end of my pleasure!

Hodge. Might ha kept it when ye had it! but fooles will be fooles styll.
Lose that is vast in your handes ye neede not but ye will.

Gammer. Go hie the, Tib, and run thou, hoore, to thend here of the towne![1]
Didst cary out dust in thy lap; seeke wher thou porest it downe,

[1] the ground attached to the house. (Cf. Sc. toun.)

And as thou sawest me roking, in the ashes where I morned,
So see in all the heape of dust thou leave no straw unturned.

Tyb. That chal, Gammer, swythe and tyte,[1] and sone be here agayne!

Gammer. Tib, stoope & loke downe to the ground to it, and take some paine.

Hodge. Here is a prety matter, to see this gere how it goes;
By Gogs soule, I thenk you wold loes your ars, and it were loose!
Your neele lost, it is pitie you shold lack care and endlesse sorow.
Gogs deth! how shall my breches be sewid? Shall I go thus to morow?

Gammer. Ah Hodg, Hodg! if that ich cold find my neele, by the reed,
Chould sow thy breches, ich promise the, with full good double threed,
And set a patch on either knee shuld last this monethes twaine.
Now God and good Saint Sithe[2] I praye to send it home againe!

Hodge. Wherto served your hands and eies, but this your neele to kepe?
What devill had you els to do? ye kept, ich wot, no sheepe!
Cham faine abrode to dyg and delve, in water, myre, and claye,
Sossing and possing in the durte styll from day to daye.
A hundred thinges that be abrode, cham set to see them weele,
And four of you syt idle at home, and can not keepe a neele!

Gammer. My neele! alas! ich lost it, Hodge, what time ich me up hasted
To save the milke set up for the, which Gib, our cat, hath wasted.

Hodge. The Devill he burst both Gib and Tib, with al the rest!
Cham alwayes sure of the worst end, who ever have the best!
Where ha you ben fidging abrode, since you your neele lost?

Gammer. Within the house, and at the dore, sitting by this same post,

[1] with vigour and speed, promptly.

[2] Commonly supposed to mean St. Osyth.

Wher I was loking a long howre, before these folks came here;
But welaway, all was in vayne, my neele is never the nere!

Hodge. Set me a candle, let me seeke, and grope where ever it bee.
Gogs hart, ye be so folish, ich thinke, you knowe it not when you it see!

Gammer. Come hether, Cocke; what, Cocke, I say!

Cocke. Howe, Gammer?

Gammer. Goe, hye the soone,
And grope behynd the old brasse pan, whych thing when thou hast done,
Ther shalt thou fynd an old shooe, wherein if thou look well,
Thou shalt fynd lyeng an inche of a whyte tallow candell.
Lyght it, and bryng it tite away.

Cocke. That shalbe done anone.

Gammer. Nay, tary, Hodge, till thou hast light, and then weele seke ech one.

Hodge. Cum away, ye horson boy, are ye aslepe? ye must have a crier!

Cocke. Ich cannot get the candel light: here is almost no fier.

Hodge. Chil hold[1] the a peny chil make the come, if that ich may catch thine eares!
Art deffe, thou horson boy? Cocke, I say; why canst not heares?

Gammer. Beate hym not, Hodge, but help the boy, and come you two together.

The i Acte. The v Sceane.

GAMMER. TYB. COCKE. HODGE.

Gammer. How now, Tib? quycke, lets here what newes thou hast brought hether!

Tyb. Chave tost and tumbled yender heap our and over againe,
And winowed it through my fingers, as men wold winow grain;

[1] wager, bet; compare note 2, page 101. Ed. 1575 *beld*.

Not so much as a hens turd but in pieces I tare it,
Or what so ever clod or clay I found, I did not spare it,
Lokyng within and eke without, to fynd your neele, alas!
But all in vaine and without help! your neele is where it was.
Gammer. Alas my neele! we shall never meete! adue, adue, for aye!
Tyb. Not so, Gammer, we myght it fynd, if we knew where it laye.
Cocke. Gogs crosse, Gammer, if ye will laugh, looke in but at the doore,
And see how Hodg lieth tombling and tossing amids the floure,
Rakyng there some fyre to fynd amonge the asshes dead,
Where there is not one sparke so byg as a pyns head;
At last in a darke corner two sparkes he thought he sees,
Which were indede nought els but Gyb our cats two eyes.
"Puffe!" quod Hodg, thinking therby to have fyre without doubt;
With that Gyb shut her two eyes, and so the fyre was out;
And by and by them opened, even as they were before;
With that the sparkes appered, even as they had done of yore;
And even as Hodge blew the fire (as he did thinke),
Gib, as she felt the blast, strayghtway began to wyncke;
Tyll Hodge fell of swering, as came best to his turne,
The fier was sure bewicht, and therfore wold not burne.
At last Gyb up the stayers, among the old postes and pinnes,
And Hodge he hied him after, till broke were both his shinnes;
Cursyng and swering othes were never of his makyng,
That Gyb wold fyre the house if that shee were not taken.
Gammer. See, here is all the thought that the foolysh urchyn taketh!
And Tyb, me thinke, at his elbowe almost as mery maketh.
This is all the wyt ye have, when others make their mone.
Cum downe, Hodge, where art thou? and let the cat alone!
Hodge. Gogs harte, help and come up! Gyb in her tayle hath fyre,
And is like to burne all, if shee get a lytle hier!
Cum downe, quoth you? nay, then you might count me a patch.[1]
The house commeth downe on your heads, if it take ons the thatch.

[1] a fool, jester.

Gammer. It is the cats eyes, foole, that shyneth in the darke.
Hodge. Hath the cat, do you thinke, in every eye a sparke?
Gammer. No, but they shyne as lyke fyre as ever man see.
Hodge. By the masse, and she burne all, youshe beare the blame for mee!
Gammer. Cum downe and helpe to seeke here our neele, that it were found.
Downe, Tyb, on the knees, I say! Downe, Cocke, to the ground!
To God I make avowe, and so to good Saint Anne,
A candell shall they have a pece, get it where I can,
If I may my neele find in one place or in other.
Hodge. Now a vengeaunce on Gyb light, on Gyb and Gybs mother,
And all the generacyon of cats both far and nere!
Loke on this ground, horson, thinks thou the neele is here?
Cocke. By my trouth, Gammer, me thought your neele here I saw,
But when my fyngers toucht it, I felt it was a straw.
Tyb. See, Hodge, whats t[h]ys? may it not be within it?
Hodge. Breake it, foole, with thy hand, and see and thou canst fynde it.
Tyb. Nay, breake it you, Hodge, accordyng to your word.
Hodge. (Gogs sydes! fye! it stynckes; it is a cats tourd!
It were well done to make thee eate it, by the masse!
Gammer. This matter amendeth not; my neele is still where it wasse.
Our candle is at an ende, let us all in quight,
And come another tyme, when we have more lyght.

The Second Acte.

First a Song.[1]

Backe and syde go bare, go bare,
Booth foote and hande go colde;
But bellye, God send thee good ale ynoughe,
Whether it be newe or olde.

[1] For the older and better form of this song, see Appendix.

I can not eate but lytle meate,
My stomacke is not good;
But sure I thinke that I can drinke
With him that weares a hood.
Thoughe I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothinge a colde;
I stuffe my skyn so full within
Of joly good ale and olde.
Backe and syde go bare, go bare, etc.

I love no rost but a nut browne toste
And a crab layde in the fyre.[1]
A lytle bread shall do me stead:
Much breade I not desyre.
No froste nor snow, no winde, I trowe,
Can hurte mee if I wolde;
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt
Of joly good ale and olde.
Backe and syde go bare, etc.

And Tyb my wyfe, that as her lyfe
Loveth well good ale to seeke,
Full ofte drynkes shee tyll ye may see
The teares run downe her cheeke;
Then dooth she trowle to mee the bowle
Even as a mault worme shuld;
And sayth, sweete hart, I tooke my part
Of this joly good ale and olde.
Backe and syde go bare, etc.

Now let them drynke till they nod and winke,
Even as good felowes shoulde doe;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bringe men to;

[1] A roasted crab-apple was placed in a bowl of ale to give it a flavour and take off the chill. Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. i. 48, and Nashe, *Summer's Last Will and Testament*:—

Sitting in a corner turning crabs,
Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale.

And all poore soules that have scowred boules,
Or have them lustly trolde,
God save the lyves of them and theyr wyves,
Whether they be yonge or olde.
Backe and syde go bare, etc.

[The Second Acte.] The Fyrst Sceane.

DICCON. HODGE.

Diccon. Well done, by Gogs malt! well songe and well sayde!
Come on, mother Chat, as thou art true mayde,
One fresh pot of ale lets see, to make an ende
Agaynst this colde wether my naked armes to defende!
This gere it warms the soule! Now, wind, blow on the worst!
And let us drink and swill till that our bellies burste!
Now were he a wise man by cunnynge could defyne
Which way my journey lyeth, or where Dyccon will dyne!
But one good turne I have: be it by nyght or daye,
South, east, north or west, I am never out of my waye!
Hodge. Chym goodly rewarded, cham I not, do you thyncke?
Chad a goodly dynner for all my sweate and swyncke!
Neyther butter, cheese, mylke, onyons, fleshe, nor fyshe,
Save this poor pece of barly bread: tis a pleasant costly dishe!
Diccon. Haile, fellow Hodge, and well[1] to fare with thy meat, if thou have any:
But by thy words, as I them smelled, thy daintrels be not manye.
Hodge. Daintrels, Diccon? Gogs soule, man, save this piece of dry horsbread,
Cha byt no byt this lyvelonge daie, no crome come in my head:
My gutts they yawle-crawle, and all my belly rumbleth;
The puddynges[2] cannot lye still, each one over other tumbleth.

[1] Ed. 1575 *will.* [2] entrails.

By Gogs harte, cham so vexte, and in my belly pende,
Chould one peece were at the spittlehouse, another at the castelle ende!

Diccon. Why, Hodge, was there none at home thy dinner for to set?

Hodge. Gogs[1] bread, Diccon, ich came to late, was nothing there to get!
Gib (a fowle feind might on her light!) lickt the milke pan so clene,
See, Diccon, twas not so well washt this seven yere, as ich wene!
A pestilence light on all ill lucke! chad thought, yet for all thys
Of a morsell of bacon behynde the dore at worst shuld not misse:
But when ich sought a slyp to cut, as ich was wont to do,
Gogs soule, Diccon! Gyb, our cat, had eate the bacon to!

(*Which bacon Diccon stole, as is declared before.*)

Diccon. Ill luck, quod he! mary, swere it, Hodge! this day, the trueth to tel,
Thou rose not on thy ryght syde, or else blest thee not wel.
Thy milk slopt up! thy bacon filtched! that was to bad luck, Hodg!

Hodge. Nay, nay, ther was a fowler fault, my Gammer ga me the dodge;[2]
Seest not how cham rent and torn, my heels, my knees, and my breech?
Chad thought, as ich sat by the fire, help here and there a stitch:
But there ich was powpt[3] indeede.

Diccon. Why, Hodge?

Hodge. Bootes not, man, to tell.
Cham so drest amongst a sorte of fooles, chad better be in hell.
My gammer (cham ashamed to say), by God, served me not weele.

Diccon. How so, Hodge?

Hodge. Has she not gone, trowest now, and lost her neele?

[1] Ed. 1575 *Godgs.* [2] Ed. 1575 *dogde.* [3] deceived.

Diccon. Her eele, Hodge? Who fysht of late? That was a dainty dysh!

Hodge. Tush, tush, her neele, her neele, her neele, man! tis neither flesh nor fysh;
A lytle thing with an hole in the end, as bright as any syller,
Small, longe, sharpe at the poynt, and straight as any pyller.

Diccon. I know not what a devil thou meenst, thou bringst me more in doubt.

Hodge. Knowst not with what Tom Tailers man sits broching throughe a clout?
A neele, a neele, a neele! my gammer's neele is gone.

Diccon. Her neele, Hodge? now I smel thee! that was a chaunce alone!
By the masse, thou hast a shamefull losse, and it wer but for thy breches.

Hodge. Gogs soule, man, chould give a crown chad it but three stitches.

Diccon. How sayest thou, Hodge? What shuld he have, again thy nedle got?

Hodge. Bem vathers soule, and chad it, chould give him a new grot.

Diccon. Canst thou keep counsaile in this case?

Hodge. Else chwold my tonge[1] were out.

Diccon. Do than but then by my advise, and I will fetch it without doubt.

Hodge. Chyll runne, chyll ryde, chyll dygge, chyl delve, chill toyle, chill trudge, shalt see;
Chill hold, chil drawe, chil pull, chill pynche, chill kneele on my bare knee;
Chill scrape, chill scratche, chill syfte, chill seeke, chill bowe, chill bende, chill sweate,
Chill stoop, chil stur, chil cap, chil knele, chil crepe on hands and feete;
Chill be thy bondman, Diccon, ich sweare by sunne and moone.
And channot sumwhat to stop this gap, cham utterly undone!

(*Pointing behind to his torne breeches.*)

[1] Ed. 1575 *thonge.*

Diccon. Why, is there any special cause thou takest hereat such sorow?

Hodge. Kirstian Clack, Tom Simpsons maid, by the masse, coms hether to morow,
Cham not able to say, betweene us what may hap;
She smyled on me the last Sunday, when ich put of my cap.

Diccon. Well, Hodge, this is a matter of weight, and must be kept close,
It might els turne to both our costes, as the world now gose.
Shalt sware to be no blab, Hodge!

Hodge. Chyll, Diccon.

Diccon. Then go to,
Lay thine hand here; say after me as thou shal here me do.
Haste no booke?

Hodge. Cha no booke, I!

Diccon. Then needes must force us both,
Upon my breech to lay thine hand, and there to take thine othe.

Hodge. I, Hodge, breechelesse
Sweare to Diccon, rechelesse,
By the crosse that I shall kysse,
To keep his counsaile close,
And alwayes me to dispose
To worke that his pleasure is. (*Here he kysseth* Diccons *breech.*)

Diccon. Now, Hodge, see thou take heede,
And do as I thee byd;
For so I judge it meete;
This nedle again to win,
There is no shift therin
But conjure up a spreete.

Hodge. What, the great devill, Diccon, I saye?

Diccon. Yea, in good faith, that is the waye.
Fet with some prety charme.

Hodge. Soft, Diccon, be not to hasty yet,
By the masse, for ich begyn to sweat!
Cham afrayde of some[1] harme.

[1] Ed. 1575 *syme.*

Diccon. Come hether, then, and sturre the nat
One inche out of this cyrcle plat,
But stande as I thee teache.
Hodge. And shall ich be here safe from theyr clawes?
Diccon. The mayster devill with his longe pawes
Here to the can not reache.
Now will I settle me to this geare.
Hodge. I saye, Diccon, heare me, heare!
Go softely to thys matter!
Diccon. What devyll, man? art afraide of nought?
Hodge. Canst not tarrye a lytle thought
Tyll ich make a curtesie of water?
Diccon. Stand still to it; why shuldest thou feare hym?
Hodge. Gogs sydes, Diccon, me thinke ich heare him!
And tarrye, chal mare all!
Diccon. The matter is no worse than I tolde it.
Hodge. By the masse, cham able no longer to holde it!
To bad! iche must beray the hall!
Diccon. Stand to it, Hodge! sture not, you horson!
What devyll, be thine ars strynges brusten?
Thyselfe a while but staye,
The devill (I smell hym) will be here anone.
Hodge. Hold him fast, Diccon, cham gone! cham gone!
Chyll not be at that fraye!

The ii Acte. The ii Sceane.

DICCON. CHAT.

Diccon. Fy, shytten knave, and out upon thee!
Above all other loutes, fye on thee!
Is not here a clenly prancke?
But thy matter was no better,
Nor thy presence here no sweter,
To flye I can the thanke.[1]

[1] give thee thanks.

Here is a matter worthy glosynge,
Of Gammer Gurton nedle losynge,
And a foule peece of warke!
A man I thyncke myght make a playe,
And nede no worde to this they saye,
Being but halfe a clarke.

Softe, let me alone! I will take the charge
This matter further to enlarge
Within a tyme shorte.
If ye will marke my toyes, and note,
I will geve ye leave to cut my throte
If I make not good sporte.

Dame Chat, I say, where be ye? within?
Chat. Who have we there maketh such a din?
Diccon. Here is a good fellow, maketh no great daunger.
Chat. What, Diccon? Come nere, ye be no straunger.
We be fast set at trumpe, man, hard by the fyre;
Thou shalt set on the king, if thou come a little nyer.
Diccon. Nay, nay, there is no tarying; I must be gone againe.
But first for you in councel I have a word or twain.
Chat. Come hether, Dol! Dol, sit downe and play this game,
And as thou sawest me do, see thou do even the same.
There is five trumps beside the queene, the hindmost thou shalt finde her.
Take hede of Sim Glovers wife, she hath an eie behind her!
Now, Diccon, say your will.
Diccon. Nay, softe a little yet;
I wold not tel it my sister, the matter is so great.
There I wil have you sweare by our dere Lady of Bullaine,
Saint Dunstone, and Saint Donnyke, with the three kings of Kullaine,
That ye shal keepe it secret.
Chat. Gogs bread! that will I doo!
As secret as mine owne thought, by God and the devil two!

Diccon. Here is Gammer Gurton, your neighbour, a sad and hevy wight:
Her goodly faire red cock at home was stole this last night.
Chat. Gogs soul! her cock with the yelow legs, that nightly crowed so just?
Diccon. That cock is stollen.
Chat. What, was he fet out of the hens ruste?
Diccon. I can not tel where the devil he was kept, under key or locke;
But Tib hath tykled in Gammers eare, that you shoulde steale the cocke.
Chat. Have I, stronge hoore? by bread and salte! —
Diccon. What, softe, I say, be styl!
Say not one word for all this geare.
Chat. By the masse, that I wyl!
I wil have the yong hore by the head, & the old trot by the throte.
Diccon. Not one word, Dame Chat, I say; not one word, for my cote!
Chat. Shall such a begars brawle[1] as that, thinkest thou, make me a theefe?
The pocks light on her hores sydes, a pestlence and a mischeefe!
Come out, thou hungry nedy bytche! O that my nails be short!
Diccon. Gogs bred, woman, hold your peace! this gere wil els passe sport!
I wold not for an hundred pound this mater shuld be knowen,
That I am auctour of this tale, or have abrode it blowen!
Did ye not sweare ye wold be ruled, before the tale I tolde?
I said ye must all secret keepe, and ye said sure ye wolde.
Chat. Wolde you suffer, your selfe, Diccon, such a sort to revile you,
With slaunderous words to blot your name, and so to defile you?
Diccon. No, Goodwife Chat, I wold be loth such drabs shulde blot my name;
But yet ye must so order all that Diccon beare no blame.

[1] offspring, brat.

Chat. Go to, then, what is your rede? say on your minde, ye shall mee rule herein.

Diccon. Godamercye to Dame Chat! In faith thou must the gere begin.

It is twenty pound to a goose turd, my gammer will not tary,
But hether ward she comes as fast as her legs can her cary,
To brawle with you about her cocke; for wel I hard Tib say
The Cocke was rosted in your house to brea[k]fast yesterday;
And when ye had the carcas eaten, the fethers ye out flunge,
And Doll, your maid, the legs she hid a foote depe in the dunge.

Chat. Oh gracyous God! my harte it[1] burstes!

Diccon. Well, rule your selfe a space;
And Gammer Gurton when she commeth anon into thys place,
Then to the queane, lets see, tell her your mynd and spare not.
So shall Diccon blamelesse bee; and then, go to, I care not!

Chat. Then, hoore, beware her throte! I can abide no longer.
In faith, old witch, it shalbe seene which of us two be stronger!
And, Diccon, but at your request, I wold not stay one howre.

Diccon. Well, keepe it till she be here, and then out let it powre!
In the meane while get you in, and make no wordes of this.
More of this matter within this howre to here you shall not misse,
Because I knew you are my freind, hide it I cold not, doubtles.
Ye know your harm, see ye be wise about your owne busines!
So fare ye well.[2]

Chat. Nay, soft, Diccon, and drynke! What, Doll, I say!
Bringe here a cup of the best ale; lets see, come quicly a waye!

The ii Acte. The iii Sceane. C

HODGE. DICCON.

Diccon. Ye see, masters, that one end tapt of this my short devise!
Now must we broche thot[h]er to, before the smoke arise;

[1] Ed. 1575 'is'; the reading adopted seems better than *is burste*. [2] Ed. 1575 *will*.

And by the time they have a while run, I trust ye need not crave it.

But loke, what lieth in both their harts, ye ar like, sure, to have it.

Hodge. Yea, Gogs soule, art alive yet? What, Diccon, dare ich come?

Diccon. A man is wel hied to trust to thee; I wil say nothing but mum;

But and ye come any nearer, I pray you see all be sweete!

Hodge. Tush, man, is Gammers neele found? that chould gladly weete.

Diccon. She may thanke thee it is not found, for if thou had kept thy standing,

The devil he wold have fet it out, even, Hodge, at thy commaunding.

Hodge. Gogs hart, and cold he tel nothing wher the neele might be found?

Diccon. Ye folysh dolt, ye were to seek, ear we had got our ground;

Therefore his tale so doubtfull was that I cold not perceive it.

Hodge. Then ich se wel somthing was said, chope[1] one day yet to have it.

But Diccon, Diccon, did not the devill cry "ho, ho, ho"?

Diccon. If thou hadst taryed where thou stoodst, thou woldest have said so!

Hodge. Durst swere of a boke, chard him rore, streight after ich was gon.

But tel me, Diccon, what said the knave? let me here it anon.

Diccon. The horson talked to mee, I know not well of what.

One whyle his tonge it ran and paltered of a cat,

Another whyle he stamered styll uppon a Rat;

Last of all, there was nothing but every word, Chat, Chat;

But this I well perceyved before I wolde him rid,

Betweene Chat, and the Rat, and the cat, the nedle is hyd.

Now wether Gyb, our cat, have eate it in her mawe,

Or Doctor Rat, our curat, have found it in the straw,

[1] I hope.

Or this Dame Chat, your neighbour, have stollen it, God hee knoweth!
But by the morow at this time, we shal learn how the matter goeth.

Hodge. Canst not learn tonight, man? seest not what is here?

(*Pointyng behind to his torne breeches.*)

Diccon. Tys not possyble to make it sooner appere.
Hodge. Alas, Diccon, then chave no shyft, but — least ich tary to longe —
Hye me to Sym Glovers shop, theare to seeke for a thonge,
Therwith this breech to tatche and tye as ich may.
Diccon. To morow, Hodg, if we chaunce to meete, shalt see what I will say.

The ii Acte. The iiii Sceane.

DICCON. GAMMER.

Diccon. Now this gere must forward goe, for here my gammer commeth.
Be still a while and say nothing; make here a little romth.[1]
Gammer. Good Lord, shall never be my lucke my neele agayne to spye?
Alas, the whyle! tys past my helpe, where tis still it must lye!
Diccon. Now, Jesus! Gammer Gurton, what driveth you to this sadnes?
I feare me, by my conscience, you will sure fall to madnes.
Gammer. Who is that? What, Diccon? cham lost, man! fye, fye!
Diccon. Mary, fy on them that be worthy! but what shuld be your troble?
Gammer. Alas! the more ich thinke on it, my sorow it waxeth doble.
My goodly tossing[2] sporyars[3] neele chave lost ich wot not where.
Diccon. Your neele? whan?
Gammer. My neele, alas! ich myght full ill it spare,

[1] room. [2] first-rate. [3] spurrier's, harness-maker's.

As God him selfe he knoweth, nere one besyde chave.

Diccon. If this be all, good Gammer, I warrant you all is save.

Gammer. Why, know you any tydings which way my neele is gone?

Diccon. Yea, that I do doubtlesse, as ye shall here anone.
A see a thing this matter toucheth, within these twenty howres,
Even at this gate, before my face, by a neyghbour of yours.
She stooped me downe, and up she toke a nedle or a pyn.
I durst be sworne it was even yours, by all my mothers kyn.

Gammer. It was my neele, Diccon, ich wot; for here, even by this poste,
Ich sat, what time as ich up starte, and so my neele it loste.
Who was it, leive[1] son? speke, ich pray the, and quickly tell me that!

Diccon. A suttle queane as any in thys towne, your neyghboure here, Dame Chat.

Gammer. Dame Chat, Diccon? Let me be gone, chil thyther in post haste.

Diccon. Take my councell yet or ye go, for feare ye walke in wast.
It is a murrion crafty drab, and froward to be pleased;
And ye take not the better way, our nedle yet ye lose[2] it:
For when she tooke it up, even here before your doores,
"What, soft, Dame Chat" (quoth I), "that same is none of yours."
"Avant," quoth she, "syr knave! what pratest thou of that I fynd?
I wold thou hast kist me I wot whear;" she ment, I know, behind;
And home she went as brag as it had ben a bodelouce,
And I after, as bold as it had ben the goodman of the house.
But there and ye had hard her, how she began to scolde!
The tonge it went on patins, by hym that Judas solde!
Ech other worde I was a knave, and you a hore of hores,
Because I spake in your behalfe, and sayde the neele was yours.

[1] dear. [2] Read 'lese,' for the rime.

Gammer. Gogs bread, and thinks that that callet thus to kepe my neele me fro?

Diccon. Let her alone, and she minds non other but even to dresse you so.

Gammer. By the masse, chil rather spend the cote that is on my backe!

Thinks the false quean by such a slygh[t] that chill my neele lacke?

Diccon. Slepe[1] not you[r] gere, I counsell you, but of this take good hede:

Let not be knowen I told you of it, how well soever ye spede.

Gammer. Chil in, Diccon, a cleene aperne to take and set before me;

And ich may my neele once see, chil, sure, remember the!

The ii Acte. The v Sceane.

DICCON.

Diccon. Here will the sporte begin; if these two once may meete,
Their chere, durst lay money, will prove scarsly sweete.
My gammer, sure, entends to be uppon her bones
With staves, or with clubs, or els with coble stones.
Dame Chat, on the other syde, if she be far behynde
I am right far deceived; she is geven to it of kynde.[2]
He that may tarry by it awhyle, and that but shorte,
I warrant hym, trust to it, he shall see all the sporte.
Into the towne will I, my frendes to vysit there,
And hether straight againe to see thend of this gere.
In the meane time, felowes, pype upp; your fiddles, I saie, take them,
And let your freyndes here such mirth as ye can make them.

[1] slip, neglect. Perhaps we should read 'yon' for 'you[r].'
[2] by nature.

The iii. Acte. The i Sceane.

HODGE.

Hodge. Sym Glover, yet gramercy! cham meetlye well sped now,
Thart even as good a felow as ever kyste a cowe!
Here is a thonge[1] in dede, by the masse, though ich speake it;
Tom Tankards great bald curtal, I thinke, could not breake it!
And when he spyed my neede to be so straight and hard, Cii
Hays lent me here his naull,[2] to set the gyb forward,[3] 6
As for my gammers neele, the flyenge feynd go weete!
Chill not now go to the doore againe with it to meete.
Chould make shyfte good inough and chad a candels ende;
The cheefe hole in my breeche with these two chil amende. 10

The iii. Acte. The ii Sceane.

GAMMER. HODGE.

Gammer. Now Hodge, mayst nowe be glade, cha newes to tell thee;
Ich knowe who hais my neele; ich trust soone shalt it see.
Hodge. The devyll thou does! hast hard, Gammer, in deede, or doest but jest?
Gammer. Tys as true as steele, Hodge.
Hodge. Why, knowest well where dydst leese it?
Gammer. Ich know who found it, and tooke it up! shalt see or it be longe. 5
Hodge. Gods mother dere! if that be true, farwel both naule an thong!
But who hais it, Gammer, say on; chould faine here it disclosed.
Gammer. That false fixen, that same Dame Chat, that counts her selfe so honest.

[1] Ed. 1575 has *thynge*. [2] awl.
[3] Apparently a proverbial phrase, meaning 'to expedite matters.'

Hodge. Who tolde you so?
Gammer. That same did Diccon the bedlam, which saw it done.
Hodge. Diccon? it is a vengeable knave, Gammer, tis a bonable[1] horson,
Can do mo things then that, els cham deceyved evill:
By the masse, ich saw him of late cal up a great blacke devill!
O, the knave cryed "ho, ho!" he roared and he thundred,
And yead bene here, cham sure yould murrenly ha wondred.
Gammer. Was not thou afraide, Hodge to see him in this place?
Hodge. No, and chad come to me, chould have laid him on the face,
Chould have, promised him!
Gammer. But, Hodge, had he no hornes to pushe?
Hodge. As long as your two armes. Saw ye never Fryer Rushe[2]
Painted on a cloth, with a side long cowes tayle,
And crooked cloven feete, and many a hoked nayle?
For al the world, if I shuld judg, chould recken him his brother.
Loke, even what face Frier Rush had, the devil had such another.
Gammer. Now Jesus mercy, Hodg! did Diccon in him bring?
Hodge. Nay Gammer, here me speke, chil tel you a greater thing;
The devil (when Diccon had him, ich hard him wondrous weel)
Sayd plainly here before us, that Dame Chat had your neele.
G[am]mer. Then let us go, and aske her wherfore she minds to kepe it;
Seing we know so much, tware a madnes now to slepe it.
Hodge. Go to her, Gammer; see ye not where she stands in her doores?
Byd her geve you the neele, tys none of hers but yours.

[1] abominable.
[2] 'Friar Rush,' the chief personage in a popular story translated from the German, which relates the adventures of a devil in the disguise of a friar.

The iii. Acte. The iii. Sceane.

GAMMER. CHAT. HODGE.

Gammer. Dame Chat, cholde praye the fair, let me have that is mine!
Chil not this twenty yeres take one fart that is thyne;
Therefore give me mine owne, and let me live besyde the.
Chat. Why art thou crept from home hether, to mine own doores to chide me?
Hence, doting drab, avaunt, or I shall set the further!
Intends thou and that knave mee in my house to murther?
Gammer. Tush, gape not so on[1] me, woman! shalt not yet eate mee!
Nor all the frends thou hast in this shall not intreate mee!
Mine owne goods I will have, and aske the no[2] beleve,[3]
What, woman! pore folks must have right, though the thing you aggreve.
Chat. Give thee thy right, and hang the up, with al thy baggers broode!
What, wilt thou make me a theefe, and say I stole thy good?
Gammer. Chil say nothing, ich warrant thee, but that ich can prove it well.
Thou fet my good even from my doore, cham able this to tel!
Chat. Dyd I, olde witche, steale oft[4] was thine? how should that thing be knowen?
Gammer. Ich can no tel; but up thou tokest it as though it had ben thine owne,
Chat. Mary, fy on thee, thou old gyb, with al my very hart!
Gammer. Nay, fy on thee, thou rampe, thou ryg, with al that take thy parte!
Chat. A vengeance on those lips that laieth such things to my charge!
Gammer. A vengeance on those callats hips, whose conscience is so large!

[1] Ed. 1575 *no.* [2] Ed. 1575 *on.* [3] leave, permission. [4] aught.

Chat. Come out, hogge!
Gammer. Come out, hogge, and let have me right!
Chat. Thou arrant witche!
Gammer. Thou bawdie bitche, chil make thee cursse this night!
Chat. A bag and a wallet!
Gammer. A carte for a callet!
Chat. Why, wenest thou thus to prevaile?
I hold thee a grote, I shall patche thy coate! C iii
Gammer. Thou warte as good kysse my tayle!
Thou slut, thou kut, thou rakes, thou jakes! will not shame make the hide [the]?
Chat. Thou skald, thou bald, thou rotten, thou glotton! I will no longer chyd the,
But I will teache the to kepe home.
Gammer. Wylt thou, drunken beaste?
Hodge. Sticke to her, Gammer! take her by the head, chil warrant you thys feast!
Smyte, I saye, Gammer! Byte, I say, Gammer! I trow ye wyll be keene!
Where be your nayls? claw her by the jawes, pull me out bothe her eyen.
Gogs bones, Gammer, holde up your head!
Chat. I trow, drab, I shall dresse thee.
Tary, thou knave, I hold the a grote I shall make these hands blesse thee!
Take thou this, old hore, for amends, and lerne thy tonge well to tame,
And say thou met at this bickering, not thy fellow but thy dame!
Hodge. Where is the strong stued hore? chil geare a hores marke!
Stand out ones way, that ich kyll none in the darke!
Up, Gammer, and ye be alyve! chil feygh[t] now for us bothe.
Come no nere me, thou scalde callet! to kyll the ich wer loth.
Chat. Art here agayne, thou hoddy peke? what, Doll! bryng me out my spitte.
Hodge. Chill broche thee wyth this, bim father soule, chyll conjure that foule sprete!

Let dore stand, Cock! why coms, in deede? kepe dore, thou horson boy!

Chat. Stand to it, thou dastard, for thine eares, ise teche the, a slut-tish toye!

Hodge. Gogs woundes, hore, chil make the avaunte! take heede, Cocke, pull in the latche!

Chat. Ifaith, sir Loose-breche, had ye taried, ye shold have found your match!

Gammer. Now ware thy throte, losell, thouse paye[1] for al!

Hodge. Well said, Gammer, by my soule.

Hoyse her, souse her, bounce her, trounce her, pull out her throte boule!

Chat. Comst behynd me, thou withered witch? and I get once on foote

Thouse pay for all, thou old tarlether! ile teach the what longs to it!

Take the this to make up thy mouth, til time thou come by more!

Hodge. Up, Gammer, stande on your feete; where is the olde hore?

Faith, woulde chad her by the face, choulde cracke her callet crowne!

Gammer. A Hodg, Hodg, where was thy help, when fixen had me downe?

Hodge. By the masse, Gammer, but for my staffe Chat had gone nye to spyl you!

Ich think the harlot had not cared, and chad not com, to kill you.

But shall we loose our neele thus?

Gammer. No Hodge chwarde[2] lothe doo soo,

Thinkest thou chill take that at her hand? no, Hodg, ich tell the no!

Hodge. Chold yet this fray wer wel take up, and our neele at home.

Twill be my chaunce else some to kil, wher ever it be or whome!

[1] Ed. 1575 *pray*.

[2] Probably a misprint for 'chware,' I would be.

Gammer. We have a parson, Hodge, thou knoes, a man estemed wise,
Mast Doctor Rat; chil for hym send, and let me here his advise.
He will her shrive for all this gere, and geve her penaunce strait;
Wese[1] have our neele, els Dame Chat comes nere within heaven gate.

Hodge. Ye, mary, Gammer, that ich think best; wyll you now for him send?
The sooner Doctor Rat be here, the soner wese ha an ende,
And here, Gammer! Dyccons devill, as iche remember well,
Of cat, and Chat, and Doctor Rat, a felloneus tale dyd tell.
Chold you forty pound, that is the way your neele to get againe.

Gammer. Chil ha him strait! Call out the boy, wese make him take the payn.

Hodge. What, Co[c]ke, I saye! come out! What devill! canst not here?

Cocke. How now, Hodg? how does Gammer, is yet the wether cleare?
What wold chave[2] me to do?

Gammer. Come hether, Cocke, anon!
Hence swythe[3] to Doctor Rat, hye the that thou were gone,
And pray hym come speke with me, cham not well at ease.
Shalt have him at his chamber, or els at Mother Bees;
Els seeke him at Hob Fylchers shop, for as charde it reported,
There is the best ale in al the towne, and now is most resorted.

Cocke. And shall ich brynge hym with me, Gammer?

Gammer. Yea, by and by, good Cocke.

Cocke. Shalt see that shal be here anone, els let me have on the docke.[4]

Hodge. Now, Gammer, shall we two go in, and tary for hys commynge?
What devill, woman! plucke up your hart, and leve of al this glomming.[5]

[1] we shall.
[2] *Chave* is either a blunder of the author's in the use of dialect, or a misprint for 'thave' = thou have.
[3] quickly.
[4] tail, backside.
[5] sulking (compare *glum*, and *R. R. D.*, I. i. 66).

Though she were stronger at the first, as ich thinke ye did find her,
Yet there ye drest the dronken sow, what time ye cam behind her.

Gammer. Nay, nay, cham sure she lost not all, for, set thend to the beginning,
And ich doubt not but she will make small bost of her winning.

The iii Acte. The iiii Sceane.

TYB. HODGE. GAMMER. COCKE.

Tyb. Se, Gammer, Gammer, Gib, our cat, cham afraid what she ayleth;
She standes me gasping behind the doore, as though her winde her faileth:
Now let ich doubt what Gib shuld mean, that now she doth so dote.

Hodge. Hold hether! I chould twenty pound, your neele is in her throte.
Grope her, ich say, me thinkes ich feele it; does not pricke your hand?

Gammer. Ich can feele nothing.

Hodge. No, ich know thars not within this land
A muryner cat then Gyb is, betwixt the Tems and Tyne;
Shase as much wyt in her head almost as chave in mine!

Tyb. Faith, shase eaten some thing, that will not easily downe;
Whether she gat it at home, or abrode in the towne
Ich can not tell.

Gammer. Alas ich feare it be some croked pyn!
And then farewell Gyb! she is undone, and lost al save the skyn!

Hodge. Tys[1] your neele, woman, I say! Gogs soule! geve me a knyfe,
And chil have it out[2] of her mawe, or els chal lose my lyfe!

[1] Ed. 1575 *Tyb.* [2] Ed. 1575 *bauet not i.*

Gammer. What! nay, Hodg, fy! Kil not our cat, tis al the cats we ha now.

Hodge. By the masse, Dame Chat hays me so moved,[1] iche care not what I kyll, ma[2] God a vowe!
Go to, then, Tyb, to this geare! holde up har tayle and take her!
Chil see what devil is in her guts! chil take the paines to rake her!

Gammer. Rake a cat, Hodge! what woldst thou do?

Hodge. What, thinckst that cham not able?
Did not Tom Tankard rake his curtal toore[3] day standing in the stable?

Gammer. Soft! be content, lets here what newes Cocke bringeth from Maist Rat.

Cocke. Gammer, chave ben ther as you bad, you wot wel about what.
Twill not be long before he come, ich durst sweare of a booke.
He byds you see ye be at home, and there for him to looke.

Gammer. Where didst thou find him, boy? was he not wher I told thee?

Cocke. Yes, yes, even at Hob Filchers house, by him that bought and solde me!
A cup of ale had in his hand, and a crab lay in the fyer;
Chad much a do to go and come, al was so ful of myer.
And, Gammer, one thing I can tel, Hob Filchers naule was loste,
And Doctor Rat found it againe, hard beside the doore poste.
I chould a penny can say something your neele againe to set

Gammer. Cham glad to heare so much, Cocke, then trust he wil not let
To helpe us herein best he can; therfore tyl time he come
Let us go in; if there be ought to get thou shalt have some.

[1] Ed. 1575 *moned.* [2] (I) make. [3] t'other, the other.

The iiii Acte. The i Sceane.[1] D

DOCTOR RAT. GAMMER GURTON.

D. Rat. A man were better twenty times be a bandog and barke,
Then here among such a sort be parish priest or clarke,
Where he shall never be at rest one pissing while a day,
But he must trudge about the towne, this way and that way;
Here to a drab, there to a theefe, his shoes to teare and rent,
And that which is worst of al, at every knaves commaundement!
I had not sit the space to drinke two pots of ale,
But Gammer Gurtons sory boy was straite way at my taile,
And she was sicke, and I must come, to do I wot not what!
If once her fingers end but ake, trudge! call for Doctor Rat!
And when I come not at their call, I only therby loose;
For I am sure to lacke therfore a tythe pyg or a goose.
I warrant you, when truth is knowen, and told they have their tale,
The matter where about I come is not worth a halfpeny worth of ale;
Yet must I talke so sage and smothe, as though I were a glosier
Els, or the yere come at an end, I shal be sure the loser.
What worke ye, Gammer Gurton? hoow? here is your frend M[ast] Rat.

Gammer. A! good M[ast] Doctor! cha trobled, cha trobled you, chwot wel that!

D. Rat. How do ye, woman? be ye lustie, or be ye not well at ease?

Gammer. By gys, Master, cham not sick, but yet chave a disease.[2]
Chad a foule turne now of late, chill tell it you, by gigs!

D. Rat. Hath your browne cow cast hir calfe, or your sandy sowe her pigs?

Gammer. No, but chad ben as good they had as this, ich wot weel.

D. Rat. What is the matter?

Gammer. Alas, alas! cha lost my good neele!

[1] Ed. 1575 *The ii Acte. The iiii Sceane.* [2] anxiety.

My neele, I say, and wot ye what, a drab came by and spied it,
And when I asked hir for the same, the filth flatly denied it.
D. Rat. What was she that?
Gammer. A dame, ich warrant you! She began to scold and brawle —
Alas, alas! Come hether, Hodge! this wr[e]tche can tell you all.

The iiii. Acte. The ii Sceane.[1]

HODGE. DOCTOR RAT. GAMMER. DICCON. CHAT.

Hodge. God morow, Gaffer Vicar.
D. Rat. Come on, fellow, let us heare!
Thy dame hath sayd to me, thou knowest of all this geare;
Lets see what thou canst saie.
Hodge. Bym fay, sir, that ye shall.
What matter so ever there was done, ich can tell your maship [all]:

My Gammer Gurton heare, see now,
sat her downe at this doore, see now;
And, as she began to stirre her, see now,
her neele fell to the floore, see now;
And while her staffe shee tooke, see now,
at Gyb her cat to flynge, see now,
Her neele was lost in the floore, see now.
Is not this a wondrous thing, see now?
Then came the queane Dame Chat, see now,
to aske for hir blacke cup, see now:
And even here at this gate, see now,
she tooke that neele up, see now:
My Gammer then she yeede,[2] see now,
her neele againe to bring, see now,

[1] In Colwell's edition this scene extends to the end of the act. There should probably be a division after line 63, and again after line 105 (as in Professor Manly's edition), but we hav retained the original arrangement.
[2] went.

And was caught by the head, see now.
Is not this a wondrous thing, see now?
She tare my Gammers cote, see now,
and scratched hir by the face, see now;
Chad thought shad stopt hir throte, see now.
Is not this a wondrous case, see now?
When ich saw this, ich was wrothe,[1] see now,
and start betwene them twaine, see now;
Els ich durst take a booke othe, see now,
my gammer had bene slaine, see now.

Gammer. This is even the whole matter, as Hodge has plainly tolde;
And chould faine be quiet for my part, that chould.
But help us, good Master, beseech ye that ye doo:
Els shall we both be beaten and lose our neele too.
D. Rat. What wold ye have me to doo? tel me, that I were gone;
I will do the best that I can, to set you both at one.
But be ye sure Dame Chat hath this your neele founde?
Gammer. Here comes the man that see hir take it up of the ground.
Aske him your selfe, Master Rat, if ye beleve not me:
And help me to my neele, for Gods sake and Saint Charitie!
D. Rat. Come nere, Diccon, and let us heare what thou can expresse.
Wilt thou be sworne thou seest Dame Chat this womans neele have?
Diccon. Nay, by S. Benit, wil I not, then might ye thinke me rave!
Gammer. Why, didst not thou tel me so even here? canst thou for shame deny it?
Diccon. I, mary, Gammer; but I said I would not abide by it.
D. Rat. Will you say a thing, and not sticke to it to trie it?
Diccon. "Stick to it," quoth you, Master Rat? mary, sir, I defy it!
Nay, there is many an honest man, when he suche blastes hath blowne
In his freindes eares, he woulde be loth the same by him were knowne.

[1] Ed. 1575, *worthe.*

If such a toy be used oft among the honestie,
It may beseme a simple man of your and my degree.
D. Rat. Then we be never the nearer, for all that you can tell!
Diccon. Yea, mary, sir, if ye will do by mine advise and counsaile.
If Mother Chat se al us here, she knoweth how the matter goes;
Therfore I red you three go hence, and within keepe close,
And I will into Dame Chats house, and so the matter use,
That or[1] you cold go twise to church I warant you here news.
She shall look wel about hir, but, I durst lay a pledge,
Ye shal of Gammers neele have shortly better knowledge.
Gammer. Now, gentle Diccon, do so, and, good sir, let us trudge.
D. Rat. By the masse, I may not tarry so long to be your judge.
Diccon. Tys but a little while, man; what! take so much paine!
If I here no newes of it, wil come sooner againe.
Hodge. Tary so much, good Master Doctor, of your gentlenes!
D. Rat. Then let us hie us inward, and, Diccon, speede thy busines.
Diccon.[2] Now, sirs, do you no more, but kepe my counsaile juste,
And Doctor Rat shall thus catch some good, I trust.
But Mother Chat, my gossop, talke first with-all I must:
For she must be chiefe captaine to lay the Rat in the dust.
God deven, dame Chat, in faith, and wel met in this place!
Chat. God deven, my friend Diccon; whether walke ye this pace?
Diccon. By my truth, even to you, to learne how the world goeth.
Hard ye no more of the other matter? say me, now, by your troth!
Chat. O yes, Diccon, here the old hoore, and Hodge, that great knave —
But, in faith, I would thou hadst sene, — O Lord, I drest them brave!
She bare me two or three souses behind in the nape of the necke,
Till I made hir olde wesen to answere againe, "kecke!"
And Hodge, that dirty dastard, that at hir elbow standes, —
If one pair of legs had not bene worth two paire of hands,

[1] ere, before. [2] M. begins a new scene here; H. says it should begin at line 68.

He had had his bearde shaven if my nayles wold have served, Dij
And not without a cause, for the knave it well deserved.
Diccon. By the masse, I can the thank, wench, thou didst so wel acquite the!
Chat. And thadst seene him, Diccon, it wold have made the beshite the
For laughter. The horsen dolt at last caught up a club,
As though he would have slaine the master devil Belsabub.
But I set him soone inwarde.
Diccon. O Lorde, there is the thing
That Hodge is so offended! that makes him start and flyng!
Chat. Why? makes the knave any moyling, as ye have seen or hard?
Diccon. Even now I sawe him last, like a mad man he farde,
And sware by heven and hell he would awreake his sorowe,
And leve you never a hen on live, by eight of the clock to morow;
Therfore marke what I say, and my wordes see that ye trust.
Your hens be as good as dead, if ye leave them on the ruste.
Chat. The knave dare as well go hang himself, as go upon my ground.
Diccon. Wel, yet take hede I say, I must tel you my tale round.
Have you not about your house, behind your furnace or leade[1]
A hole where a crafty knave may crepe in for neade?
Chat. Yes, by the masse, a hole broke down, even within these two dayes.
Diccon. Hodge he intends this same night to slip in there awayes.
Chat. O Christ! that I were sure of it! in faith he shuld have his mede!
Diccon. Watch wel, for the knave wil be there as sure as is your crede.
I wold spend my selfe a shilling to have him swinged well.
Chat. I am as glad as a woman can be of this thing to here tell.
By Gogs bones, when he commeth, now that I know the matter,
He shal sure at the first skip to leape in scalding water,

[1] Brewing trough.

With a worse turne besides; when he will, let him come.
Diccon. I tell you as my sister; you know what meaneth "mum"!
[1] Now lacke I but my doctor to play his part againe.
And lo where he commeth towards, peradventure to his paine!
D. Rat. What good newes, Diccon, fellow? is Mother Chat at home?
Diccon. She is, syr, and she is not, but it please her to whome;
Yet did I take her tardy, as subtle as she was.
D. Rat. The thing that thou wentst for, hast thou brought it to passe?
Diccon. I have done that I have done, be it worse, be it better,
And Dame Chat at her wyts ende I have almost set her.
D. Rat. Why, hast thou spied the neele? quickly, I pray thee, tell!
Diccon. I have spyed it, in faith, sir, I handled my selfe so well;
And yet the crafty queane had almost take my trumpe.
But or all came to an ende, I set her in a dumpe.
D. Rat. How so, I pray thee, Diccon?
Diccon. Mary, syr, will ye heare?
She was clapt downe on the backside, by Cocks mother dere,
And there she sat sewing a halter or a bande,
With no other thing save Gammers nedle in her hande.
As soone as any knocke, if the filth be in doubte,
She needes but once puffe, and her candle is out:
Now I, sir, knowing of every doore the pin,
Came nycely, and said no worde, till time I was within;
And there I sawe the neele, even with these two eyes;
Who ever say the contrary, I will sweare he lyes.
D. Rat. O Diccon, that I was not there then in thy steade!
Diccon. Well, if ye will be ordred, and do by my reade,
I will bring you to a place, as the house standes,
Where ye shall take the drab with the neele in hir handes.
D. Rat. For Gods sake do so, Diccon, and I will gage my gowne
To geve thee a full pot of the best ale in the towne.
Diccon. Follow me but a litle, and marke what I will say;
Lay downe your gown beside you; go to, come on your way!

[1] M. begins a new scene here.

Se ye not what is here? a hole wherin ye may creepe
Into the house, and sodenly unwares among them leape;
There shal ye finde the bitchfox and the neele together.
Do as I bid you, man, come on your wayes hether!

D. Rat. Art thou sure, Diccon, the swil-tub standes not here aboute?

Diccon. I was within my selfe, man, even now, there is no doubt.
Go softly, make no noyse; give me your foote, Sir John.
Here will I waite upon you, tyl you come out anone.

D. Rat. Helpe, Diccon! out, alas! I shal be slaine among them!

Diccon. If they give you not the nedle, tel them that ye will hang them.

Ware that! Hoow, my wenches! have ye caught the Foxe
That used to make revel among your hennes an Cocks?
Save his life yet for his order, though he susteine some paine.
Gogs bread! I am afraide they wil beate out his braine.

D. Rat. Wo worth the houre that I came heare!
And wo worth him that wrought this geare!
A sort of drabs and queanes have me blest —
Was ever creature halfe so evill drest?
Who ever it wrought, and first did invent it
He shall, I warrant him, erre long repent it!
I will spend all I have without my skinne
But he shall be brought to the plight I am in!
Master Bayly, I trow, and he be worth his eares,
Will snaffle these murderers and all that them beares.[1]
I will surely neither byte nor suppe
Till I fetch him hether, this matter to take up.

[1] H. inserts '*with*' before 'them.' But 'beares' means 'support, uphold.'

The v. Acte. The i. Sceane.

MASTER BAYLY. DOCTOR RAT.

Bayly. I can perceive none other, I speke it from my hart,
But either ye ar in al the fault, or els in the greatest part.
D. Rat. If it be counted his fault, besides all his greeves,
When a poore man is spoyled and beaten among theeves,
Then I confess my fault herein, at this season;
But I hope you will not judge so much against reason.
Bayly. And, me thinkes, by your owne tale, of all that ye name,
If any plaid the theefe, you were the very same.
The women they did nothing, as your words make probation,
But stoutly withstood your forcible invasion.
If that a theefe at your window to enter should begin,
Wold you hold forth your hand and helpe to pull him in?
Or you wold kepe him out? I pray you answere me.
D. Rat. Mary, kepe him out, and a good cause why!
But I am no theefe, sir, but an honest learned clarke.
Bayly. Yea, but who knoweth that, when he meets you in the darke?
I am sure your learning shines not out at your nose!
Was it any marvaile though the poore woman arose
And start up, being afraide of that was in hir purse?
Me thinke you may be glad that you[r] lucke was no worse.
D. Rat. Is not this evill ynough, I pray you, as you thinke?

(*Showing his broken head.*)

Bayly. Yea, but a man in the darke, if[1] chaunces do wincke,
As soone he smites his father as any other man,
Because for lacke of light discerne him he ne can.
Might it not have ben your lucke with a spit to have ben slaine?
D. Rat. I think I am litle better, my scalpe is cloven to the braine.
If there be all the remedy, I know who beares the k[n]ockes.
Bayly. By my troth, and well worthy besides to kisse the stockes!

[1] Printed *of*, ed. 1575.

To come in on the backe side, when ye might go about!
I know non such, unles they long to have their braines knockt out.
D. Rat. Well, wil you be so good, sir, as talke with Dame Chat,
And know what she intended? I aske no more but that.
Bayly. Let her be called, fellow,[1] because of Master Doctor,
I warrant in this case she wil be hir owne proctor;
She will tel hir owne tale in metter or in prose,
And byd you seeke your remedy, and so go wype your nose.

The v. Acte. The ii Sceane.

M. BAYLY. CHAT. D. RAT. GAMMER. HODGE. DICCON.

Bayly. Dame Chat, Master Doctor upon you here complained
That you and your maides shuld him much misorder,
And taketh many an oth, that no word he fained,
Laying to your charge, how you thought him to murder;
And on his part againe, that same man saith furder
He never offended you in word nor intent.
To heare you answer hereto, we have now for you sent.
Chat. That I wold have murdered him? fye on him, wretch,
And evil mought he thee[2] for it, our Lord I beseech.
I will swere on al the bookes that opens and shuttes,
He faineth this tale out of his owne guttes;
For this seven weekes with me I am sure he sat not downe.
Nay, ye have other minions, in the other end of the towne,
Where ye were liker to catch such a blow,
Then any where els, as farre as I know!
Bayly. Belike, then, Master Doctor, yon[3] stripe there ye got not!
D. Rat. Thinke you I am so mad that where I was bet I wot not?
Wil ye beleve this queane, before she hath tryd it?
It is not the first dede she hath done, and afterward denide it.

[1] This is said to Scapethryft, who is nowhere mentioned in the text. 'Fellow' (equivalent to 'comrade') was originally a courteous mode of addressing a servant, like the French *mon ami*.
[2] Ill may he thrive; the phrase is common in the fourteenth century. Cf. also "y-the," *Hickscorner*, l. 187.
[3] Ed. 1575 *you*.

Chat. What, man, will you say I broke you[r] heade?
D. Rat. How canst thou prove the contrary?
Chat. Nay, how provest thou that I did the deade?
D. Rat. To plainly, by S. Mary,
This profe I trow may serve, though I no word spoke!

(*Showing his broken head.*) Div

Chat. Bicause thy head is broken, was it I that it broke?
I saw thee, Rat, I tel thee, not once within this fortnight.
D. Rat. No mary, thou sawest me not, for why thou hadst no light;
But I felt thee for al the darke, beshrew thy smothe cheekes!
And thou groped me, this wil declare any day this six weekes.

(*Showing his heade.*)

Bayly. Answere me to this, M[ast] Rat: when caught you this harme of yours?
D. Rat. A while ago, sir, God he knoweth, within les then these two houres.
Bayly. Dame Chat, was there none with you (confesse, i-faith) about that season?
What, woman? let it be what it wil, tis neither felony nor treason.
Chat. Yea, by my faith, master Bayly, there was a knave not farre
Who caught one good philup on the brow with a dore barre,
And well was he worthy, as it semed to mee;
But what is that to this man, since this was not hee?
Bayly. Who was it then? Lets here!
D. Rat. Alas sir, aske you that?
Is it not made plain inough by the owne mouth of Dame Chat?
The time agreeth, my head is broken, her tong can not lye,
Onely upon a bare nay she saith it was not I.
Chat. No, mary, was it not indeede! ye shal here by this one thing:
This after noone a frend of mine for good wil gave me warning,
And bade me wel loke to my ruste,[1] and al my capons pennes,
For if I toke not better heede, a knave wold have my hennes.

[1] roost.

Then I, to save my goods, toke so much pains as him to watch;
And as good fortune served me, it was my chaunce hym for to catch.
What strokes he bare away, or other what was his gaines,
I wot not, but sure I am he had something for his paines!

Bayly. Yet telles thou not who it was.

Chat. Who it was? a false theefe,
That came like a false foxe my pullaine[1] to kil and mischeefe!

Bayly. But knowest thou not his name?

Chat. I know it; but what than?
It was that crafty cullyon Hodge, my Gammer Gurtons man.

Bayly. Cal me the knave hether, he shal sure kysse the stockes.
I shall teach him a lesson for filching hens or cocks!

D. Rat. I marvaile, Master Bayly, so bleared be your eyes;
An egge is not so ful of meate, as she is ful of lyes:
When she hath playd this pranke, to excuse al this geare,
She layeth the fault in such a one, as I know was not there.

Chat. Was he not thear? loke on his pate, that shal be his witnes!

D. Rat. I wold my head were half so hole; I wold seeke no redresse!

Bayly. God blesse you, Gammer Gurton!

Gammer. God dylde you,[2] master mine!

Bayly. Thou hast a knave within thy house — Hodge, a servant of thine;
They tel me that busy knave is such a filching one,
That hen, pig, goose or capon, thy neighbour can have none.

Gammer. By God, cham much ameved,[3] to heare any such reporte!
Hodge was not wont, ich trow, to have[4] him in that sort.

Chat. A theevisher knave is not on live, more filching, nor more false;
Many a truer man then he hase hanged up by the halse[5]
And thou, his dame, — of al his theft thou art the sole receaver;[6]
For Hodge to catch, and thou to kepe, I never knew none better!

[1] poultry.
[2] God yield you, God reward you. Compare *Good den, God deven* = good e'en.
[3] moved, disturbed. [4] behave. [5] neck.
[6] Perhaps we should read 'recetter,' for the sake of the rime.

Gammer. Sir reverence[1] of your masterdome, and you were out adoore,
Chold be so bolde, for al hir brags, to cal her arrant whoore;
And ich knew Hodge as bad as tow,[2] ich wish me endlesse sorow
And chould not take the pains to hang him up before to morow!
Chat. What have I stolne from the or thine, thou ilfavored olde trot?
Gammer. A great deale more, by Gods blest, then chever by the got!
That thou knowest wel, I neade not say it.
Bayly. Stoppe there, I say,
And tel me here, I pray you, this matter by the way,
How chaunce Hodge is not here? him wold I faine have had.
Gammer. Alas, sir, heel be here anon; ha be handled to bad.
Chat. Master Bayly, sir, ye be not such a foole, wel I know,
But ye perceive by this lingring there is a pad[3] in the straw.

(*Thinking that Hodg his head was broke, and that Gammer wold not let him come before them.*)

Gammer. Chil shew you his face, ich warrant the; lo now where he is!
Bayly. Come on, fellow, it is tolde me thou art a shrew, iwysse:
Thy neighbours hens thou takest, and playes the two legged foxe;
Their chickens and their capons to, and now and then their cocks.
Hodge. Ich defy them al that dare it say, cham as true as the best!
Bayly. Wart not thou take within this houre in Dame Chats hens nest?
Hodge. Take there? no, master; chold not dot for a house ful of gold!
Chat. Thou or the devil in thy cote — sweare this I dare be bold.
D. Rat. Sweare me no swearing, quean, the devill he geve the sorow!
Al is not worth a gnat thou canst sweare till to morow:

[1] saving your reverence. [2] as thou.

[3] Toad; the same phrase occurs in Gosson, *Ephemerides of Phialo* (Arber) 63, "I have neither replyed to the writer of this libel . . . nor let him go scot free . . . but poynted to the strawe where the padd lurkes."

Where is the harme he hath? shew it, by Gods bread!
Ye beat him with a witnes, but the stripes light on my head!
Hodge. Bet me? Gogs blessed body, chold first, ich trow, have burst the!
Ich thinke and chad my hands loose, callet, chould have crust the!
Chat. Thou shitten knave, I trow thou knowest the ful weight of my fist;
I am fowly deceved onles thy head and my doore bar kyste.
Hodge. Hold thy chat, whore, thou criest so loude, can no man els be hard.
Chat. Well, knave, and I had the alone, I wold surely rap thy costard!
Bayly. Sir, answer me to this: is thy head whole or broken?
Hodge.[1] Yea, Master Bayly, blest be every good token,
Is my head whole! Ich warrant you, tis neither scurvy nor scald!
What, you foule beast, does think tis either pild or bald?
Nay, ich thanke God, chil not for al that thou maist spend
That chad one scab on my narse as brode as thy fingers end.
Bayly. Come nearer heare!
Hodge. Yes, that I dare.
Bayly. By our Lady, here is no harme,
Hodges head is whole ynough, for al Dame Chats charme.
Chat. By Gogs blest, hou ever the thing he clockes or smolders,[2]
I know the blowes he bare away, either with head or shoulders.
Camest thou not, knave, within this houre, creping into my pens,
And there was caught within my hous groping among my hens?
Hodge. A plage both on the hens & the! A carte, whore, a carte!
Chould I were hanged as hie as a tree and chware as false as thou art!

[1] Ed. 1575 gives this line to Chat.
[2] cloaks or smothers.

Geve my gammer again her washical[1] thou stole away in thy lap!

Gammer. Yea Maister Baily, there is a thing you know not on, mayhap;
This drab she kepes away my good, the devil he might her snare!
Ich pray you that ich might have a right action on her [fare].

Chat. Have I thy good, old filth, or any such old sowes?
I am as true, I wold thou knew, as skin betwene thy browes!

Gammer. Many a truer hath ben hanged, though you escape the daunger!

Chat. Thou shalt answer, by Gods pity, for this thy foule slaunder!

Bayly. Why, what can ye charge hir withal? To say so ye do not well.

Gammer. Mary, a vengeance to hir hart! the whore hase stoln my neele!

Chat. Thy nedle, old witch? how so? it were almes thy scul to knock!
So didst thou say the other day that I had stolne thy cock,
And rosted him to my breakfast, which shal not be forgotten;
The devil pul out thy lying tong and teeth that be so rotten!

Gammer. Geve me my neele! As for my cock, chould be very loth
That chuld here tel he shuld hang on thy false faith and troth.

Bayly. Your talke is such, I can scarce learne who shuld be most in fault.

Gammer. Yet shall be find no other wight, save she, by bred and salt!

Bayly. Kepe ye content a while, se that your tonges ye holde.
Me thinkes you shuld remembre this is no place to scolde.
How knowest thou, Gammer Gurton, Dame Chat thy nedle had?

Gammer. To name you, sir, the party, chould not be very glad.

Bayly. Yea, but we must nedes heare it, and therfore say it boldly.

Gammer. Such one as told the tale full soberly and coldly,

[1] what shall I call (it). Compare "*nicebecetur*," *R. D.* I. iv. 12.

Even he that loked on — wil sweare on a booke — 140
What time this drunken gossip my faire long neele up tooke,
Diccon, master, the Bedlam, cham very sure ye know him.
Bayly. A false knave, by Gods pitie! ye were but a foole to trow him.
I durst aventure wel the price of my best cap,
That when the end is knowen, all will turne to a jape. 145
Tolde he not you that besides she stole your cocke that tyde?
Gammer. No, master, no indede; for then he shuld have lyed.
My cocke is, I thanke Christ, safe and wel a fine.
Chat. Yea, but that ragged colt, that whore, that Tyb of thine,
Said plainly thy cocke was stolne, and in my house was eaten. 150
That lying cut[1] is lost that she is not swinged and beaten,
And yet for al my good name, it were a small amendes!
I picke not this geare, hearst thou, out of my fingers endes;
But he that hard it told me, who thou of late didst name,
Diccon, whom al men knowes, it was the very same. 155
Bayly. This is the case: you lost your nedle about the dores,
And she answeres againe, she hase no cocke of yours;
Thus in you[r] talke and action, from that you do intend,
She is whole five mile wide, from that she doth defend.
Will you say she hath your cocke?
Gammer. No, mary,[2] sir, that chil not, 160
Bayly. Will you confesse hir neele?
Chat. Will I? No sir, will I not.
Bayly. Then there lieth all the matter,
Gammer. Soft, master, by the way!
Ye know she could do litle, and she cold not say nay.
Bayly. Yea, but he that made one lie about your cock stealing,
Wil not sticke to make another, what time lies be in dealing. 165
I wene the ende wil prove this brawle did first arise Eii
Upon no other ground but only Diccons lyes.
Chat. Though some be lyes, as you belike have espyed them,
Yet other some be true, by proof I have wel tryed them.

[1] 'cut' is often used in the sixteenth century as a term of abuse, especially for women.
[2] Printed *mery*.

Bayly. What other thing beside this, Dame Chat?
Chat. Mary syr, even this.
The tale I tolde before, the selfe same tale it was his;
He gave me, like a frende, warning against my losse,
Els had my hens be stolne eche one, by Gods crosse!
He tolde me Hodge wold come, and in he came indeede,
But as the matter chaunsed, with greater hast than speede.
This truth was said, and true was found, as truly I report.
Bayly. If Doctor Rat be not deceived, it was of another sort.
D. Rat. By Gods mother, thou and he be a cople of suttle foxes!
Betweene you and Hodge, I beare away the boxes.
Did not Diccon apoynt the place, wher thou shuldst stand to mete him?
Chat. Yes, by the masse, and if he came, bad me not sticke to speet[1] hym.
D. Rat. Gods sacrament! the villain knave hath drest us round about!
He is the cause of all this brawle, that dyrty shitten loute!
When Gammer Gurton here complained, and made a ruful mone,
I heard him sweare that you had gotten hir nedle that was gone;
And this to try, he furder said, he was ful loth; how be it
He was content with small adoe to bring me where to see it.
And where ye sat, he said ful certain, if I wold folow his read,
Into your house a privy way he wold me guide and leade,
And where ye had it in your hands, sewing about a clowte,
And set me in the backe hole, therby to finde you out:
And whiles I sought a quietnes, creping upon my knees,
I found the weight of your dore bar for my reward and fees.
Such is the lucke that some men gets, while they begin to mel
In setting at one such as were out, minding to make al wel.
Hodge. Was not wel blest, Gammer, to scape that stoure?[2] And chad ben there,
Then chad been drest,[3] be like, as ill, by the masse, as Gaffar Vicar.

[1] spit. [2] 'stoure,' uproar · Printed *scoure.* [3] served out, done for.

Bayly. Mary, sir, here is a sport alone; I loked for such an end.
If Diccon had not playd the knave, this had ben sone amend.
My gammer here he made a foole, and drest hir as she was;
And Goodwife Chat he set to scole, till both partes cried alas;
And D[octor] Rat was not behind, whiles Chat his crown did pare.
I wold the knave had ben starke blind, if Hodg had not his share.
Hodge. Cham meetly wel sped alredy amongs, cham drest lik a coult!
And chad not had the better wit, chad bene made a doult.
Bayly. Sir knave, make hast Diccon were here, fetch him, where ever he bee!
Chat. Fie on the villaine, fie, fie! that makes us thus agree!
Gammer. Fie on him, knave, with al my hart! now fie! and fie againe!
D. Rat. Now "fie on him!" may I best say, whom he hath almost slaine.
Bayly. Lo where he commeth at hand, belike he was not fare!
Diccon, heare be two or three thy company can not spare.
Diccon. God blesse you, and you may be blest, so many al at once.
Chat. Come knave, it were a good deed to geld the, by Cockes bones!
Seest not thy handiwarke? Sir Rat, can ye forbeare him?
Diccon. A vengeance on those hands lite, for my hands cam not nere hym.
The horsen priest hath lift the pot in some of these alewyves chayres
That his head wolde not serve him, belyke, to come downe the stayres.
Bayly. Nay, soft! thou maist not play the knave, and have this language to!
If thou thy tong bridle a while, the better maist thou do.
Confesse the truth, as I shall aske, and cease a while to fable;
And for thy fault I promise the thy handling shalbe reasonable.
Hast thou not made a lie or two, to set these two by the eares?
Diccon. What if I have? five hundred such have I seene within these seven yeares:

I am sory for nothing else but that I see not the sport
Which was betwene them whēn they met, as they them selves report.
Bayly. The greatest thing — Master Rat, ye se how he is drest!
Diccon. What devil nede he be groping so depe, in Goodwife Chats hens nest?
Bayly. Yea, but it was thy drift to bring him into the briars.
Diccon. Gods bread! hath not such an old foole wit to save his eares?
He showeth himselfe herein, ye see, so very a coxe,
The cat was not so madly alured by the foxe
To run into the snares was set for him, doubtlesse;
For he leapt in for myce, and this Sir John for madnes.
D. Rat. Well, and ye shift no better, ye losel, lyther, and lasye,
I will go neare for this to make ye leape at a dasye.[1]
In the kings name, Master Bayly, I charge you set him fast.
Diccon. What, faste at cardes, or fast on slepe? it is the thing I did last.
D. Rat. Nay, fast in fetters, false varlet, according to thy deedes.
Bayly. Master Doctor, ther is no remedy, I must intreat you needes
Some other kinde of punishment. Eiii
D. Rat. Nay by all halowes
His punishment if I may judg, shal be naught els but the gallous.
Bayly. That ware to sore, a spiritual man to be so extreame!
D. Rat. Is he worthy any better, sir? how do ye judge and deame?
Bayly. I graunt him wort[h]ie punishment, but in no wise so great.
Gammer. It is a shame, ich tel you plaine, for such false knaves intreat!
He has almost undone us al — that is as true as steele, —
And yet for al this great ado cham never the nere my neele!
Bayly. Canst thou not say any thing to that, Diccon, with least or most?
Diccon. Yea, mary, sir, this much I can say wel, the nedle is lost.

[1] to 'leap at a daisy,' to be hanged. The allusion is to a story of a man who, when the noose was adjusted round his neck, leapt off with the words, "Have at yon daisy yonder" (*Pasquil's Jests*, 1604).

Bayly. Nay, canst not thou tel which way that nedle may be found?

Diccon. No, by my fay, sir, though I might have an hundred pound.

Hodge. Thou lier, lickdish, didst not say the neele wold be gitten?

Diccon. No, Hodge, by the same token, you were[1] that time beshitten
For feare of Hobgobling — you wot wel what I meane;
As long as it is sence, I feare me yet ye be scarce cleane.

Bayly. Wel, Master Rat, you must both learne and teach us to forgeve.
Since Diccon hath confession made, and is so cleane shreve,
If ye to me conscent, to amend this heavie chaunce,
I wil injoyne him here some open kind of penaunce,
Of this condition (where ye know my fee is twenty pence):
For the bloodshed, I am agreed with you here to dispence;
Ye shal go quite, so that ye graunt the matter now to run
To end with mirth emong us al, even as it was begun.

Chat. Say yea, Master Vicar, and he shall sure confes to be your detter,
And al we that be heare present, wil love you much the better.

D. Rat. My part is the worst; but since you al here on agree,
Go even to, Master Bayly! let it be so for mee!

Bayly. How saiest thou, Diccon? art content this shal on me depend?

Diccon. Go to, M[ast] Bayly, say on your mind, I know ye are my frend.

Bayly. Then marke ye wel: To recompence this thy former action, —
Because thou hast offended al, to make them satisfaction, —
Before their faces here kneele downe, and, as I shal the teach, —
For thou shalt take an[2] othe of Hodges leather breache:
First, for Master Doctor, upon paine of his cursse,
Where he wil pay for al, thou never draw thy purse;
And when ye meete at one pot he shall have the first pull,
And thou shalt never offer him the cup but it be full.
To Goodwife that thou shalt be sworne, even on the same wyse,
If she refuse thy money once, never to offer it twise.

[1] Ed. 1575 *where.* [2] Ed. 1575 *on.*

Thou shalt be bound by the same, here as thou dost take it,
When thou maist drinke of free cost, thou never forsake it.
For Gammer Gurton's sake, againe sworne shalt thou bee,
To helpe hir to hir nedle againe if it do lie in thee;
And likewise be bound, by the vertue of that,
To be of good abering to Gib her great cat.
Last of al, for Hodge the othe to scanne,
Thou shalt never take him for fine gentleman.

Hodge. Come, on, fellow Diccon, chal be even with thee now!

Bayly. Thou wilt not sticke to do this, Diccon, I trow?

Diccon. Now, by my fathers skin! my hand downe I lay it!
Loke, as I have promised, I wil not denay it.
But, Hodge, take good heede now, thou do not beshite me!

(*And gave him a good blow on the buttocke.*)

Hodge. Gogs hart! thou false villaine, dost thou bite me?

Bayly. What, Hodge, doth he hurt thee or ever he begin?

Hodge. He thrust me into the buttocke with a bodkin or a pin!
I saie, Gammer! Gammer!

Gammer. How now Hodge, how now?

Hodge. Gods malt, Gammer Gurton!

Gammer. Thou art mad, ich trow!

Hodge. Will you see the devil, Gammer?

Gammer. The devil, sonne! God blesse us!

Hodge. Chould iche were hanged, Gammer —

Gammer. Mary, se, ye might dresse us —

Hodge. Chave it, by the masse, Gammer!

Gammer. What? not my neele, Hodge?

Hodge. Your neele, Gammer! your neele!

Gammer. No, fie, dost but dodge!

Hodge. Cha found your neele, Gammer, here in my hand be it!

Gammer. For al the loves on earth, Hodge, let me see it!

Hodge. Soft, Gammer!

Gammer. Good Hodge!

Hodge. Soft, ich say; tarie a while!

Gammer. Nay, sweete Hodge, say truth, and do not me begile!

Hodge. Cham sure on it, ich warrant you; it goes no more a stray.
Gammer. Hodge, when I speake so faire; wilt stil say me nay?
Hodge. Go neare the light, Gammer, this — wel, in faith, good lucke! —
Chwas almost undone, twas so far in my buttocke! Eiv
Gammer. Tis min owne deare neele, Hodge, sykerly I wot!
Hodge. Cham I not a good sonne, Gammer, cham I not?
Gammer. Christs blessing light on thee, hast made me for ever!
Hodge. Ich knew that ich must finde it, els choud a had it never!
Chat. By my troth, gossyp Gurton, I am even as glad
As though I mine owne selfe as good a turne had!
Bayly. And I, by my concience, to see it so come forth,
Rejoyce so much at it as three nedles be worth.
D. Rat. I am no whit sory to see you so rejoyce.
Diccon. Nor I much the gladder for al this noyce;
Yet say "gramercy, Diccon," for springing of the game.
Gammer. Gramercy, Diccon, twenty times! O how glad cham!
If that chould do so much, your masterdome to come hether,
Master Rat, Goodwife Chat, and Diccon together,
Cha but one halfpeny, as far as iche know it,
And chil not rest this night till ich bestow it.
If ever ye love me, let us go in and drinke.
Bayly. I am content, if the rest thinke as I thinke.
Master Rat, it shal be best for you if we so doo;
Then shall you warme you and dresse your self too.
Diccon. Soft, syrs, take us with you, the company shal be the more!
As proude coms behinde, they say, as any goes before!
But now, my good masters, since we must be gone,
And leave you behinde us here all alone;
Since at our last ending thus mery we bee,
For Gammer Gurtons nedle sake, let us have a plaudytie!

FINIS. GURTON. PERUSED AND ALOWED, &c.

Imprinted at London
in Fleetestreate beneath the Conduite,
at the signe of S. John Euangelist, by
Thomas Colwell
1575.

APPENDIX

The song at the beginning of the second act exists in an older and better version, which was printed by Dyce (from a Ms. in his own possession) in his edition of Skelton's *Works*, Vol. I, p. vii. It is not likely that the date of the composition is much older than the middle of the sixteenth century, and it may possibly be later. The following copy is taken from Dyce, but the punctuation and the capitals have been adjusted in accordance with the rules elsewhere adopted in the present work.

Backe and syde goo bare, goo bare ;
Bothe hande and fote goo colde ;
But, belly, God sende the good ale inoughe,
Whether hyt be newe or olde.

But yf that I maye have, trwly,
Goode ale my belly full,
I shall looke lyke one (by swete sainte Johnn)
Were shoron agaynste the woole.
Thowthe I goo bare, take ye no care,
I am nothynge colde.
I stuffe my skynne so full within
Of joly good ale and olde.

I cannot eate but lytyll meate ;
My stomacke ys not goode ;
But sure I thyncke that I cowde dryncke
With hym that werythe an hoode.
Dryncke ys my lyfe ; although my wyfe
Some tyme do chyde and scolde,
Yete spare I not to plye the potte
Of joly goode ale and olde.
Backe and syde, etc.

I love no roste but a browne toste,
Or a crabbe in the fyer;
A lytyll breade shall do me steade,
Mooche breade I never desyer.
Nor froste, nor snowe, nor wynde, I trow,
Canne hurte me yf hyt wolde;
I am so wrapped within, and lapped
With joly goode ale and olde.
Backe and syde, etc.

I care ryte noughte, I take no thowte
For clothes to kepe me warme;
Have I goode dryncke, I surely thyncke
Nothyng can do me harme.
For trwly than I feare no man,
Be he never so bolde,
When I am armed, and throwly warmed
With joly good ale and olde.
Backe and syde, etc.

But nowe and than I curse and banne;
They make ther ale so small!
God geve them care, and evill to fare!
They strye the malte and all.
Soche pevisshe pewe, I tell yowe trwe,
Not for a crowne of golde
There commethe one syppe within my lyppe,
Whether hyt be newe or olde.
Backe and syde, etc.

Good ale and stronge makethe me amonge
Full joconde and full lyte,
That ofte I slepe, and take no kepe
From mornynge untyll nyte.
Then starte I uppe, and fle to the cuppe;
The ryte waye on I holde.
My thurste to staunche I fyll my paunche
With joly goode ale and olde.
Backe and syde, etc.

And Kytte, my wyfe, that as her lyfe
Lovethe well good ale to seke,
Full ofte drynkythe she that ye maye se
The teares ronne downe her cheke.
Then dothe she troule to me the bolle
As a goode malte-worme sholde,
And say, "Swete harte, I have take my parte
Of joly goode ale and olde."
Backe and syde, etc.

They that do dryncke tylle they nodde and wyncke,
Even as good fellowes shulde do,
They shall notte mysse to have the blysse
That good ale hathe browghte them to.
And all poore soules that skoure blacke bolles,
And them hath lustely trowlde,
God save the lyves of them and ther wyves,
Wether they be yonge or olde!
Backe and syde, etc.

John Lyly

ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE

Edited with Critical Essay and Notes
by George P. Baker, A.B., Asst.
Professor in Harvard University

CRITICAL ESSAY

Life. — John Lyly was born in Kent between October 8, 1553, and January, 1554. He entered Magdalen College, Oxford, 1569, but was almost immediately rusticated. Returning in October, 1571, he was graduated B.A. April 27, 1573. In May, 1574, he wrote unsuccessfully to Lord Burleigh, begging for a fellowship at Magdalen. He proceeded M.A. June 1, 1575, and lived mainly at the Universities till 1579. *Euphues, the Anatomie of Wit*, appeared between December, 1578, and spring, 1579. Another edition was printed in 1579; twelve others before 1637. In *An Address to the Gentlemen Scholars of Oxford*, prefixed to the second, the 1579, edition, he answered a charge of having unfairly criticised Oxford in the *Anatomie of Wit*. A sequel, *Euphues and his England*, was licensed July 24, 1579, but did not appear for months. Probably Lyly shared in the disfavour which, from late July, 1579, to July, 1580, the Queen showed the party of Robert Dudley because of his secret marriage with the Countess of Essex. *Endimion*, probably the first of Lyly's extant comedies, was presented between late July and early November, 1579, as an allegorical treatment of this quarrel. In or near July, 1580, Lyly was "entertained as servant" by the Queen, and was advised to aim at the Mastership of the Revels. By July, 1582, he is to be found in the household of Lord Burleigh. A letter of his was prefixed to Watson's *Passionate Centurie of Love*, published 1582. By 1589, possibly earlier, he had become vice-master of St. Paul's choir school. Before 1584 the Chapel Children and the Paul's Boys, for whom he had written, ceased to act. During 1584 his *Sapho and Phao*, written not long after February 6, 1582, and his *Alexander and Campaspe* were printed. *Tityrus and Gallathea*, licensed in 1584, was not printed till 1592. Probably the main plot was written before 1584, and the sub-plot for a revision of the play in or near 1588. From 1585 Lyly wrote for the Paul's Boys till in or near 1591, when the company was again silent. The Chapel Children were not acting publicly between November, 1584, and 1597. His *Mydas* was acted between August, 1588, and November, 1589, and printed in 1592. In August or September, 1589, a pamphlet entitled *Pappe-with-an-Hatchet*, written by him for the High Church party in the Marprelate controversy, made its appearance. His

Mother Bombie was acted in 1589 or 1590, and printed in 1594. *Alexander and Campaspe* and *Sapho and Phao* were reprinted in 1591, and in the same year *Endimion* was printed. *Gallathea* appeared in 1592. Lyly wrote, in 1590 or 1591, an apparently unsuccessful begging letter to the Queen, and another in 1593 or 1594. He was married by 1589, and he had two sons and one daughter. He was member of Parliament for Hindon in 1589; for Aylesbury in 1593 and 1601; and for Appleby in 1597. *The Woman in the Moone* was licensed in 1595, printed in 1597. The quality of the blank verse in this play and the absence of marked Euphuism favour a date of composition in or near 1590. *Lillie's Light* was licensed June 3, 1596. If printed, it is non-extant. He wrote prefatory Latin lines for Henry Lock's *Ecclesiastes*, otherwise called *The Preacher*, in 1597. In 1597–1600 the Chapel Children revived his plays. The *Maid's Metamorphosis*, incorrectly attributed to Lyly, was printed in 1600. His *Love's Metamorphosis* was printed in 1601: it had been written about the time of the *Gallathea*, — before 1584, or between 1588 and 1591. The Protea-Petulius part is probably from a different play, or is a survival in a revision. Lyly died November 30, 1606, and was buried at St. Bartholomew's.[1]

The Place of Euphues in English Literature. — John Lyly was poet, pamphleteer, novelist, and dramatist. As a pamphleteer he is unimportant. As a poet he can best be studied in his plays. It is, then, as novelist and dramatist that he is important. The material of the two parts of the *Euphues* makes it decidedly significant in its own time. It is not, like most of the stories of Greene and Lodge, mere romance, nor, like Nash's *Jack Wilton*, a tale of adventure phrased with reportorial recklessness. It is a love story in which romance is subordinated to the inculcation of ideas of high living and thinking, and the demands of an involved style. It dimly foreshadows two literary products which reach a development only long after the days of Elizabeth — the novel with a purpose, and the stylistic novel. The appearance of the book was epochal. Young writers of the day — Munday, Greene, Nash, and Lodge — copied its style. Courtiers patterned their speech upon it. Yet Gabriel Harvey was probably right when he ill-naturedly wrote: "Young Euphues but hatched the egges that his elder freendes laide." The *Anatomie*, at least, is such a book as a recent university graduate of

[1] The Introduction to *Endimion*, Holt & Co., carefully considers the evidence for all these statements.

the present day, well read in some of the classics, and especially susceptible to new literary influences and cults, might compile. In the division *Euphues and His Ephœbus* Lyly uses, with a few omissions and additions, Plutarch on *Education;* in the letter to Botonio he translates Plutarch on *Exile*. In the part *Euphues and Atheos* he is indebted to chapters 9, 10, 11, and 12 of the *Dial of Princes* (1529) by Antonio de Guevara, Bishop of Guadix and Mendoza. Euphues and Lucilla debate "dubii," or artificial discussions of set questions, such as one finds in Hortensio Lando or Castiglione. There is, too, almost constant use of the unnatural natural history of Pliny. All this material is bound together by a style which, though it may ultimately be traced to the rounded periods of Cicero, had developed slowly in writers of the Renaissance and the years just before *Euphues* appeared. George Pettie, for instance, in his *Pettie Palace of Pettie His Pleasure*, published in 1576, has all the stylistic characteristics of the *Euphues* except the fabulous natural history. It is, however, to Guevara in the *Dial of Princes* that Lyly is thought to be particularly indebted for his style. This man used "lavishly the well-known figures of pointed antithesis and parisonic balanced clauses, in connection with a general climactic structure of the sentence or period, the emphatic or antithetic words being marked by rhyme or assonance." Lyly substitutes for rhyme alliteration, and adds persistent play on words. The book is genuinely Renaissance, then, for, looking to classic literature for much of its substance, it expresses itself in a style that typifies an intellectual mood of the hour.

Lyly's Plays: their Subdivision. — Just before 1580 the acting of choir boys was in great favour with the Queen and, as a consequence, with the public. The boys of Westminster, Windsor, the Chapel Royal, and St. Paul's were often summoned to court. For the last two companies, with whom acting became a profession, Lyly wrote his plays. These divide into four classes. The allegorical comedies, in which what is alluded to is as important as what is said, are *Endimion*, *Sapho and Phao*, and *Mydas*. *Endimion*, perhaps the most complete example of Lyly's allegorical comedy, presents the apology of Leicester to the Queen for his secret marriage with Lettice, Countess of Essex. *Sapho and Phao* is full of

allusions to the coquetting of the Queen with the Duc d'Alençon and his wrathful departure from England in February, 1582. *Mydas* allegorises — though with less detail than the others — as to the designs of Philip II. on the English throne, and the Spanish Armada. *Gallathea*, *Love's Metamorphosis*, and *The Woman in the Moone* form a second class — pastoral comedies. They are allegorical only when some figure is given qualities which the Queen was fond of hearing praised as hers. *Mother Bombie*, standing alone as a comedy on the model of Plautus, has a much more involved plot than any of the other plays. Finally, also in a class by itself, is *Alexander and Campaspe*.

In this, as in all the comedies except *Mother Bombie* and *Love's Metamorphosis*, Lyly used classic myth for his chief material. Yet he but followed a custom of the day, for most of the plays given at court between 1570 and 1590 by the children's companies were based on such material: for instance, *Iphigenia*, *Narcissus*, *Alcmæon*, *Quintus Fabius*, and *Scipio Africanus*. These subjects seem to have been treated as pastorals, histories, and possibly allegories. Lyly rejected in *Alexander and Campaspe* the allegorical and the pastoral form, and told rather naïvely, except in style, the story of the love of Alexander and Apelles for Campaspe, repeating in his sub-plot many historic retorts of Diogenes. In details of method Lyly seems to have had a precursor. Richard Edwardes (born 1523, died 1566) in his *Damon and Pythias*, printed in 1582, but usually assigned to 1564, wrote in a way very suggestive of Lyly in *Alexander and Campaspe*. He disclaimed in his prologue intention of referring to any court except that of Dionysius at Syracuse; introduced lyrics; gave Aristippus the philosopher an important place; inveighed against flattery at the court; brought in the comic episode of Grim the collier without connection with the main plot, just as Lyly often introduces his comic material; and derived the fun of this scene mainly from two impudent pages. Certainly it would have been natural for Lyly, early in his career, to look to the plays of a former prominent master of the Chapel Children.

Alexander and Campaspe: Date, Sources. — The exact date of *Alexander and Campaspe* it seems impossible to determine. It was written before April, 1584, for it was licensed for printing in

that month. The facts that similes and references in *Euphues* are found in it, and that the work — here of a kind which Lyly never exactly repeats — resembles the early *Damon and Pythias* suggest that *Alexander and Campaspe* belongs early in his dramatic career. It has been held that it should precede *Endimion*, but the allegory in that play; the fact that Blount, who places *Sapho and Phao*, *Gallathea*, *Mydas*, and *Mother Bombie* in the order approved by the most recent criticism, puts it second; and the better characterization, more natural dialogue, and slightly closer binding together of the main and the sub-plot, argue for the second place.

The play, like the *Anatomie of Wit*, is a composite. The main plot — the story of Apelles and Campaspe — Lyly found in Book 35 of Pliny's *History of the World*. His setting he took from Plutarch's *Life of Alexander*. That, too, gave him the siege of Thebes, Timoclea, some of the philosophers' names, most of their speeches, the generals, and Hephestion, and probably suggested the possibilities of Diogenes as a comic figure. The material for the scenes of the Cynic, and the name Manes, he found in the *Lives of the Philosophers* by Diogenes Laertius.

Literary Estimate. — In the extant plays from 1550 to 1580 love has but a subordinate part. In *Alexander and Campaspe*, however, as in all the Lyly comedies, the central idea is that of nearly all the great plays of the Elizabethan drama — the love of man for woman. Doubtless the subject appealed to Lyly especially because in the self-abnegation of Alexander the Queen might choose to see a compliment to her final position toward Leicester and the Countess of Essex. Diogenes he used in order to get comic relief. That Lyly's comedies are comparatively free from vulgarity is probably because they were given by children before the Queen and her ladies. Possibly the youth of the actors is the reason for the absence of strong emotional expression, but it is more probable that the temperament of the author is responsible. It is hard to believe that a dramatist who felt keenly emotional possibilities in his material could have passed by Timoclea so rapidly, for in Plutarch she has all the requisites of the heroine in a Beaumont and Fletcher play. Nor would such a dramatist have made so little of the struggle of Alexander between infatuation and the desire to regain his accustomed

self-command. Lyly's position toward his work is like that of the early writers of chronicle-history plays. He does not depend on selecting the most characteristic situations and speeches, on supplying missing motives, on unification of material which history has passed down in somewhat disordered fashion, but on repeating as many as possible of the situations and speeches associated with the names. Like those writers, too, he makes no attempt to get behind his material, to see its interrelations and its dramatic significance as a whole.

Some allowance, however, must be made for faults in this play, for the Prologue states that it was hastily written. The comedy itself shows that Lyly planned as he wrote. The opening scene of the play leaves one to suppose that Timoclea, who, rather than Campaspe, is the chief female speaker, is to play an important part. She never appears again, and is mentioned but once. Later parts of the play call for some manifestation, in this first scene, of Campaspe's intense fascination for Alexander, but there is nothing of the kind. Nor does the action in any later scene really prepar for Alexander's self-reproaches for his mad infatuation. Until late in the play, when Lyly speaks of Campaspe as Alexander's concubine, a reader is not even entirely clear as to their relations. Perhaps some of this lack of clearness and sequence may result because the Timoclea part, at least, of the first scene is a survival from an older play. In the *Accounts of the Revels at Court*, under an entry for expenditures between January and February, 1573(4), "One Playe showen at Hampton Coorte before her Matie by Mr. Munkester's Children" (Mulcaster's of the Merchant Taylors' School) is mentioned. Interlined are the words: "Timoclia at the Sege of Thebes by Alexander."

The movement of the comedy is episodic. The clever little pages bind the scenes together; Alexander connects the incidents of the main story; but too often, especially in the sub-plot, the action is not prepared for, and does not lead to anything. Nor does Lyly care much for climax. The Diogenes sub-plot does not end; it is dropped just before the main story closes. The great dramatic possibilities of the final scene are practically thrown away. It is significant that they could be developed only by a hand which

could paint vividly the contest of a soul, the gradual reascendency of old motives, and manly renunciation.

Growth in character Lyly does not understand. As a rule his figures are types rather than many-sided human beings. Nor are the types always self-consistent. All the nobility of Alexander's renunciation disappears when he says: "Go, Apelles, take with you your Campaspe; Alexander is cloyed with looking on that which thou wond'rest at." In general, Lyly is too ready to depend on the way in which his figures speak rather than on truth to life in what they speak. In the retorts of Apelles as he talks with Alexander of his work, there is, of course, something of the real artist's pride in his art and irritation at royal omniscience. There is characterization, too, in many of the speeches of Diogenes, but in both of these instances Lyly is either quoting or paraphrasing. Campaspe, it is true, is almost a character, and slightly anticipates the arch heroines of Shakespeare. Hers are coquettishness, womanly charm. In her scene with Apelles in the studio (Act IV. scene 2), the underlying passion of both almost breaks through the frigid medium of expression. The pages may doubtless be traced back to the witty, graceless slaves of Latin comedy, and more immediately to precursors in the work of Edwardes, but Lyly adds so much individuality and humour that they are a real accession in the history of the drama. Moreover, many of his figures often comment incisively on customs and follies of the time, preparing for the later comedy of manners.

No preceding play is so full of charming and lasting lyrics. In all his comedies except *The Woman in the Moone*, Lyly writes neither in the usual jingling rhymes nor the infrequently used blank verse, but in prose. He shows the men of his day new possibilities in dialogue; for though his artificial style prevents easy characterisation, it does not keep him from effective repartee and a closer representation of the give and take of real conversation than was possible with the rhyming lines, or with blank verse as it was handled in his day. Probably, however, the greatest importance of this play for the student of Elizabethan drama is the way it shows interest in a romantic story breaking through classic material and Renaissance expression, thus anticipating the romantic drama

of 1587. Clearly, then, the merits of *Alexander and Campaspe* are literary and historical, not dramatic.

Lyly's Development as a Dramatist. — That Lyly worked, however, steadily toward more genuine drama becomes clear if one reads his plays in order. In all he shows classical influence by his choice of subject, or by constant allusion, but he is not a scholar in the sense of Jonson or Chapman. He is well read in certain authors — Ovid, particularly the *Metamorphoses*, Plutarch, Pliny, perhaps Lucian; he has at his tongue's end many stock Latin quotations, and delights in misquoting or paraphrasing for the sake of a pun, sure that the quick-witted courtiers will recognize the originals. Classical in construction he certainly is not. His interest is to find a pretty love story which gives opportunities for dramatic surprises and complications, effective groupings, graceful dances, and dainty lyrics. He is fertile in finding interesting figures to bring upon the stage — the fairies of *Endimion*, the fiddlers of *Mother Bombie*, the shepherds of *Love's Metamorphosis*. If one examines the only two plays of his which lack the contrasting comic under-plot, — *Love's Metamorphosis*, and *The Woman in the Moone*, — it becomes clear that they are pastorals or masques. Even the other plays owe to their sub-plots the right to be called comedies. By choice of topics and by temperament, then, Lyly is a writer of masques.

At first he developed his two plots side by side, as in *Endimion*. One is used simply to relieve the other, or to fill time-spaces necessary between incidents of the main plot. Later, he joins the two slightly by letting figures in the sub-plot refer to incidents of the main story. In *Mother Bombie* he brings the groups together formally two or three times, and closes the play with nearly all the characters on the stage. In his last comedy, *The Woman in the Moone*, he discards contrasted plots, and tries to get his effects from one large group of figures. Even if his success in meeting his problem is not great, the mere recognition of it is significant. Yet it cannot be said that he ever becomes a good plotter, for he is always willing to bring in anywhere new people, new interests, or even, as in *Mydas*, to shift to a new plot midway. In *Mother Bombie*, when the climax of complication is reached in the meeting of the disguised Accius and Silena and their fathers, Lyly is unable to

master the difficulties of the situation. He lets the two reveal themselves tamely, confusingly, before he has had anything like the potential fun out of the scene. Usually the plays ramble gently on till Lyly thinks the audience must have enough; then the *deus ex machina* appears, and all ends. Climax in closing he seems not to try for, but is content to end with a telling phrase.

In characterization his work varies. In the allegories he wishes merely to suggest well-known figures; distinct, final characterization would be out of place, even dangerous. In the pastoral-masques, the land of fantasy, the lines of characterization need not be sharply drawn. But even if one looks at *Mother Bombie* and the sub-plots of the plays, one sees that though there is perhaps a slight gain in portraying the figures, the people are too often significant for the way in which they talk rather than for action or characterizing speech. When Lyly attempts strong presentation of crucial moments or pathos, he stammers, or is particularly conventional.

As he develops, he modifies the eccentricities of his style. Nor is it probable that the passing of the popular enthusiasm for Euphuism is wholly responsible for this. He had the good sense to see the superiority of prose to verse as the expression of comedy, and he must have felt how much his rigidly artificial style cramped him. In *Mother Bombie*, 1589–91, Euphuism is well-nigh gone. In its place we have a style in which characterized dialogue is more possible and more evident. In *The Woman in the Moone* the exigencies of verse are too much for Euphuism, and it practically disappears.

Very slowly, then, Lyly was working toward a drama of simple characterizing dialogue, more unified, and at the same time more complex. Even as he worked, however, Kyd, Greene, and Marlowe swept by to accomplishment impossible for him under any conditions.

His Place in English Comedy. — John Lyly is not merely, then, as has been too often suggested, a scholar "picking fancies out of books (with) little else to marvel at." He was keenly alive to foreign and domestic influences at work about him. His use of what other men offer foreshadows the marvellous assimilative power of

Shakespeare. He seems to retain and apply with freedom all the similes and illustrations that come in his way; many are not to be hunted down except in out-of-the-way corners of the books best known to him. Only a man of poetic feeling would have cared to work in these allegories and pastorals. Humorous he is in the scenes of the pages. Here and there, as in some of the replies of Apelles to Alexander, and in the words of Parmenio on the rising sun (Act I, scene 1), there is caustic irony. Lyly is a thinker, too, and a critic, as his frequent satire of existing social customs or follies shows. Now and then he is fearless; for instance, in his portrayal before the Queen of the artist's contempt for royal assumption of knowledge (Act III, scene 4), and in his comment on the impossibility of happy love between a subject and a monarch (Act IV, scene 4). His allegories show best his ingenuity and inventiveness. His mastery of involved phrasing is indubitable.

Without doubt, however, his attitude toward his work is more that of the scholar than the poet or dramatist. His work is imitation of others who seem to him models, with the main attention on style. He has the inventiveness of the dramatist, but not his instinct for technique or recognition of the possibilities of a story and care in working them out. He never says a thing for himself if he can find it anywhere in a recognized author. In this, however, he shared in the mood of Spenser and his group. Indeed, a little comparison of Lyly with Spenser will show that, though in accomplishment he is far below the poet, he expresses in his comedies the historical influences, the existing intellectual conditions, and the literary aspirations which Spenser phrases in his early work. It is in poetic power, in imaginative sweep, that the two separate widely.

Yet Lyly, drawing on what preceded and what surrounded him, did more than express the literary mood and desires of his day. Through him the lyric in the drama came to Dekker, Jonson, and Shakespeare, more dainty and more varied. He broke the way for later men to use prose as the means of expression for comedy. He gave them suggestions for clever dialogue. At a time of loose and hurried dramatic writing he showed that literary finish might well accompany such composition. His pages are the prototypes of the

boys and servants in Peele, Chapman, Jonson, and Shakespeare. In a small way he foreshadowed the comedy of manners. For as close a relationship between the drama and politics as we find in his allegories, we must look to the declining days of the Jacobean drama — to Middleton's *Game of Chess*. The romantic spirit found expression in him, not in a drama of blood, but in pastorals and masques which look forward to the masques of Jonson, to *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *As You Like It*. His influence on the highly sensitized mind of Shakespeare may be traced in many lines and scenes.

His vogue as a dramatist was short. By 1590 the boisterous, romantic drama, the often inchoate chronicle history, both frequently accompanied by scenes of would-be comic horse-play, engrossed public attention. The great period of experimentation with both old and crude forms was beginning. It is not surprising that when Lyly's plays were revived by the Chapel Children in 1597–1600, they could not stand comparison with the work of Jonson, Dekker, Heywood, and other dramatists of the day, but were called "musty fopperies of antiquity." Their work, in bridging from the classic to romantic comedy, as the Drama of Blood bridged from Seneca to real tragedy, was done. Thereafter their main interest must be historical.

Previous Editions and the Present Text. — The title of the first quarto (1584) is, "A moste excellent Comedie of Alexander, Campaspe, and Diogenes, played before the Queene's Maiestie on twelfe day at night, by her Maiestie's Children, and the Children of Paules. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Cadman, 1584." In the second edition, issued the same year by the same publisher, the title is changed to *Campaspe*, and the play is said to have been given "on new yeares day at night." The title, *Campaspe*, was retained in the third quarto, 1591, for William Broome, and in Edward Blount's duodecimo collective edition, 1632. (Manly.) Both, too, state that the play was given "on twelfe-day at night." The headlines of all the quartos read *Alexander and Campaspe;* of Blount, *A tragicall Comedie of Alexander and Campaspe*. Besides the quartos and Blount's *Sixe Court Comedies* there are these reprints: in Vol. II., Dodsley's *Select Collection of Old Plays*, 1825; in Vol. I., *John Lilly's Dra-*

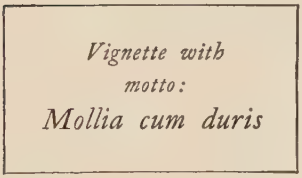
matic Works, F. W. Fairholt, 1858; in Vol. II., *Specimens of the Pre-Shaksperean Drama*, J. M. Manly, 1897. In the footnotes of the present edition the quartos are indicated by A. B. and C., the other editions by Bl. Do. F. and M. respectively. Blount's text, mainly, is followed. The variant readings of the quartos are given on the authority of Fairholt.

GEORGE P. BAKER.

CAMPASPE

Played before the Queenes Maieſtie on *Twelfe* day at Night:

By her MAIESTIES Children, and the Children of *Paules.*



LONDON,
Printed by *William Stansby,* for *Edward Blount.*
1632.

The Persons of the Play[1]

ALEXANDER, *King of Macedon.*
HEPHESTION, *his General.*
CLYTUS, PARMENIO, MILECTUS, PHRYGIUS, } *Warriors.*
MELIPPUS, *Chamberlain to Alexander.*
ARISTOTLE, DIOGENES, CRISIPPUS, CRATES, CLEANTHES, ANAXARCHUS, CRYSUS, } *Philosophers.*
APELLES, *a Painter.*
SOLINUS, SYLVIUS, } *Citizens of Athens.*
PERIM, MILO, TRICO, } *Sons of Sylvius.*
GRANICUS, *Servant to Plato.*
MANES, *Servant to Diogenes.*
PSYLLUS, *Servant to Appelles.*
Page *to Alexander.*
Citizens of Athens.
Soldiers.
CAMPASPE, TIMOCLEA, } *Theban Captives.*
LAIS, *a Courtezan.*

SCENE: **ATHENS**

[1] Do. first gives the list. The two companies were probably united for the Court performance. Thus the doubling of parts, common in the days of Elizabeth, was avoided.

THE PROLOGUE AT
the blacke Friers[1]

THEY that feare the stinging of waspes make fannes of peacocks tailes, whose spots are like eyes; and Lepidus, which could not sleepe for the chattering of birds, set up a beast whose head was like a dragon;[2] and wee, which stand in awe of report, are compelled to set before our owle Pallas shield,[3] thinking by her vertue to cover the others deformity. It was a signe of famine to Ægypt when Nylus flowed lesse than twelve cubites or more than eighteene: and it may threaten despaire unto us if wee be lesse courteous than you looke for or more cumbersome. But, as Theseus, being promised to be brought to an eagles nest, and, travailing all the day, found but a wren in a hedge, yet said, "This is a bird," so, we hope, if the shower[4] of our swelling mountaine seeme[5] to bring forth some elephant, performe but a mouse, you will gently say, "This is a beast." Basill softly touched yieldeth a sweete sent, but chafed in the hand, a ranke savour: we feare, even so, that our labours slily[6] glanced on will breed some content, but examined to

[1] Before 1584 the Chapel Children acted publicly in a Blackfriars' inn-yard. See pp. cxi–cxxxv, Lyly's *Endimion*, Holt & Co.

[2] "It hapned during the time of his Triumvirat (Lepidus's), that in a certain place where he was, the magistrates attended him to his lodging environed as it were with woods on everie side: the next morrow Lepidus . . . in bitter tearmes and minatorie words chid them for that they had laid him where he could not sleep a wink all night long, for the noise and singing that the birds made about him. They being thus checked and rebuked, devised against the next night to paint in a piece of parchment of great length a long Dragon or serpent, wherewith they compassed the place where Lepidus should take his repose; the sight of which serpent thus painted so terrified the birds, that they . . . were altogether silent." — Pliny, *Hist. of World*, Holland, 1635, xxxv. 11.

[3] The favor of the Queen. Elizabeth, like Minerva, was called Pallas because of her celibacy. These words, with ll. 12, 13, p. 331, show that the Court performance came first.

[4] The author, who presents the play.

[5] 'Seeming'?

[6] 'Slightly'? M.

the proofe, small commendation. The haste in performing shall be our excuse. There went two nights to the begetting of Hercules; feathers appeare not on the Phœnix under seven moneths; and the mulberie is twelve in budding: but our travailes are like the hares, who at one time bringeth forth, nourisheth, and engendreth againe,[1] or like the brood of Trochilus,[2] whose egges in the same moment that they are laid become birds. But, howsoever we finish our worke, we crave pardon if we offend in matter, and patience if wee transgresse in manners. Wee have mixed mirth with councell, and discipline with delight, thinking it not amisse in the same garden to sow pot-hearbes that wee set flowers. But wee hope, as harts that cast their hornes, snakes their skins, eagles their bils, become more fresh for any other labour, so, our charge being shaken off, we shall be fit for greater matters. But least, like the Myndians, wee make our gates greater than our towne,[3] and that our play runs out at the preface, we here conclude, — wishing that although there be in your precise judgements an universall mislike, yet we may enjoy by your wonted courtesies a generall silence.

[1] Holland, IX. 55; Topsell, *Hist. of Four-footed Beasts*, 1607, p. 267.

[2] A small, plover-like Nile bird.

[3] "Coming once to Myndos (Dorian colony on Carian coast), and seeing their Gates very large, and their City but small, [Diogenes] said, 'You Men of Myndos, I advise you to shut up your Gates for fear your town should run out.'" — Diogenes Laertius, *Lives of Philosophers*, 1696, VI. 425.

The Prologue at the Court

We are ashamed that our bird, which fluttereth by twilight, seeming a swan, should[1] bee proved a bat, set against the sun. But, as Jupiter placed Silenus asse among the starres, and Alcibiades covered his pictures, being owles and apes, with a curtaine imbroidered with lions and eagles, so are we enforced upon a rough discourse to draw on a smooth excuse, resembling lapidaries who thinke to hide the cracke in a stone by setting it deepe in gold. The gods supped once with poore Baucis;[2] the Persian kings sometimes shaved stickes; our hope is Your Highnesse wil at this time lend an eare to an idle pastime. Appion, raising Homer from hell, demanded only who was his father;[3] and we, calling Alexander from his grave, seeke only who was his love. Whatsoever wee present, we wish it may be thought the dancing of Agrippa[4] his shadowes, who, in the moment they were seene, were of any shape one would conceive; or Lynces,[5] who, having a quicke sight to discerne, have a short memory to forget. With us it is like to fare as with these torches, which giving light to others consume themselves; and we shewing delight to others shame ourselves.

[1] 'Which, fluttering by twilight, seemeth a swan, should'?

[2] Ovid, *Meta.* III. 631.

[3] Holland, XXX. 2.

[4] Henry Cornelius Agrippa (von Nettesheim), knight, doctor, and, by common reputation, magician. Died 1535. On request he raised spirits — of the dead, Tully delivering his oration on Roscius; of the living, Henry VIII. and his lords hunting. — Godwin, *Lives of Necromancers*, 1834, 324–25.

[5] Lynxes. "It is thought that of all beastes they seeme most brightly, for the poets faine that their eie-sight pierceth through every solid body, although it be as thicke as a wall. . . . Although they be long afflicted with hunger, yet when they eate their meate, if they heare any noise, or any other chaunce cause them to turne aboute from their meate, oute of the sight of it, they forgette their prey, notwithstanding their hunger, and go to seeke another booty." — Topsell, 489–492.

[Alexander and Campaspe]

Actus primus. Scæna prima[1]

Enter CLITUS *and* PARMENIO[2]

CLYTUS. Parmenio, I cannot tell whether I should more commend in Alexanders victories courage, or courtesie, in the one being a resolution without feare, in the other a liberalitie above custome. Thebes is razed, the people not racked; towers throwne downe, bodies not thrust aside; a conquest without conflict, and a cruell warre in a milde peace.[3]

Par. Clytus, it becommeth the sonne of Philip to bee none other than Alexander is; therefore, seeing in the father a full perfection, who could have doubted in the sonne an excellency? For, as the moone can borrow nothing else of the sunne but light,[4] so of a sire in whom nothing but vertue was what could the childe receive but singular?[5] It is for turkies to staine each other, not for diamonds; in the one to bee made a difference in goodnesse, in the other no comparison.[6]

[1] Manly, the only editor of preceding texts, who attempts to place the scenes, prints here: "The audience-chamber of the palace. Clitus and Parmenio near the door. Timoclea and Campaspe are brought in later as prisoners. Alexander on the throne, attended by Hephestion." Do not lines 77–78 suggest that the scene takes place just outside the city walls, as Alexander returns from conquest; and that the characters enter one after another?

[2] Plutarch (*Alexander*) says Clitus was of "a churlish nature, prowde and arrogant." See IV. 315, 357–59. Plutarch mentions Parmenio (*Alexander*), IV. 354–56.

[3] Lyly softens Plutarch. See IV. 309–10.

[4] "Likewise that shee loseth her light (as the rest of the planets) by the brightnes of the Sun, when she approcheth neere. For borrowing wholly of him her light she doth shine." Holland, II. 9.

[5] Old French *singulier*, excellent. F.

[6] 'Staine' for excel. The sense is, "It is for turquoises to excel one another, not for diamonds, for among the latter there can be no comparison, since all are perfect."

Clytus. You mistake mee, Parmenio, if, whilest I commend Alexander, you imagine I call Philip into question; unlesse, happily, you conjecture (which none of judgement will conceive) that because I like the fruit, therefore I heave at the tree, or, coveting to kisse the childe, I therefore goe about to poyson the teat.

Par. I, but, Clytus, I perceive you are borne in the east, and never laugh but at the sunne rising;[1] which argueth, though a dutie where you ought, yet no great devotion where you might.

Clytus. We will make no controversie of that [of][2] which there ought to be no question; onely this shall be the opinion of us both, that none was worthy to be the father of Alexander but Philip, nor any meete to be the sonne of Philip but Alexander.

[*Enter Soldiers with* TIMOCLEA, CAMPASPE, *other captives, and spoils.*]

Par. Soft, Clytus, behold the spoiles and prisoners! A pleasant sight to us, because profit is joyned with honour; not much painfull to them, because their captivitie is eased by mercie.

Timo. [*aside*]. Fortune, thou didst never yet deceive vertue, because vertue never yet did trust fortune! Sword and fire will never get spoyle where wisdome and fortitude beares sway. O Thebes, thy wals were raised by the sweetnesse of the harpe,[3] but rased by the shrilnes of the trumpet! Alexander had never come so neer the wals, had Epaminondas walkt about the wals; and yet might the Thebanes have beene merry in their streets, if hee had beene to watch their towers. But destinie is seldome forseene, never prevented. We are here now captives, whose neckes are yoaked by force, but whose hearts cannot yeeld by death. — Come Campaspe and the rest, let us not be ashamed to cast our eyes on him on whom we feared not to cast our darts.

Par. Madame, you need not doubt;[4] it is Alexander that is the conquerour.

Timo. Alexander hath overcome, not conquered.

Par. To bring all under his subjection is to conquer.

[1] Lyly refers both to the Persian sun-worshippers and the saying of Pompey, "More worship the rising than the setting sun."

[2] All preceding texts read 'that which.'

[3] Odyssey, 11.

[4] Fear.

Timo. He cannot subdue that which is divine.

Par. Thebes was not.

Timo. Vertue is.

Clytus. Alexander, as hee tendreth[1] vertue, so hee will you. Hee drinketh not bloud, but thirsteth after honour; hee is greedie of victorie, but never satisfied with mercie; in fight terrible, as becommeth a captaine; in conquest milde, as beseemeth a king; in all things[2] than which nothing can be greater, hee is Alexander.

Camp. Then, if it be such a thing to be Alexander, I hope it shall be no miserable thing to be a virgin. For, if hee save our honours, it is more than to restore our goods; and rather doe I wish he preserve our fame than our lives: which if he doe, we will confesse there can be no greater thing than to be Alexander.

[*Enter* Alexander *and* Hephestion.[3]]

Alex. Clytus, are these prisoners? Of whence these spoiles?

Clytus. Like your Majestie,[4] they are prisoners, and of Thebes.

Alex. Of what calling or reputation?

Clytus. I know not, but they seeme to be ladies of honour.

Alex. I will know. Madam, of whence you are I know, but who, I cannot tell.

Timo. Alexander, I am the sister of Theagines, who fought a battell with thy father, before the citie of Chieronie,[5] where he died, I say — which none can gainsay — valiantly.[6]

Alex. Lady, there seeme in your words sparkes of your brothers deedes, but worser fortune in your life than his death; but feare not, for you shall live without violence, enemies, or necessitie. But what are you, faire ladie, another sister to Theagines?

Camp. No sister to Theagines, but an humble hand-maid to Alexander, born of a meane parentage, but to extreme[7] fortune.

Alex. Well, ladies, for so your vertues shew you, whatsoever your births be, you shall be honorably entreated. Athens shall be your Thebes; and you shall not be as abjects of warre, but as sub-

[1] Esteems.

[2] In all things he is that than.

[3] Mentioned in *North's Plutarch*, Nutt, IV. 345, 353, 380.

[4] If it like. See p. 327.

[5] *Sic* A. and B.; Bl. 'Chyeronte.'

[6] For the dramatic story of Timoclea and the original of this speech see *North's Plutarch*, Nutt, IV. 310–11.

[7] Worst possible.

jects to Alexander. Parmenio, conduct these honourable ladies into the citie; charge the souldiers not so much as in words to offer them any offence; and let all wants bee supplied so farre forth as shall be necessarie for such persons and my prisoners.

Exeunt PARME. [NIO] *& captivi.*

Hephestion,[1] it resteth now that wee have as great care to governe in peace as conquer in warre, that, whilest armes cease, arts may flourish, and, joyning letters with launces, wee endevour to bee as good philosophers as souldiers, knowing it no lesse prayse to bee wise than commendable to be valiant.

Hep. Your Majestie therein sheweth that you have as great desire to rule as to subdue: and needs must that commonwealth be fortunate whose captaine is a philosopher, and whose philosopher a captaine. *Exeunt.*

Actus primus. Scæna secunda[2]

[*Enter*] MANES,[3] GRANICHUS, PSYLLUS

Manes. I serve in stead of a master a mouse,[4] whose house is a tub, whose dinner is a crust, and whose bed is a boord.

Psyllus. Then art thou in a state of life which philosophers commend: a crum for thy supper, an hand for thy cup, and thy clothes for thy sheets; for *Natura paucis contenta.*

Gran. Manes, it is pitie so proper a man should be cast away upon a philosopher; but that Diogenes, that dogge,[5] should have

[1] Bl. prints this as the name of the speaker.

[2] The market-place. M.

[3] Diogenes brought to Athens an attendant of this name, and dismissed him for the reasons given p. 296.

[4] Lyly refers blindly to the following: "Seeing a mouse running over a Room and considering with himself that it neither sought for a Bed, nor was affraid to be alone in the dark, nor desired any of our esteemed Dainties, he contrived a way to relieve his own Exigencies; being the first, as some think, that folded in the Mantle, because his necessity obliged him to sleep in it." *Lives of Philosophers*, VI., 402.

[5] The constant application of the epithet "Dog," to Diogenes is historically correct. When Alexander first went to see the philosopher, he introduced himself thus: "I am Alexander, surnamed the Great." To this Diogenes replied: "And I am Diogenes, surnamed the Dog." The Athenians raised a pillar of Parian marble, surmounted with a dog, to his memory.

Manes, that dog-bolt,[1] it grieveth nature and spiteth art: the one having found thee so dissolute — absolute[2] I would say — in bodie, the other so single — singular — in minde.

Manes. Are you merry? It is a signe by the trip of your tongue and the toyes[3] of your head that you have done that to day which I have not done these three dayes.

Psyllus. Whats that?

Manes. Dined.

Gran. I thinke Diogenes keepes but cold cheare.

Manes. I would it were so; but hee keepeth neither hot nor cold.

Gran. What then, luke warme? That made Manes runne from his master the last day.[4]

Psyllus. Manes had reason, for his name foretold as much.

Manes. My name? How so, sir boy?

Psyllus. You know that it is called mons a movendo, because it stands still.

Manes. Good.

Psyllus. And thou art named Manes *a manendo*, because thou runnest away.

Manes. Passing[5] reasons! I did not run away, but retire.

Psyllus. To a prison, because thou wouldst have leisure to contemplate.

Manes. I will prove that my bodie was immortall because it was in prison.

Gran. As how?

Manes. Did your masters never teach you that the soule is immortall?

Gran. Yes.

Manes. And the bodie is the prison of the soule.

Gran. True.

Manes. Why then, thus[6] to make my body immortall, I put it in prisón.[7]

Gran. Oh, bad!

[1] Currish fellow. [2] Perfect. [3] Conceits. [4] Yesterday.
[5] Pun: surpassing, running by. [6] Bl. prints *Why then, this*; F. *thus*.
[7] This Socratic method foreshadows Shakespeare's clowns and pages.

Psyllus. Excellent ill!

Manes. You may see how dull a fasting wit is: therefore, Psyllus, let us goe to supper with Granichus. Plato is the best fellow of all philosophers: give me him that reades[1] in the morning in the schoole, and at noone in the kitchen.

Psyllus. And me!

Gran. Ah, sirs, my master is a king in his parlour for the body, and a god in his studie for the soule. Among all his men he commendeth one that is an excellent musition; then stand I by and clap another on the shoulder and say, "This is a passing good cooke."

Manes. It is well done Granichus; for give mee pleasure that goes in at the mouth, not the eare, — I had rather fill my guts than my braines.

Psyllus. I serve Apelles, who feedeth mee as Diogenes doth Manes; for at dinner the one preacheth abstinence, the other commendeth counterfaiting[2]: when I would eate meate, he paints a[3] spit; and when I thirst, "O," saith he, "is not this a faire pot?" and pointes to a table[4] which containes the Banquet of the Gods, where are many dishes to feed the eye, but not to fill the gut.

Gran. What doest thou then?

Psyllus. This doth hee then: bring in many examples that some have lived by savours; and proveth that much easier it is to fat by colours; and telles of birdes that have been fatted by painted grapes in winter, and how many have so fed their eyes with their mistresse picture that they never desired to take food, being glutted with the delight in their favours.[5] Then doth he shew me counterfeites, — such as have surfeited, with their filthy and lothsome vomites; and the riotous[6] Bacchanalls of the god Bacchus and his disorderly crew; which are painted all to the life in his shop. To conclude, I fare hardly, though I goe richly, which maketh me when I should begin to shadow a ladies face, to draw a lambs head, and sometime to set to the body of a maid a shoulder of mutton, for *Semper animus meus est in patinis.*[7]

[1] 'Redes,' teaches.
[2] Pun: painting, substituting false for real.
[3] Bl. omits *a*.
[4] Picture.
[5] Countenances.
[6] Preceding texts read: *And with the riotous; with* printer's repetition.
[7] Terence, *Eunuchus*, 816.

Manes. Thou art a god to mee; for, could I see but a cookes shop painted, I would make mine eyes fatte as butter, for I have nought but sentences to fill my maw: as, *Plures occidit crapula quam gladius; Musa jejunantibus amica;* Repletion killeth delicatly; and an old saw of abstinence by[1] Socrates, — The belly is the heads grave. Thus with sayings, not with meate, he maketh a gallimafray.[2]

Gran. But how doest thou then live?

Manes. With fine jests, sweet ayre, and the dogs[3] almes.

Gran. Well, for this time I will stanch thy gut, and among pots and platters thou shalt see what it is to serve Plato.

Psyllus. For joy of it, Granichus, lets sing.

Manes. My voice is as cleare in the evening as in the morning.[4]

Gran. An other commoditie of emptines!

SONG[5]

Gran. O for a bowle of fatt canary,
Rich Palermo, sparkling sherry,
Some nectar else[6] from Juno's daiery:
O these draughts would make us merry!

Psil. O for a wench! (I deale in faces,
And in other dayntier things,)
Tickled am I with her embraces, —
Fine dancing in such fairy ringes.

Ma. O for a plump fat leg of mutton,
Veale, lambe, capon, pigge, and conney![7]
None is happy but a glutton;
None an asse but who wants money.

Ch. Wines, indeed, and girls are good,
But brave victuals feast the bloud:
For wenches, wine, and lusty cheere,
Jove would leape down to surfet heere. [*Exeunt.*]

[1] "All the old editions omit *by*; it appears in Dodsley, and a sixteenth-century hand inserted it in ink in a copy of the third edition, now in the Garrick collection." M.
[2] Hash. [3] Diogenes. [4] Referring to the bad effect on the voice of eating just before singing. [5] Bl. first gave the songs. In Bl. 'Granicus' is below 'Song.' [6] Besides. [7] Rabbit.

Actus primus. Scæna tertia [1]

[*Enter*] MELIPPUS [2]

Melip. I had never such adoe to warne schollers to come before a king! First I came to Crisippus, a tall, leane old mad man, willing him presently to appeare before Alexander. Hee stood staring on my face, neither moving his eyes nor his body. I urging him to give some answer, hee tooke up a booke, sate downe, and saide nothing. Melissa, his maide, told mee it was his manner, and that oftentimes shee was fain to thrust meat into his mouth, for that he would rather sterve than cease studie. Well, thought I, seeing bookish men are so blockish and great clearkes such simple courtiers, I will neither be partaker of their commons nor their commendations. From thence I came to Plato and to Aristotle [3] and to divers other; none refusing to come, saving an olde, obscure fellow, who, sitting in a tub turned towardes the sunne, read Greeke to a young boy. Him when I willed to appeare before Alexander, he answered, "If Alexander would faine see mee, let him come to mee; if learne of me, let him come to mee; whatsoever it be, let him come to me." "Why," said I, "he is a king." He answered, "Why, I am a philosopher." "Why, but he is Alexander." "I; but I am Diogenes." I was halfe angry to see one so crooked in his shape to bee so crabbed in his sayings; so, going my way, I said, "Thou shalt repent it, if thou comest not to Alexander." "Nay," smiling answered hee, "Alexander may repent it if hee come not to Diogenes: vertue must bee sought, not offered." And so, turning himselfe to his cell, hee grunted I know not what, like a pig under a tub. But I must bee gone, the philosophers are comming. *Exit.*

[1] Alexander's Palace. M. The first part might be there, but the portion with Diogenes belongs in some public place through which the philosophers pass, returning from the palace.

[2] Bl. adds here the names of all who enter during the scene.

[3] From Plutarch's account of Aristotle (*Alexander*, IV., 304–306, 363), Lyly borrows only the idea that Alexander, suspecting Aristotle of treasonable designs, withdrew some of his friendliness.

[*Enter* PLATO, ARISTOTLE, CRYSIPPUS, CRATES, CLEANTHES, *and* ANAXARCHUS[1]]

Plato. It is a difficult controversie, Aristotle, and rather to be wondred at than beleeved, how natural causes should worke supernaturall effects.

Aris. I do not so much stand upon the apparition is seene in the moone,[2] neither the *Demonium* of Socrates, as that I cannot by naturall reason give any reason of the ebbing and flowing of the sea; which makes me in the depth of my studies to crie out, *O ens entium, miserere mei.*

Plato. Cleanthes and you attribute so much to nature by searching for things which are not to be found, that, whilest you studie a cause of your owne,[3] you omitt the occasion it selfe. There is no man so savage in whom resteth not this divine particle: that there is an omnipotent, eternall, and divine mover, which may be called God.

Cleant. I am of this minde: that that first mover, which you terme God, is the instrument of all the movings which we attribute to nature.[4] The earth, which is masse, swimmeth[5] on the sea, seasons divided in themselves, fruits growing in themselves, the majestie of the skie, the whole firmament of the world, and whatsoever else appeareth miraculous, — what man almost of meane capacitie but can prove it natural?

Anax. These causes shall be debated at our philosophers feast, in which controversie I will take part with Aristotle that there is *Natura naturans*,[6] and yet not God.

Cra. And I with Plato that there is *Deus optimus maximus*, and not nature.

[*Enter* ALEXANDER, *attended by* HEPHESTION, PARMENIO, *and* CLYTUS]

Aris. Here commeth Alexander.

Alex. I see, Hephestion, that these philosophers are here attending for us.

[1] For his relations with Alexander and Clitus, see North's *Plutarch*, IV., 359–360.

[2] See Prologue, *Endimion*.

[3] A theoretical cause.

[4] The preceding seven lines roughly sum up the contrasting opinions of Plato and Aristotle on physical matters.

[5] 'The earth which as a masse swimmeth,' or 'The earth, which is a masse, swimming'?

[6] Nature that is a creative energy.

Hep. They are not philosophers if they know[1] not their duties. 5

Alex. But I much mervaile Diogenes should bee so dogged.

Hep. I doe not thinke but his excuse will be better than Melippus message.

Alex. I will goe see him, Hephestion, because I long to see him that would command Alexander to come, to whom all the world is 6 like to come. — Aristotle and the rest, sithence my comming from Thebes to Athens, from a place of conquest to a pallace of[2] quiet, I have resolved with my selfe in my court to have as many philosophers as I had in my camp souldiers. My court shal be a schoole wherein I wil have used as great doctrine[3] in peace as I did in 6 warre discipline.

Aris. We are all here ready to be commanded, and glad we are that we are commanded, for that nothing better becommeth kings than literature, which maketh them come as neare to the gods in wisdome as they doe in dignitie. 7

Alex. It is so, Aristotle, but yet there is among you, yea and of your bringing up, that sought to destroy Alexander, — Calistenes,[4] Aristotle, whose treasons against his prince shall not be borne out with the reasons of his philosophie.

Aris. If ever mischief entred into the heart of Calistenes, let 7 Calistenes suffer for it; but that Aristotle ever imagined any such thing of Calistenes, Aristotle doth denie.

Alex. Well, Aristotle, kindred may blinde thee, and affection me; but in kings causes I will not stand to schollers arguments. This meeting shal be for a commandement that you all frequent my 8 court, instruct the young with rules,[5] confirme the olde with reasons: let your lives bee answerable to your learnings, least my proceedings be contrary to my promises.

Hep. You said you would aske every one of them a question which yesternight none of us could answere.[6] 8

[1] C. *knewe.* [2] Bl. omits *of.* [3] Instruction.

[4] Alexander "plainly shewed the ill will he bare unto Aristotle, for that Callisthenes had bene brought up with him, being his kinsman, and the son of Hero, Aristotle's neece." For the charges against the philosopher Callisthenes, see North's *Plutarch*, Nutt, IV., 359–363.

[5] Bl. *rulers*, the quartos 'rules.'

[6] The following six questions and answers Lyly selects from nine in an interview of Alexander with ten wise men of India. North's *Plutarch*, Nutt, IV., 372–373.

Alex. I will. Plato, of all beasts which is the subtilest?
Plato. That which man hitherto never knew.
Alex. Aristotle, how should a man be thought a god?
Aris. In doing a thing unpossible for a man.
Alex. Crisippus, which was first, the day or the night?
Aris. The day, by a day.
Alex. Indeede, strange questions must have strange answers. Cleanthes, what say you, is life or death the stronger?
Cle. Life, that suffereth so many troubles.
Alex. Crates, how long should a man live?
Crates. Till hee thinke it better to die than to live.
Alex. Anaxarchus, whether doth the sea or the earth bring forth most creatures?
Anax. The earth, for the sea is but a part of the earth.
Alex. Hephestion, me thinkes they have answered all well, and in such questions I meane often to trie them.
Hep. It is better to have in your court a wise man than in your ground a golden mine. Therefore would I leave war, to study wisdom, were I Alexander.
Alex. So would I, were I Hephestion.[1] But come, let us goe and give release, as I promised, to our Theban thralls.[2]
Exeunt [*Alexander, Hephestion, Parmenio, and Clytus.*]
Plato. Thou art fortunate, Aristotle, that Alexander is thy scholler.
Aris. And all you happy that he is your soveraigne.
Crisip. I could like the man well, if he could be contented to bee but a man.
Aris. He seeketh to draw neere to the gods in knowledge, not to be a god. [*Enter* DIOGENES.[3]]
Plato. Let us question a little with Diogenes why he went not

[1] Alexander really spoke thus to Parmenio, but under very different circumstances. *North's Plutarch*, Nutt, IV., 332–333.
[2] Bl. *thrall.*
[3] Neither the quartos nor Bl. mark this entrance. In the Garrick copy of C. a contemporary of Lyly, W. Neile, noted it in ink. If Diogenes enters here, he goes to the farther side of the stage. The philosophers at once cross to him. Possibly he comes on at any time during the preceding dialogue, and going quietly to his part of the stage, waits till the philosophers see him and cross.

with us to Alexander. Diogenes, thou didst forget thy duety, that thou wentst not with us to the king.

Diog. And you your profession that went to the king.

Plato. Thou takest as great pride to be peevish as others do glory to be vertuous.

Diog. And thou as great honour, being a philosopher, to be thought court-like, as others shame, that be courtiers, to be accounted philosophers.

Aris. These austere manners set aside, it is well knowne that thou didst counterfeite money.[1]

Diog. And thou thy manners, in that thou didst not counterfeite money.[2]

Aris. Thou hast reason to contemne the court, being both in bodie and minde too crooked for a courtier.

Diog. As good be crooked and indevour to make my selfe straight, from the court, as bee straight and learne to be crooked at the court.

Cris. Thou thinkest it a grace to be opposite against Alexander.

Diog. And thou to be jump with Alexander.

Anax. Let us goe, for in contemning him we shal better please him than in wondering at him.

Aris. Plato, what doest thou thinke of Diogenes?

Plato. To be Socrates furious.[3] Let us go. *Exeunt Philosophi.*

[*Diogenes moves about with a lantern as if seeking something.*]

[*Enter*] PSYLLUS, MANES, [*and*] GRANICHUS.[4]

Psyllus. Behold, Manes, where thy master is, seeking either for bones for his dinner or pinnes for his sleeves. I will goe salute him.

Manes. Doe so; but mum, not a word that you saw Manes!

Gran. Then stay thou behinde, and I will goe with Psyllus.

[*Manes stands apart.*]

[1] See *Lives of Philosophers*, 1696, 401.

[2] "You pretend to be better than you are, for you do not at heart object to counterfeiting," or, possibly, "Since you do not gain money by counterfeiting, you live falsely, for you have no adequate means of support."

[3] Mad.

[4] Editors, following Bl., have made the second act begin here, but would Diogenes go out only to come on at once? Bl. printed 'Diogenes, Psyllus,' etc. To the stage direction M. adds 'And Citizens.'

Psyllus. All hayle, Diogenes, to your proper person.
Diog. All hate to thy peevish conditions.
Gran. O dogge!
Psyllus. What doest thou seeke for here?
Diog. For a man and a beast.
Gran. That is easie without thy light to bee found: be not all these men?[1]
Diog. Called men.
Gran. What beast is it thou lookest for?
Diog. The beast my man Manes.
Psyllus. Hee is a beast indeed that will serve thee.
Diog. So is he that begat thee.
Gran. What wouldest thou do, if thou shouldst find Manes?
Diog. Give him leave to doe as hee hath done before.
Gran. What's that?
Diog. To run away.
Psyllus. Why, hast thou no neede of Manes?
Diog. It were a shame for Diogenes to have neede of Manes and for Manes to have no neede of Diogenes.[2]
Gran. But put the case he were gone, wouldst thou entertaine any of us two?
Diog. Upon condition.
Psyllus. What?
Diog. That you should tell me wherefore any of you both were good.
Gran. Why, I am a scholler and well seene in philosophy.
Psyllus. And I a prentice and well seene in painting.
Diog. Well then, Granichus, be thou a painter to amend thine ill face; and thou, Psyllus, a philosopher to correct thine evill manners. But who is that? Manes?
Manes [*coming forward slowly*]. I care not who I were, so I were not Manes.
Gran. You are taken tardie.
Psyllus. Let us slip aside, Granichus, to see the salutation betweene Manes and his master. [*They draw back.*]

[1] This line is Lyly's rather vague reference to the search of Diogenes for an honest man.
[2] Almost the words of Diogenes. See *Lives of Philosophers*, VI., 423.

Diog. Manes, thou knowest the last day[1] I threw away my dish, to drinke in my hand, because it was superfluous;[2] now I am determined to put away my man and serve my selfe, *quia non egeo tui vel te.*

Manes. Master, you know a while agoe I ran away; so doe I meane to doe againe, *quia scio tibi non esse argentum.*

Diog. I know I have no money, neither will I[3] have ever a man, for I was resolved long sithence to put away both my slaves,—money and Manes.

Manes. So was I determined to shake off[4] both my dogges,—hunger and Diogenes.

Psyllus. O sweet consent[5] betweene a crowde[6] and a Jewes harpe!

Gran. Come, let us reconcile them.

Psyllus. It shall not neede, for this is their use: now doe they dine one upon another. *Exit Diogenes.*

Gran. [*coming forward with Psyllus*]. How now, Manes, art thou gone from thy master?

Manes. No, I did but now binde my selfe to him.

Psyllus. Why, you were at mortall jarres!

Manes. In faith, no; we brake a bitter jest one upon another.

Gran. Why, thou art as dogged as he.

Psyllus. My father knew them both little whelps.

Manes. Well, I will hie me after my master.

Gran. Why, is it supper time with Diogenes?

Manes. I, with him at all time when he hath meate.

Psyllus. Why then, every man to his home; and let us steale out againe anone.

Gran. Where shall we meete?

Psyllus. Why at *Alae*[7] *vendibili suspensa hœdera non est opus.*

Manes. O Psyllus, *habeo te loco parentis;* thou blessest me.

Exeunt.

[1] Yesterday.

[2] "Seeing once a little Boy drinking Water out of the Hollow of his Hand, he took his little Dish out of his Scrip, and threw it away, saying: This little boy hath out-done me in frugality." — *Lives of Philosophers*, VI., 412.

[3] Bl. omits *I*. The quartos give it.

[4] Preceding editions *of*.

[5] "In old musical treatises harmony is frequently termed a consent of instruments." F.

[6] Fiddle.

[7] Bl. *ala*. M. corrects.

Actus secundus.[1] Scæna prima.[2]

ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, [*and*] PAGE.[3]

Alex. Stand aside, sir boy, till you be called. [*The Page stands aside.*] Hephestion, how doe you like the sweet face of Campaspe?

Hep. I cannot but commende the stout courage of Timoclea.

Alex. Without doubt Campaspe had some great man to her father.

Hep. You know Timoclea had Theagines to her brother.

Alex. Timoclea still in thy mouth! Art thou not in love?

Hep. Not I.

Alex. Not with Timoclea, you meane. Wherein you resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not.[4] And so you lead me from espying your love with Campaspe, — you crie Timoclea.

Hep. Could I as well subdue kingdomes as I can my thoughts, or were I as farre from ambition as I am from love, all the world would account mee as valiant in armes as I know my selfe moderate in affection.

Alex. Is love a vice?

Hep. It is no vertue.

Alex. Well, now shalt thou see what small difference I make between Alexander and Hephestion. And, sith thou hast been alwaies partaker of my triumphes, thou shalt bee partaker of my torments. I love, Hephestion, I love! I love Campaspe, — a thing farre unfit for a Macedonian, for a king, for Alexander. Why hangest thou downe thy head, Hephestion, blushing to heare that which I am not ashamed to tell?

Hep. Might my words crave pardon and my counsell credit, I would both discharge the duetie of a subject, for so I am, and the office of a friend, for so I will.

Alex. Speake Hephestion; for, whatsoever is spoken, Hephestion speaketh to Alexander.

[1] The Market-place. M.

[2] Preceding editions, *Scæna Secunda.*

[3] Bl. added 'Diogenes, Apelles.'

[4] See *Epistle Dedicatorie, Euphues and his England.*

Hep. I cannot tell, Alexander, whether the report be more shamefull to be heard or the cause sorrowful to be beleeved? What, is the son of Philip, king of Macedon, become the subject of Campaspe, the captive of Thebes? Is that minde whose greatnes the world could not containe drawn within the compasse of an idle, alluring eie? Wil you handle the spindle with Hercules[1] when you should shake the speare with Achilles? Is the warlike sound of drum and trump turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute, the neighing of barbed[2] steeds, whose lowdnes filled the aire with terrour and whose breathes dimmed the sun with smoake, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances?[3] O Alexander, that soft and yeelding minde should not bee in him whose hard and unconquerd heart hath made so many yeeld. But you love! Ah griefe! But whom? Campaspe. Ah shame! A maide, forsooth, unknowne, unnoble, — and who can tell whether immodest? — whose eyes are framed by art to enamour, and whose heart was made by nature to enchant. I, but shee is beautifull. Yea, but not therefore chaste. I, but she is comely in all parts of the bodie. But shee may bee crooked in some part of the minde. I, but shee is wise. Yea, but she is a woman. Beautie is like the blackberry, which seemeth red when it is not ripe, — resembling precious stones that are polished with honie,[4] which the smoother they looke, the sooner they breake. It is thought wonderfull among the sea-men, that mugill,[5] of all fishes the swiftest, is found in the belly of the bret,[6] of all the slowest: and shall it not seeme monstrous to wise men that the heart of the greatest conquerour of the world should be found in the hands of the weakest creature of nature, — of a woman, of a captive? Hermyns have faire skins, but foule livers; sepulchres fresh colours,

[1] Ovid, *Fasti*, II. 305.

[2] Horses covered with defensive armor.

[3] Did this suggest: —

> "Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
> And now, — instead of mounting barbed steeds
> To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, —
> He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
> To the lascivious pleasing of a lute!" — *Richb. III.* I. 1. Do.

[4] "All precious stones in general are improved in brilliancy by being boiled in honey, Corsican honey more particularly." — *Hist. of World*, XXXVII. 74. Bohn.

[5] Mullet.

[6] Cornish for brill and turbot.

but rotten bones; women faire faces, but false hearts. Remember, Alexander, thou hast a campe to governe, not a chamber. Fall not from the armour of Mars to the armes of Venus, from the fierie assaults of warre to the maidenly skirmishes of love, from displaying the eagle in thine ensigne to set downe the sparrow. I sigh, Alexander, that, where fortune could not conquer, folly should overcome. But behold all the perfection that may bee in Campaspe: a haire curling by nature, not art; sweete alluring eyes; a faire face made in despite of Venus; and a stately port in disdaine of Juno; a wit apt to conceive and quicke to answere; a skinne as soft as silke and as smooth as jet; a long white hand; a fine little foot, — to conclude, all parts answerable to the best part. What of this? Though she have heavenly gifts, vertue and beautie, is shee not of earthly metall, flesh and bloud? You, Alexander, that would be a god, shew your selfe in this worse than a man, so soone to be both overseene and over-taken[1] in a woman, whose false teares know their true times, whose smooth words wound deeper than sharpe swords. There is no surfet so dangerous as that of honie, nor any poyson so deadly as that of love: in the one physicke cannot prevaile, nor in the other counsell.

Alex. My case were light, Hephestion, and not worthy to be called love, if reason were a remedie, or sentences could salve that sense cannot conceive. Little do you know and therefore sleightly doe you regard the dead embers in a private person or live coales in a great prince, whose passions and thoughts doe as farre exceed others in extremitie as their callings doe in majestie. An eclipse in the sunne is more than the falling of a starre: none can conceive the torments of a king, unlesse he be a king, whose desires are not inferiour to their dignities. And then judge, Hephestion, if the agonies of love be dangerous in a subject, whether they be not more than deadly unto Alexander, whose deepe and not to bee conceived sighes cleave the heart in shivers, whose wounded thoughts can neither be expressed nor endured. Cease then, Hephestion, with arguments to seeke to refell[2] that which with their deitie the gods cannot resist; and let this suffice to answere thee, — that it is a king that loveth, and Alexander, whose affections are not to bee meas-

[1] "Deceived and intoxicated with unreasoning affection." F. [2] Refute.

ured by reason, being immortall, nor, I feare me, to be borne, being intolerable.

Hep. I must needs yeeld, when neither reason nor counsell can bee heard.

Alex. Yeeld, Hephestion, for Alexander doth love, and therefore must obtaine.

Hep. Suppose shee loves not you? Affection commeth not by appointment or birth; and then as good hated as enforced.

Alex. I am a king, and will command.

Hep. You may, to yeeld to lust by force, but to consent to love by feare, you cannot.

Alex. Why? What is that which Alexander may not conquer as he list?

Hep. Why, that which you say the gods cannot resist,—love.

Alex. I am a conquerour, shee a captive; I as fortunate as shee faire: my greatnesse may answere her wants, and the gifts of my minde the modestie of hers. Is it not likely, then, that she should love? Is it not reasonable?

Hep. You say that in love there is no reason; and, therefore, there can be no likelyhood.

Alex. No more, Hephestion! In this case I will use mine own counsell, and in all other thine advice: thou mayst be a good souldier, but never good lover. Call my page. [*The Page comes forward.*] Sirrah, goe presently to Apelles and will him to come to me without either delay or excuse.

Page. I goe. [*Exit.*]

Alex. In the meane season, to recreate my spirits, being so neere, wee will goe see Diogenes. And see where his tub is.[1] [*Crosses stage.*] Diogenes!

Diog. Who calleth?

Alex. Alexander. How happened it that you would not come out of your tub to my palace?[2]

[1] During the preceding dialogue Diogenes has probably come in with his tub. Going to a remote part of the stage, he has put it down and crawled into it.

[2] For the original of this scene and for some of the speeches, see *North's Plutarch*, IV. 311–312, Nutt; see also *Lives of Philosophers*, VI. 413.

Diog. Because it was as farre from my tub to your palace as from your palace to my tub.

Alex. Why then, doest thou owe no reverence to kings?

Diog. No.

Alex. Why so?

Diog. Because they be no gods.

Alex. They be gods of the earth.

Diog. Yea, gods of earth.

Alex. Plato is not of thy minde.

Diog. I am glad of it.

Alex. Why?

Diog. Because I would have none of Diogenes minde but Diogenes.

Alex. If Alexander have any thing that may pleasure Diogenes, let me know, and take it.

Diog. Then take not from mee that you cannot give mee, — the light of the world.

Alex. What doest thou want?

Diog. Nothing that you have.

Alex. I have the world at command.

Diog. And I in contempt.

Alex. Thou shalt live no longer than I will.

Diog. But I shall die whether you will or no.

Alex. How should one learne to bee content?

Diog. Unlearne to covet.

Alex. Hephestion, were I not Alexander, I would wish to bee Diogenes!

Hep. He is dogged, but discreet; I cannot tell how sharpe, with a kind of sweetnes; full of wit, yet too-too wayward.

Alex. Diogenes, when I come this way againe, I will both see thee and confer with thee.

Diog. Doe.[1] [*Enter* Apelles.]

Alex. But here commeth Apelles. How now, Apelles, is Venus face yet finished?

Apel. Not yet; beautie is not so soone shadowed whose perfec-

[1] Does Diogenes go out here, or crawl into his tub, to emerge when Crysus speaks to him, III. iii?

tion commeth not within the compasse either of cunning or of colour.

Alex. Well, let it rest unperfect; and come you with mee where I will shew you that finished by nature that you have beene trifling about by art.

[*Exeunt Alexander, Hephestion, and Apelles.*

Actus tertius. Scæna prima.[1]

[*Enter*] APELLES, CAMPASPE [*and a little behind them,* PSYLLUS.]

Apel. Ladie, I doubt whether there bee any colour so fresh that may shadow a countenance so faire.

Camp. Sir, I had thought you had bin commanded to paint with your hand, not to glose[2] with your tongue; but as I have heard, it is the hardest thing in painting to set downe a hard favour,[3] which maketh you to despaire of my face; and then[4] shall you have as great thankes to spare your labour as to discredit your art.

Apel. Mistris, you neither differ from your selfe nor your sexe; for, knowing your owne perfection, you seeme to disprayse that which men most commend, drawing them by that meane into an admiration where, feeding themselves, they fall into an extasie; your modestie being the cause of the one, and of the other your affections.

Camp. I am too young to understand your speech, though old enough to withstand your devise. You have bin so long used to colours you can doe nothing but colour.[5]

Apel. Indeed the colours I see, I feare will alter the colour I have.[6] But come, madam, will you draw neere? — for Alexander will be here anon. Psyllus, stay you here at the window. If any enquire for mee, answere, *Non lubet esse domi.*

Exeunt [*Apelles and Campaspe.*[7]]

[1] The house of Apelles: first inside, then in front.
[2] Flatter.
[3] Homely face.
[4] If you give up in despair.
[5] Flatter.
[6] Longing, caused by her beauty, will take the color from his face.
[7] Bl. and later editors mark a new scene here. Stage direction in Bl. 'Psyllus, Manes.'

Psyllus. It is alwayes my masters fashion when any faire gentlewoman is to be drawne within to make me to stay without. But if hee should paint Jupiter like a bull, like a swanne, like an eagle, then must Psyllus with one hand grind colours and with the other hold the candle. But let him alone! The better hee shadowes her face, the more will he burne his owne heart. And now if any man could meet with Manes, who, I dare say, lookes as leane as if Diogenes dropped out of his nose.[1] [*Enter* MANES.]

Manes. And here comes Manes, who hath as much meate in his maw as thou hast honestie in thy head.

Psyllus. Then I hope thou art very hungry.

Manes. They that know thee know that.

Psyllus. But doest thou not remember that wee have certaine liquor to conferre withall.

Manes. I, but I have businesse; I must goe cry a thing.

Psyllus. Why, what hast thou lost?

Manes. That which I never had, — my dinner!

Psyllus. Foule lubber, wilt thou crie for thy dinner?

Manes. I meane I must crie, — not as one would say "crie," but "crie," [2] that is, make a noyse.

Psyllus. Why foole, that is all one; for, if thou crie, thou must needs make a noyse.

Manes. Boy, thou art deceived: crie hath divers significations, and may be alluded to many things; knave but one,[3] and can be applyed but to thee.

Psyllus. Profound Manes!

Manes. Wee Cynickes are mad fellowes. Didst thou not finde I did quip thee?

Psyllus. No, verily! Why, what's a quip?

Manes. Wee great girders call it a short saying of a sharpe wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word.

Psyllus. How canst thou thus divine, divide, define, dispute, and all on the sodaine?

[1] As lean as Diogenes himself? Query: 'Dropped him'? The phrase suggests, "As like as if he had been spit out of his mouth" for "exact image." Kittredge.

[2] Manes mimics each sound.

[3] F. inserts *to* before *one*.

Manes. Wit will have his swing! I am bewitcht, inspired, inflamed, infected.

Psyllus. Well then will I not tempt thy gybing spirit.

Manes. Doe not, Psyllus, for thy dull head will bee but a grindstone for my quicke wit, which if thou whet with overthwarts,[1] *periisti, actum est de te!* I have drawne bloud at ones braines with a bitter bob.

Psyllus. Let me crosse my selfe; for I die if I crosse thee.

Manes. Let me doe my businesse. I my selfe am afraid lest my wit should waxe warme, and then must it needs consume some hard head with fine and prettie jests. I am sometimes in such a vaine that, for want of some dull pate to worke on, I begin to gird my selfe.

Psyllus. The gods shield me from such a fine fellow, whose words melt wits like waxe.

Manes. Well then, let us to the matter. In faith, my master meaneth to morrow to flie.

Psyllus. It is a jest.

Manes. Is it a jest to flie? Shouldest thou flie so soone, thou shouldest repent it in earnest.

Psyllus. Well, I will be the cryer.

Manes and Psyllus (*one after another*). O ys! O ys! O ys![2] All manner of men, women, or children, that will come to morrow into the market place betweene the houres of nine and ten shall see Diogenes the Cynicke — flie.[3]

Psyllus. I doe not thinke he will flie.

Manes. Tush, say "flie!"

Psyllus. Flie.

Manes. Now let us goe; for I will not see him againe till midnight, — I have a backe way into his tub.

Psyllus. Which way callest thou the backe way, when every way is open?

Manes. I meane to come in at his backe.

Psyllus. Well, let us goe away, that we may returne speedily.

Exeunt.

[1] Impudent replies.

[2] *Oyez.*

[3] Psyllus, when he comes to "flie," breaks off incredulous. Manes gives the word.

Actus tertius. Scæna secunda.[1]

[*Enter*] APELLES, CAMPASPE.

Apel. I shall never draw your eyes well, because they blinde mine.[2]

Camp. Why then, paint mee without eyes, for I am blind.[3]

Apel. Were you ever shadowed before of any?

Camp. No; and would you could so now shadow me that I might not be perceived of any.[4]

Apel. It were pitie but that so absolute[5] a face should furnish Venus temple amongst these pictures.

Camp. What are these pictures?

Apel. This is Læda, whom Jove deceived in likenesse of a swan.

Camp. A faire woman, but a foule deceit.

Apel. This is Alcmena, unto whom Jupiter came in shape of Amphitrion, her husband, and begate Hercules.

Camp. A famous sonne, but an infamous fact.

Apel. Hee might doe it, because hee was a god.

Camp. Nay, therefore it was evill done because he was a god.

Apel. This is Danae, into whose prison Jupiter drizled a golden showre, and obtained his desire.

Camp. What gold can make one yeeld to desire?

Apel. This is Europa, whom Jupiter ravished; this, Antiopa.[6]

Camp. Were all the gods like this Jupiter?

Apel. There were many gods in this like Jupiter.

Camp. I thinke in those dayes love was well ratified among men on earth when lust was so full authorised by the gods in Heaven.

Apel. Nay, you may imagine there were women passing amiable when there were gods exceeding amorous.

[1] Preceding editions, *tertia*. The Studio of Apelles.

[2] "But her eyes!
How could he see to do them?" *M. of V.* III. ii.

[3] Does Campaspe playfully close her eyes here?

[4] Pun: to paint and to hide. Campaspe is posing nude.

[5] Perfect.

[6] Lyly is thinking of the work of Arachne, who challenged Minerva to a trial of skill with the needle, and represented the amours of Jupiter named. Ovid., *Meta.* VI. 1.

Camp. Were women never so faire, men would be false.

Apel. Were women never so false, men would be fond.

Camp. What counterfeit is this, Apelles?

Apel. This is Venus, the goddesse of love.

Camp. What, bee there also loving goddesses?

Apel. This is shee that hath power to command the very affe tions of the heart.

Camp. How is she hired, — by prayer, by sacrifice, or bribes?

Apel. By prayer, sacrifice, and bribes.

Camp. What prayer?

Apel. Vowes irrevocable.

Camp. What sacrifice?

Apel. Hearts ever sighing, never dissembling.

Camp. What bribes?

Apel. Roses and kisses. But were you never in love?

Camp. No; nor love in me.

Apel. Then have you injuried many.

Camp. How so?

Apel. Because you have been loved of many.

Camp. Flattered, perchance, of some.

Apel. It is not possible that a face so faire and a wit so sharp both without comparison, should not be apt to love.

Camp. If you begin to tip your tongue with cunning, I pray di your pensill in colours and fall to that you must doe, not that yo would doe.

Actus tertius. Scæna tertia.[1]

[*Enter*] CLYTUS [*and*] PARMENIO.

Clytus. Parmenio, I cannot tell how it commeth to passe that i Alexander now a dayes there groweth an unpatient kind of life in the morning he is melancholy, at noone solemne, at all time either more sowre or severe than hee was accustomed.

Par. In kings causes I rather love to doubt[2] than conjectur

[1] Preceding editions *quarta*. As M. notes, Apelles and Campaspe busy themselves with t picture at one side of the stage. A new scene is hardly necessary. Bl. 'Clytus, Parmeni Alexander, Hephestion, Crysus, Diogenes, Apelles, Campaspe.'

[2] Remain undecide

and thinke it better to bee ignorant than inquisitive: they have long eares and stretched armes;[1] in whose heads suspition is a proofe, and to be accused is to be condemned.

Clytus. Yet betweene us there can bee no danger to find out the cause, for that there is no malice to withstand it. It may be an unquenchable thirst of conquering maketh him unquiet; it is not unlikely his long ease hath altered his humour; that he should be in love, it is not[2] impossible.

Par. In love, Clytus? No, no; it is as farre from his thought as treason in ours. He, whose ever-waking eye, whose never-tired heart, whose body patient of labour, whose mind unsatiable of victorie, hath alwayes beene noted, cannot so soone be melted into the weake conceits of love. Aristotle told him there were many worlds; and that he hath not conquered one that gapeth for all galleth Alexander. But here he cometh.

[*Enter* ALEXANDER *and* HEPHESTION.]

Alex. Parmenio and Clytus, I would have you both readie to goe into Persia about an ambassage no lesse profitable to me than to your selves honourable.

Clytus. Wee are readie at all commands, wishing nothing else but continually to be commanded.

Alex. Well then, withdraw yourselves till I have further considered of this matter. *Exeunt Clytus and Parmenio.*

Now wee will see how Apelles goeth forward. I doubt mee that nature hath overcome art, and her countenance his cunning.

Hep. You love, and therefore think any thing.

Alex. But not so farre in love with Campaspe as with Bucephalus,[3] if occasion serve either of conflict or[4] conquest.

Hep. Occasion cannot want if will doe not. Behold all Persia swelling in the pride of their owne power, the Scythians carelesse what courage or fortune can do, the Egyptians dreaming in the southsayings of their augures and gaping over the smoake of their beasts intralls. All these, Alexander, are to be subdued, if that

[1] The modern "long arm of the Law."
[2] Bl. omits *not*; A. gives it.
[3] *North's Plutarch*, Nutt, IV. 303–304, 351, 369–370.
[4] Bl. *of*; F. *or of*. M. corrects as in text.

world be not slipped out of your head which you have sworne to conquer with that hand.

Alex. I confesse the labour's fit for Alexander, and yet recreation necessarie among so many assaults, bloudie wounds, intolerable troubles. Give me leave a little, if not to sit, yet to breath. And doubt not but Alexander can, when hee will, throw affections as farre from him as he can cowardise. But behold Diogenes talking with one at his tub.[1]

Crysus. One penny, Diogenes; I am a Cynicke.

Diog. Hee made thee a begger that first gave thee any thing.

Crysus. Why, if thou wilt give nothing, no bodie will give thee.

Diog. I want nothing till the springs drie and the earth perish.

Crysus. I gather for the gods.

Diog. And I care not for those gods which want money.

Crysus. Thou art not a right[2] Cynick, that wilt give nothing.

Diog. Thou art not, that wilt begge any thing.

Crysus [*crossing to Alexander*]. Alexander! King Alexander! Give a poore Cynick a groat.[3]

Alex. It is not for a king to give a groat.

Crysus. Then give me a talent.[4]

Alex. It is not for a begger to aske a talent. Away! [*Exit Crysus. Alexander crosses to the part of the stage opposite the tub of Diogenes where Apelles and Campaspe are.*]

Apelles![5]

Apel. Here.

Alex. Now, gentlewoman, doth not your beautie put the painter to his trumpe?

Camp. Yes, my lord, seeing so disordered a countenance, hee feareth hee shall shadow a deformed counterfeite.

Alex. Would he could colour the life with the feature! And mee thinketh, Apelles, were you as cunning as report saith you are,

[1] Diogenes enters before Crysus; or, more probably, has been on the stage in his tub since II. 1. See p. 301.

[2] In this and the next line, the speakers refer to the popular idea that true Cynics despised money.

[3] Fourpence. Often used for a very small sum.

[4] In Attica about $1000.

[5] As Alexander calls, he is supposed to enter the house of Apelles. See p. 306, note 1.

you may paint flowres as well with sweet smels as fresh colours, observing in your mixture such things as should draw neere to their savours.

Apel. Your Majestie must know, it is no lesse hard to paint savours than vertues; colours can neither speake nor thinke.

Alex. Where doe you first begin when you draw any picture?

Apel. The proportion of the face in just compasse as I can.

Alex. I would begin with the eye, as a light to all the rest.

Apel. If you will paint, as you are a king, Your Majestie may beginne where you please; but as you would bee a painter, you must begin with the face.

Alex. Aurelius[1] would in one houre colour foure faces.

Apel. I marvaile in halfe an houre hee did not foure.

Alex. Why, is it so easie?

Apel. No; but he doth it so homely.

Alex. When will you finish Campaspe?

Apel. Never finish; for alwayes in absolute beauty there is somewhat above art.

Alex. Why should not I by labour be as cunning as Apelles?

Apel. God shield you should have cause to be so cunning[2] as Apelles!

Alex. Me thinketh foure colours are sufficient to shadow any countenance; and so it was in the time of Phydias.[3]

Apel. Then had men fewer fancies and women not so many favours.[4] For now, if the haire of her eyebrowes be blacke, yet must the haire of her head be yellow;[5] the attire of her head must bee different from the habit of her bodie, else would the picture seeme like the blazon of ancient armory,[6] not like the sweet delight of new-found amiablenesse.[7] For, as in garden knots[8] diversitie

[1] Arellius? Mentioned, Holland, XXXV. 10. No painter Aurelius is known.

[2] Pun: technical knowledge and manual skill, and guileful. Apelles thinks of his need to conceal his passion.

[3] For the original of this see Holland, XXXV. 7.

[4] Looks, with something of the sense of attractions.

[5] At this time it was fashionable to dye the hair yellow in compliment to the natural color of the Queen's hair. F.

[6] A description simple because ancient armour lacked the varied markings of Elizabethan coats-of-arms.

[7] Loveliness.

[8] Ornamental arrangements of flower-beds.

of odours make a more sweete savour, or as in musique divers strings cause a more delicate consent,[1] so, in painting, the more colours, the better counterfeit, — observing black for a ground, and the rest for grace.

Alex. Lend me thy pensill, Apelles; I will paint, and thou shalt judge.

Apel. Here.

Alex. The coale[2] breakes,

Apel. You leane too hard.

Alex. Now it blackes not.

Apel. You leane too soft.

Alex. This is awrie.

Apel. Your eye goeth not with your hand.

Alex. Now it is worse.

Apel. Your hand goeth not with your minde.

Alex. Nay, if all be too hard or soft, — so many rules and regards that ones hand, ones eye, ones minde must all draw together, — I had rather bee setting of a battell than blotting of a boord.[3] But how have I done here?

Apel. Like a king.

Alex. I thinke so; but nothing more unlike a painter.[4] Well, Apelles, Campaspe is finished as I wish. Dismisse her, and bring presently her counterfeit after me.

Apel. I will.

Alex. [*as he crosses the stage.*] Now, Hephestion, doth not this matter cotton as I would?[5] Campaspe looketh pleasantly; libertie will encrease her beautie, and my love shall advance her honour.

Hep. I will not contrarie your Majestie; for time must weare out that love hath wrought, and reason weane what appetite nursed.

[*Campaspe passes on her way to the farther door.*]

Alex. How stately shee passeth by, yet how soberly, a sweete consent in her countenance, with a chaste disdaine, desire mingled

[1] Harmony.
[2] The charcoal with which Alexander is drawing.
[3] The old pictures were painted on wooden panels.
[4] For the suggestion for this scene, see Holland, XXXV. 10.
[5] Go as I wish.

with coynesse, and — I cannot tell how to terme it—a curst, yeelding modesty![1]

Hep. Let her passe.

Alex. So shee shall for the fairest on the earth!

Exeunt [*Alexander and Hephestion at one side of the stage, Apelles at the other.*]

Actus tertius. Scæna quarta.[2]

[*Enter*] Psyllus [*and*] Manes.

Psyllus. I shall be hanged for tarrying so long.

Manes. I pray God my master be not flowne before I come!

[*Enter Apelles.*]

Psyllus. Away, Manes, my master doth come. [*Exit Manes.*]

Apel. Where have you beene all this while?

Psyllus. Nowhere but here.

Apel. Who was here sithens my comming?

Psyllus. Nobodie.

Apel. Ungracious wag, I perceive you have beene a loytering! Was Alexander nobodie?

Psyllus. He was a king, I meant no mean bodie.

Apel. I will cudgell your bodie for it, and then will I say it was no bodie, because it was no honest bodie. Away, in! *Exit Psyllus.* Unfortunate Apelles, and therefore unfortunate because Apelles! Hast thou by drawing her beautie brought to passe that thou canst scarce draw thine owne breath? And by so much the more hast thou increased thy care by how much the more hast thou[3] shewed thy cunning? Was it not sufficient to behold the fire and warme thee, but with Satyrus thou must kisse the fire and burne thee? O Campaspe, Campaspe! Art must yeeld to nature, reason to appetite, wisdome to affection! Could Pigmalion entreate by prayer

[1] "Modesty tempered in yielding by a contrasting emotion." F.

[2] Preceding editions *quinta*. Before the house of Apelles. Is a division needed? Apelles might remain when Alexander and Hephestion leave, and just before Psyllus cries "Away, Manes," see his page and move toward him. Bl. 'Psyllus, Manes, Apelles.'

[3] Bl. *Hast thou hast*. F. and M. strike out the first *hast*. Is it not more likely that the second is the mistake?

to have his ivory turned into flesh, and cannot Apelles obtaine by plaints to have the picture of his love changed to life? Is painting so farre inferiour to carving? Or dost thou, Venus, more delight to bee hewed with chizels then shadowed with colours? What Pigmalion, or what Pyrgoteles, or what Lysippus is hee,[1] that ever made thy face so faire or spread thy fame so farre as I? Unlesse, Venus, in this thou enviest mine art, that in colouring my sweet Campaspe I have left no place by cunning to make thee so amiable.[2] But, alas, shee is the paramour to a prince! Alexander, the monarch of the earth, hath both her body and affection. For what is it that kings cannot obtaine by prayers, threats, and promises? Will not shee thinke it better to sit under a cloth of estate[3] like a queene than in a poore shop like a huswife, and esteeme it sweeter to be the concubine of the lord of the world than spouse to a painter in Athens? Yes, yes, Apelles, thou maist swimme against the streame with the crab, and feede against the winde with the deere, and peck against the steele with the cockatrice:[4] starres are to be looked at, not reached at; princes to be yeelded unto, not contended with; Campaspe to be honoured, not obtained; to be painted, not possessed of thee. O faire face! O unhappy hand! And why didst thou drawe it — so faire a face? O beautifull countenance, the expres image of Venus, but somwhat fresher, the only patterne of that eternitie which Jupiter dreaming, asleepe, could not conceive againe waking! Blush, Venus, for I am ashamed to ende thee! Now must I paint things unpossible for mine art but agreeable with my affections, — deepe and hollow sighes, sad and melancholie thoughtes, woundes and slaughters of conceits, a life posting to death, a death galloping from life, a wavering constancie, an unsetled resolution, and what not, Apelles? And what but Apelles?[5]

[1] "Alexander streightly forbad by express edict, that no man should draw his portrait in colours but Apelles the painter: that none should engrave his personage but Pyrgoteles, the graver: and last of all, that no workman should cast his image in brasse but Lysippus a founder," Holland, VII. 1.

[2] Apelles addresses here and in l. 44 a picture of Venus, which he really left unfinished. Holland, XXXV. 11.

[3] Canopy.

[4] Basilisk, Holland, VIII. 21.

[5] "Do I say paint what not (what is not) Apelles? What are all these — sighs, wounds, etc., but Apelles himself?"

But as they that are shaken with a feaver are to be warmed with cloathes, not groanes, and as he that melteth in a consumption is to be recured by colices,[1] not conceits, so the feeding canker of my care, the never-dying worme of my heart, is to be killed by counsell, not cries, by applying of remedies, not by replying of reasons. And sith in cases desperate there must be used medicines that are extreame, I will hazard that little life that is left, to restore the greater part that is lost; and this shall be my first practise, — for wit must worke where authoritie is not, — as soone as Alexander hath viewed this portraiture, I will by devise give it a blemish, that by that meanes she may come againe to my shop; and then as good it were to utter my love and die with deniall as conceale it and live in dispaire.

Song by Apelles.

Cupid and my Campaspe playd
At cardes for kisses; Cupid payd.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mothers doves, and teeme of sparows;
Looses them, too. Then, downe he throwes
The corrall of his lippe, the rose
Growing on's cheek, — but none knows how, —
With these, the cristall of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chinne;
All these did my Campaspe winne.
At last, hee set her both his eyes;
Shee won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O love! has shee done this to thee?
What shall, alas, become of mee? [*Exit Apelles.*]

[1] *Cullises*, strengthening jellies.

Actus quartus. Scæna prima.[1]

[*Enter*] SOLINUS, PSYLLUS, [*and*] GRANICHUS.[2]

Sol. This is the place, the day, the time, that Diogenes hath appointed to flie.

Psyllus. I will not loose the flight of so faire a foule as Diogenes is though my master cudgell my no body as he threatned.

Gran. What, Psyllus, will the beast wag his wings to day?

[*Enter Manes.*]

Psyllus. Wee shall heare; for here commeth Manes. Manes, will it be?

Manes. Be? He were best be as cunning as a bee, or else shortly he will not bee at all.

Gran. How is hee furnished to flie? Hath he feathers?

Manes. Thou art an asse! Capons, geese, and owles, have feathers. He hath found Dedalus old waxen wings,[3] and hath beene peecing them this moneth, he is so broad in the shoulders. O, you shall see him cut the ayre even like a tortoys!

Sol. Me thinkes so wise a man should not bee so mad; his body must needs be too heavie.

Manes. Why, hee hath eaten nothing this seven night but corke and feathers.

Psyllus [*aside*]. Touch him,[4] Manes.

Manes. Hee is so light that hee can scarce keepe him from flying at midnight. *Populus intrat.*

Manes. See they begin to flocke, and, behold, my master bustels himselfe to flie. [*They draw nearer the tub.*]

Diog.[5] You wicked and bewitched Athenians, whose bodies make the earth to groane, and whose breathes infect the ayre with stench, come ye to see Diogenes flie? Diogenes commeth to see you sinke. Yea,[6] call me dogge! So I am, for I long to gnaw the bons in your skins. Yee tearme me an hater of men! No, I am a hater

[1] The market-place. M.
[2] Bl. adds 'Manes, Diogenes, Populus.'
[3] Ovid, *Meta.* VIII.
[4] Guy him.
[5] Diogenes has probably been in his tub since his dialogue with Crysus, p. 308.
[6] M. suggests 'Yee.' See next line.

of your manners. Your lives, dissolute, not fearing death, will prove your deaths desperat, not hoping for life. What do you else in Athens but sleepe in the day and surfeit in the night,—backe-gods in the morning with pride, in the evening belly-gods with gluttony! You flatter kings, and call them gods. Speak truth of your selves and confesse you are divels! From the bee you have taken, not the honey, but the wax, to make your religion, framing it to the time, not to the truth. Your filthy lust you colour under a courtly colour of love, injuries abroad under the title of policies at home; and secret malice creepeth under the name of publike justice. You have caused Alexander to drie up springs and plant vines, to sow rocket and weed endiff,[1] to sheare sheepe, and shrine[2] foxes. All conscience is sealed[3] at Athens: swearing commeth of a hot mettle; lying of a quick wit; flattery of a flowing tongue; undecent talke of a merry disposition. All things are lawfull at Athens: either you think there are no gods, or I must think ye are no men. You build as though you should live for ever and surfeit as though you should die to morrowe. None teacheth true philosophie but Aristotle, because hee was the kings schoole-master! O times! O men! O corruption in manners! Remember that greene grasse must turne to drie hay. When you sleepe, you are not sure to wake; and when you rise, not certaine to lie downe. Looke you never so high, your heads must lie level with your feet. Thus have I flowne over[4] your disordered lives; and if you will not amend your manners, I will studie to flie further from you, that I may bee neerer to honestie.[5]

Sol. Thou ravest, Diogenes, for thy life is different from thy words. Did not I see thee come out of a brothell house? Was it not a shame?

Diog. It was no shame to goe out, but a shame to goe in.

Gran. It were a good deede, Manes, to beate thy master.

Manes. You were as good eate my master.

One of the People. Hast thou made us all fooles, and wilt thou not flie?

[1] Sow the inedible and weed out the edible.
[2] Shut up as if precious.
[3] "In falconry *sealed* means blinded." Do.
[4] Railed at.
[5] For conduct of Diogenes similar to this scene see *Lives of Philosophers*, VI. 405.

Diog. I tell thee, unlesse thou be honest, I will flie.[1]

People. Dog, dog, take a bone!

Diog. Thy father need feare no dogs, but dogs thy father.[2]

People. We will tell Alexander that thou reprovest him behinde his back.

Diog. And I will tell him that you flatter him before his face.

People. Wee will cause all the boyes in the streete to hisse at thee.

Diog. Indeede, I thinke the Athenians have their children readie for any vice, because they bee Athenians.

[*Exeunt Populus and Solinus.*]

Manes. Why, master, meane you not to flie?

Diog. No, Manes, not without wings.

Manes. Everybody will account you a lyar.

Diog. No, I warrant you, for I will alwayes say the Athenians are mischevous.

Psyllus. I care not; it was sport enough for mee to see these old huddles[3] hit home.

Gran. Nor I.

Psyllus. Come, let us goe; and hereafter when I meane to rayle upon any body openly, it shall bee given out, I will flie. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus. Scæna secunda.[4]

[*Enter*] CAMPASPE.[5]

Camp. sola. Campaspe, it is hard to judge whether thy choyce be more unwise or thy chance unfortunate. Doest thou preferre — but stay, utter not that in wordes which maketh thine eares to glow with thoughts. Tush, better thy tongue wagge than thy heart breake! Hath a painter crept further into thy minde than a prince; — Apelles, than Alexander? Fond wench, the basenes of

[1] Diogenes refers to ll. 50–54, p. 315. Throughout Diogenes is very like a Cynic as described in Lucian's "Sale of the Philosophers."

[2] Diogenes, thinking of himself as older than most of the crowd and wiser than any, names himself, apparently, in 'thy father.' "Diogenes need fear no curs like you, but you need fear a rating from me."

[3] Decrepit persons.

[4] A room in the palace. M. Why not the house of Apelles, into which the painter and Campaspe go after the last lines of the scene?

[5] Bl. 'Campaspe, Apelles.'

thy minde bewraies the meannesse of thy birth. But, alas, affection is a fire which kindleth as well[1] in the bramble as in the oake, and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, not where it may best burne. Larkes, that mount aloft in the ayre, build their neasts below in the earth; and women that cast their eyes upon kings may place their hearts upon vassals. A needle will become thy fingers better than a lute, and a distaffe is fitter for thy hand than a scepter. Antes live safely till they have gotten wings, and juniper is not blowne up till it hath gotten an high top: the meane estate is without care as long as it continueth without pride. [*Enter Apelles.*] But here commeth Apelles, in whom I would there were the like affection.

Apel. Gentlewoman, the misfortune I had with your picture will put you to some paines to sit againe to be painted.

Camp. It is small paines for mee to sit still, but infinite for you to draw still.

Apel. No, madame; to painte Venus was a pleasure, but to shadow the sweete face of Campaspe, it is a heaven!

Camp. If your tongue were made of the same flesh that your heart is, your words would bee as your thoughts are; but, such a common thing it is amongst you to commend that oftentimes for fashion sake you call them beautifull whom you know blacke.

Apel. What might men doe to be beleeved?

Camp. Whet their tongue on their hearts.

Apel. So they doe, and speake as they thinke.

Camp. I would they did!

Apel. I would they did not!

Camp. Why, would you have them dissemble?

Apel. Not in love, but their love.[2] But will you give mee leave to aske you a question without offence?

Camp. So that you will answere mee another without excuse.

Apel. Whom doe you love best in the world?

Camp. He that made me last in the world.

Apel. That was a god.

[1] Bl., 'aswell.'

[2] "Apelles would have no dissembling in real love, but only in the simulated love he despises." F.

Camp. I had thought it had beene a man. But whom doe you honour most, Apelles?

Apel. The thing that is likest you, Campaspe.

Camp. My picture?

Apel. I dare not venture upon your person. But come, let us go in; for Alexander will thinke it long till we returne. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus. Scæna tertia.[1]

[*Enter*] CLYTUS [*and*] PARMENIO.

Clytus. We heare nothing of our embassage, — a colour[2] belike to bleare our eyes or tickle our eares or inflame our hearts. But what doth Alexander in the meane season but use for *tantara*,—*sol*, *fa*, *la*;[3] for his hard couch, downe beds; for his handfull of water, his standing-cup of wine?[4]

Par. Clytus, I mislike this new delicacie and pleasing peace, for what else do we see now than a kind of softnes in every mans minde: bees to make their hives in souldiers helmets;[5] our steeds furnished with footclothes of gold, insteede of sadles of steele; more time to be required to scowre the rust of our weapons than there was wont to be in subduing the countries of our enemies. Sithence Alexander fell from his hard armour to his soft robes, behold the face of his court: youths that were wont to carry devises of victory in their shields engrave now posies of love in their ringes; they that were accustomed on trotting horses to charge the enemie with a launce, now in easie coches ride up and down to court ladies; in steade of sword and target to hazard their lives, use pen and paper to paint their loves; yea, such a feare and faintnesse is growne in court that they wish rather to heare the blowing of a horne to hunt than the sound of a trumpet to fight.

[1] The palace. M.

[2] Pretext.

[3] "For the sound of the war trumpet, the voice of the singer." F.

[4] A large and usually ornamental drinking cup, made especially for the dresser or sideboard. The chief guest at an entertainment or the presiding dignitary was served from it.

[5] An engraving in Alciati's *Emblems*, representing bees swarming into the face-guard of a helmet probably provided this simile. F

O Philip, wert thou alive to see this alteration, — thy men turned to women, thy souldiers to lovers, gloves worne in velvet caps,[1] in stead of plumes in graven helmets, — thou wouldest either dye among them for sorrow or counfound[2] them for anger.

Clytus. Cease, Parmenio, least in speaking what becommeth thee not, thou feele what liketh thee not: truth is never with out a scracht face; whose tongue although it cannot be cut out, yet must it be tied up.

Par. It grieveth me not a little for Hephestion, who thirsteth for honour, not ease; but such is his fortune and neernesse in friendship to Alexander that hee must lay a pillow under his head when hee would put a target in his hand. But let us draw in, to see how well it becomes them to tread the measures in a daunce[3] that were wont to set the order for a march. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus. Scæna quarta.[4]

[*Enter*] APELLES [*and*] CAMPASPE.

Apel. I have now, Campaspe, almost made an ende.

Camp. You told mee, Apelles, you would never end.

Apel. Never end my love, for it shal be[5] eternall.

Camp. That is, neither to have beginning nor ending.

Apel. You are disposed to mistake; I hope you do not mistrust.

Camp. What will you say, if Alexander perceive your love?

Apel. I will say it is no treason to love.

Camp. But how if hee will not suffer thee to see my person?

Apel. Then will I gaze continually on thy picture.

Camp. That will not feede thy heart.

Apel. Yet shall it fill mine eye. Besides, the sweet thoughts, the sure hopes, thy protested faith, wil cause me to embrace thy shadow continually in mine armes, of the which by strong imagination I will make a substance.

[1] Gloves were worn in the hat for three purposes, — as the favor of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to challenge an enemy.

[2] Destroy.

[3] To dance in a slow and stately fashion.

[4] Studio of Apelles.

[5] Bl., one word.

Camp. Wel, I must be gone. But this assure your selfe, that I had rather be in thy shop grinding colours than in Alexander's court following higher fortunes. [*As she crosses the stage*[1]] Foolish wench, what hast thou done? That, alas, which cannot be undone; and therefore I feare me undone. But content is such a life; I care not for aboundance. O Apelles, thy love commeth from the heart but Alexander's from the mouth! The love of kings is like the blowing of winds, which whistle sometimes gently among the leaves and straight waies turne the trees up by the rootes; or fire, which warmeth afarre off, and burneth neere hand; or the sea, which maketh men hoise their sailes in a flattering calme, and to cut their mastes in a rough storme. They place affection by times, by policy, by appoyntment. If they frowne, who dares call them unconstant; if bewray secrets, who will tearme them untrue; if fall to other loves, who trembles not, if hee call them unfaithfull? In kings there can bee no love but to queenes; for as neere must they meete in majestie as they doe in affection. It is requisite to stand aloofe from kings love, Jove, and lightening. *Exit.*

Apel.[2] Now, Apelles, gather thy wits together. Campaspe is no lesse wise then faire; thy selfe must be no lesse cunning then faithfull.[3] It is no small matter to be rivall with Alexander.

[*Enter* PAGE *of* ALEXANDER.]

Page. Apelles, you must come away quickly with the picture the king thinketh that now you have painted it, you play with it.

Apel. If I would play with pictures, I have enough at home.

Page. None, perhaps, you like so well.

Apel. It may be I have painted none so well.

Page. I have knowen many fairer faces.

Apel. And I many better boyes. *Exeunt.*

[1] Preceding editions, following Bl., read 'Campaspe alone.' It is much more natural to suppose that while she is crossing the stage, Apelles lingers on one side, watching her. When she goes out, he speaks.

[2] Preceding editions, *Actus quartus. Scæna quinta*; Bl. 'Apelles, Page.'

[3] See note 2, p. 309.

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.[1]

[*Enter*] SYLVIUS, PERIM, MILO, TRICO, [*and*] MANES. [DIOGENES *in his tub.*][2]

Syl. I have brought my sons, Diogenes, to be taught of thee.

Diog. What can thy sonnes do?

Syl. You shall see their qualities. Dance, sirha!

Then Perim danceth.

How like you this? Doth he well?

Diog. The better, the worser.[3]

Syl. The musicke very good.

Diog. The musitions very bad, who onely study to have their strings in tune, never framing their manners to order.

Syl. Now shall you see the other. Tumble, sirha!

Milo tumbleth.

How like you this? Why do you laugh?

Diog. To see a wagge that was borne to breake his neck by destinie to practise it by art.

Milo. This dogge will bite me; I will not be with him.

Diog. Feare not boy; dogges eate no thistles.

Perim. I marvell what dogge thou art, if thou be a dogge.

Diog. When I am hungry, a mastife; and when my belly is full, a spannell.

Syl. Dost thou beleeve[4] that there are any gods, that thou art so dogged?

Diog. I must needs beleeve there are gods, for I thinke thee an enemie to them.

Syl. Why so?

Diog. Because thou hast taught one of thy sonnes to rule his legges and not to follow learning, the other to bend his bodie every way and his minde no way.

Perim. Thou doest nothing but snarle and barke, like a dogge.

[1] The market-place. M.

[2] Bl. puts 'Diogenes' before 'Sylvius.'

[3] For the originals of this and the first, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth of Diogenes's speeches which follow see *Lives of Philosophers*, VI. 406, 415, 417, 418, 424, 428, 431.

[4] Dost thou *not?*

Diog. It is the next[1] way to drive away a theefe.
Syl. Now shall you heare the third, who sings like a nightingale.
Diog. I care not; for I have a nightingale to sing[2] her selfe.
Syl. Sing, sirha!

TRYCO *singeth.*

SONG.[3]

What[4] bird so sings yet so dos wayle?
O 'tis the ravish'd[5] nightingale.
"Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu," shee cryes;
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick song,[6] who is't now we heare?
None but the larke so shrill and cleare.
How at heavens gats[7] she claps her wings,
The morne not waking till shee sings!
Heark, heark, with what a pretty throat
Poore Robin Red-breast tunes his note!
Heark how the jolly cuckoes sing
"Cuckoe," to welcome in the spring;
"Cuckoe," to welcome in the spring.

Syl. Loe, Diogenes! I am sure thou canst not doe so much.
Diog. But there is never a thrush but can.
Syl. What hast thou taught Manes, thy man?

[1] Readiest. [2] Bl. omits *to*. F. and M. insert it. Query, 'sings'?
[3] Of course the Song falls into three stanzas, with divisions at ll. 35, 39. — *Gen. Ed.*
[4] These lines illustrate well how the memory of Shakespeare caught and held the best in the lines of others. Here, scattered through several lines, is the first line of the well-known song in *Cymbeline*: —

"None but the larke so shrill and cleare.
How at heavens gats she claps her wings,
The morne not waking till she sings!
Heark, heark, with what a pretty throat
Poore Robin Red-breast tunes his note!"

[5] Not only *enraptured*, but with reference to the story of Philomela, Ovid, *Meta.* VI.
[6] Warbler. [7] 'Gate' as in Shakespeare? The 's' from 'she'?

Diog. To be as unlike as may be thy sons.
Manes. He hath taught me to fast, lie hard, and run away.
Syl. How sayest thou, Perim, wilt thou bee with him?
Perim. I, so he will teach me first to runne away.
Diog. Thou needest not be taught, thy legges are so nimble.
Syl. How sayest thou, Milo, wilt thou be with him?
Diog. Nay, hold your peace; hee shall not.
Syl. Why?
Diog. There is not roome enough for him and me to tumble both in one tub.
Syl. Well, Diogenes, I perceive my sonnes brooke not thy manners.
Diog. I thought no lesse, when they knew my vertues.
Syl. Farewell, Diogenes; thou neededst not have scraped rootes, if thou wouldst have followed Alexander.
Diog. Nor thou have followed Alexander, if thou hadst scraped rootes.[1] *Exeunt* [*all except Diogenes.*]

Actus quintus. Scæna secunda.[2]

[*Enter* APELLES.[3]]

Apel. I feare mee, Apelles, that thine eyes have blabbed that which thy tongue durst not! What little regard hadst thou! Whilest Alexander viewed the counterfeit of Campaspe, thou stoodest gazing on her countenance. If he espie or but suspect, thou must needs twice perish, — with his hate and thine owne love. Thy pale lookes when he blushed, thy sad countenance when he smiled, thy sighes when he questioned, may breed in him a jelousie, perchance a frenzie. O love! I never before knew what thou wert, and now hast thou made me that I know not what my selfe am! Onely this I know, that I must endure intolerable passions for unknowne pleasures. Dispute not the cause, wretch, but yeeld to it; for better it is to melt with desire than wrastle with love.

[1] For the original of this see *Lives of Philosophers*, VI. 426.
[2] Studio of Apelles.
[3] Bl. and later editors, *Apelles alone.*

Cast thy selfe on thy carefull bed; be content to live unknown, and die unfound.[1] O Campaspe, I have painted thee in my heart! Painted? Nay, contrary to mine arte, imprinted; and that in such deepe characters that nothing can rase it out, unlesse it rubbe my[2] heart out. *Exit.*

Actus quintus. Scæna tertia.[3]

[*Enter*] MILECTUS, PHRYGIUS, [*and*] LAIS.[4] [DIOGENES *is in his tub.*]

Mil. It shall goe hard but this peace shall bring us some pleasure.

Phry. Downe with armes, and up with legges! This is a world for the nonce![5]

Lais. Sweet youths, if you knew[6] what it were to save your sweet blood, you would not so foolishly go about to spend it. What delight can there be in gashing, to make foule scarres in faire faces, and crooked maimes in streight legges, as though men, being borne goodly by nature, would of purpose become deformed by folly, — and all, forsooth for a new-found tearme, called *valiant*, a word which breedeth more quarrels than the sense can commendation?

Mil. It is true, Lais, a feather-bed hath no fellow. Good drinke makes good blood, and shall pelting[7] words spill it?

Phry. I meane to enjoy the world, and to draw out my life at the wire-drawers; not to curtail it off at the cutlers.

Lais. You may talke of warre, speake bigge, conquer worlds with great words; but stay at home, where in steade of alarums you shall have dances, for hot battailes with fierce men, gentle skirmishes with faire women. These pewter coates[8] can never sit so well as satten doublets. Beleeve me, you cannot conceive the pleasure of peace unlesse you despise the rudenes of warre.

Mil. It is so. But see Diogenes prying over his tub! Diogenes what sayest thou to such a morsell? [*Pointing to Lais.*]

[1] "Be content to live with thy love unexpressed, and to die with it undiscovered."
[2] Quartos and Bl. *thy*. Corrected by Do.
[3] The market-place. M.
[4] Bl. adds 'Diogenes.'
[5] For the purpose.
[6] Bl. *know*.
[7] Contemptible.
[8] Steel cuirasses.

Diog. I say I would spit it out of my mouth, because it should not poyson my stomacke.

Phry. Thou speakest as thou art; it is noe meate for dogges.

Diog. I am a dogge, and philosophy rates[1] me from carrion.

Lais. Uncivil wretch, whose manners are answerable to thy calling, the time was thou wouldest have had my company, had it not beene, as thou saidst, too deare.

Diog. I remember there was a thing that I repented mee of, and now thou hast tolde it. Indeed, it was too deare of nothing,[2] and thou deare to no bodie.

Lais. Downe, villaine, or I will have thy head broken!

Mil. Will you couch?[3]

Phry. Avant, curre! Come, sweet Lays, let us goe to some place and possesse peace. But first let us sing; there is more pleasure in tuning of a voyce, than in a volly of shot. [*A Song.*]

Mil. Now let us make hast, least Alexander finde us here!

Exeunt [*all except Diogenes.*]

Actus quintus. Scæna quarta.[4]

[*Enter*] ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, [*and*] PAGE.[5] [DIOGENES *is in his tub.*]

Alex. Methinketh, Hephestion, you are more melancholy than you were accustomed; but I perceive it is all for Alexander. You can neither brooke this peace nor my pleasure. Bee of good cheare; though I winke, I sleepe not.

Hep. Melancholy I am not, nor well content; for, I know not how, there is such a rust crept into my bones with this long ease that I feare I shall not scowre it out with infinite labours.

Alex. Yes, yes, if all the travailes of conquering the world will set either thy bodie or mine in tune, we will undertake them. But what thinke you of Apelles? Did yee ever see any so perplexed? He neither answered directly to any question, nor looked stedfastly upon any thing. I hold my life the painter is in love.

[1] In Kent *rate* is used for call away, off. F.

[2] If nothing were paid.

[3] Milectus threatens to strike Diogenes.

[4] The market-place. M.

[5] Bl. adds 'Diogenes, Apelles, Campaspe.'

Hep. It may be; for commonly we see it incident in artificers to be enamoured of their owne workes, as Archidamus of his wooden dove, Pygmalion of his ivorie image,[1] Arachne of her woven swanne,[2] — especially painters, who playing with their owne conceits, now coveting[3] to draw a glancing eie, then a rolling, now a winking, still mending it, never ending it, till they be caught with it, and then, poore soules, they kisse the colours with their lips, with which before they were loth to taint their fingers.

Alex. I will find it out. Page, goe speedily for Apelles. Will him to come hither; and when you see us earnestly in talke, sodainly crie out, "Apelles shop is on fire!"

Page. It shall be done.

Alex. Forget not your lesson. [*Exit Page.*]

Hep. I marvell what your devise shal be.

Alex. The event shall prove.

Hep. I pittie the poore painter if he be in love.

Alex. Pitie him not, I pray thee. That severe gravity set aside, what doe you thinke of love?

Hep. As the Macedonians doe of their hearbe beet, — which looking yellow in the ground and blacke in the hand, — thinke it better seene than toucht.

Alex. But what doe you imagine it to be?

Hep. A word, by superstition thought a god, by use turned to an humour, by selfe-will made a flattering madnesse.

Alex. You are too hard-hearted to thinke so of love. Let us goe to Diogenes. [*They cross the stage.*] Diogenes, thou mayst thinke it somewhat that Alexander commeth to thee againe so soone.

Diog. If you come to learne, you could not come soone enough; if to laugh, you be come too soone.

Hep. It would better become thee to be more courteous and frame thy self to please.

Diog. And you better to bee lesse, if you durst displease.

Alex. What doest thou thinke of the time we have here?

Diog. That we have little and lose much.

[1] Ovid, *Meta.* X. 9.

[2] Earlier editions, *his wooden swanne*, borrowing the first two words from the line above. See note, p. 305.

[3] M. suggests 'covet.'

Alex. If one be sicke, what wouldst thou have him doe?
Diog. Bee sure that hee make not his physician his heire.
Alex. If thou mightest have thy will, how much ground would content thee?
Diog. As much as you in the end must be contented withall.
Alex. What, a world?
Diog. No, the length of my bodie.
Alex. [*aside*]. Hephestion, shall I bee a little pleasant with him?
Hep. [*aside*]. You may; but hee will be very perverse with you.
Alex. [*aside*]. It skils not;[1] I cannot be angry with him. Diogenes, I pray thee what doest thou thinke of love?
Diog. A little worser than I can of hate.
Alex. And why?
Diog. Because it is better to hate the things which make to love than to love the things which give occasion of hate.
Alex. Why, bee not women the best creatures in the world?
Diog. Next men and bees.
Alex. What doest thou dislike chiefly in a woman?
Diog. One thing.
Alex. What?
Diog. That she is a woman.
Alex. In mine opinion thou wert never borne of a woman, that thou thinkest so hardly of women. [*Enter Apelles.*] But now commeth Apelles, who I am sure is as farre from thy thoughts as thou art from his cunning. Diogenes, I will have thy cabin[2] removed neerer to my court, because I will be a philosopher.
Diog. And when you have done so, I pray you remove your court further from my cabin, because I will not be a courtier.
Alex. But here commeth Apelles. Apelles, what peece of work have you now in hand?
Apel. None in hand, if it like your Majestie; but I am devising a platforme[3] in my head.
Alex. I thinke your hand put it in your head. Is it nothing about Venus?

[1] A. 'skilleth.'
[2] In Lyly's time 'cabin' seems to have been used vaguely for any rude dwelling.
[3] A sketch for a picture, or the plan for a building. F.

Apel. No, but something above[1] Venus. [*The Page runs in.*]

Page. Apelles, Apelles, looke aboute[1] you! Your shop is on fire!

Apel. [*starting off*]. Aye mee, if the picture of Campaspe be burnt, I am undone! 8

Alex. Stay, Apelles; no haste. It is your heart is on fire, not your shop; and if Campaspe hang there, I would shee were burnt. But have you the picture of Campaspe? Belike you love her well, that you care not though all be lost, so she be safe.

Apel. Not love her! But your Majestie knowes that painters in 9 their last workes are said to excell themselves; and in this I have so much pleased my selfe, that the shadow as much delighteth mee, being an artificer, as the substance doth others, that are amorous.

Alex. You lay your colours grosly.[2] Though I could not paint in your shop, I can spie into your excuse. Be not ashamed, Apel- 9 les; it is a gentlemans sport to be in love. [*To the Page.*] Call hither Campaspe. [*Exit Page.*] Methinkes[3] I might have beene made privie to your affection: though my counsell had not bin necessary, yet my countenance might have beene thought requisite. But Apelles, forsooth, loveth under hand; yea, and under Alexanders 10 nose, and — but I say no more!

Apel. Apelles loveth not so; but hee liveth to doe as Alexander will. [*Re-enter Page with Campaspe.*]

Alex. Campaspe, here is newes. Apelles is in love with you.

Camp. It pleaseth your Majestie to say so. 10

Alex. [*aside*]. Hephestion, I will trie her too. — Campaspe, for the good qualities I know in Apelles and the vertue I see in you, I am determined you shall enjoy one another. How say you, Campaspe, would you say, "I?"

Camp. Your hand-maid must obey if you command. 11

Alex [*aside*]. Thinke you not, Hephestion, that she would faine be commanded.

Hep. [*aside*]. I am no thought-catcher, but I ghesse unhappily.[4]

[1] M., phrasing as in the text, says: "In Bl. these two words (each standing at the end of a line) are interchanged. F. prints as I do, but, as he has no note, I do not know whether he followed one of the older editions, or corrects by conjecture."

[2] Frame your excuses clumsily. [3] Bl., two words. [4] "But my surmise is mischievous."

Alex. I will not enforce marriage where I cannot compell love.

Camp. But your Majestie may move a question where you be willing to have a match.

Alex. [*aside*]. Beleeve me, Hephestion, these parties are agreed; they would have mee both priest and witnesse. — Apelles, take Campaspe! Why move yee not? Campaspe, take Apelles! Will it not be? If you be ashamed one of the other, by my consent you shall never come together. But dissemble not, Campaspe. Doe you love Apelles?

Camp. Pardon, my lord; I love Apelles.

Alex. Apelles, it were a shame for you, being loved so openly of so faire a virgin, to say the contrairie. Do you love Campaspe?

Apel. Onely Campaspe!

Alex. Two loving wormes, Hephestion! I perceive Alexander cannot subdue the affections of men, though he[1] conquer their countries. Love falleth, like a dew, as well upon the low grasse as upon the high cedar.[2] Sparkes have their heate, ants their gall, flies their spleene. Well, enjoy one another. I give her thee frankly, Apelles. Thou shalt see that Alexander maketh but a toy of love and leadeth affection in fetters, using fancie as a foole to make him sport or a minstrell to make him merry. It is not the amorous glance of an eye can settle an idle thought in the heart. No, no, it is childrens game, a life for seamsters and schollers; the one, pricking in clouts,[3] have nothing else to think on; the other, picking fancies out of books, have little else to marvaile at. Go, Apelles, take with you your Campaspe; Alexander is cloyed with looking on that which thou wondrest at.[4]

Apel. Thankes to your Majestie on bended knee: you have honoured Apelles.

[1] Bl. *though conquer.* F. added the 'he.'

[2] See *Euphues and his England,* Arber, 256.

[3] Patching.

[4] "What good reckoning Alexander made of him, he shewed by one notable argument; for having among his courtesans one named Campaspe, whom he fancied especially in regard as well of that affection of his as her incomparable beauty, he gave commandement to Apelles to draw her picture all naked; but perceiving Apelles at the same time to be wounded with the like dart of love as well as himself, he bestowed her on him most frankly. Some are of opinion that by the patterne of this Campaspe, Apelles made the picture of Venus Anadyomene." Holland, XXXV. 10. The name really was Pancaste.

Camp. Thankes with bowed heart: you have blessed Campaspe.
Exeunt [*Apelles and Campaspe*].

Alex. Page, goe warne Clytus and Parmenio and the other lords to be in a readinesse; let the trumpet sound; strike up the drumme; and I will presently into Persia. How now, Hephestion, is Alexander able to resist love as he list?

Hep. The conquering of Thebes was not so honourable as the subduing of these thoughts.

Alex. It were a shame Alexander should desire to command the world, if he could not command himselfe. But come, let us goe. I will trie whether I can better beare my hand with my heart[1] than I could with mine eye. And, good Hephestion, when all the world is wonne and every country is thine and mine, either find me out another to subdue, or, of[2] my word I will fall in love. *Exeunt.*

[1] Alexander refers to the unfavorable comment of Apelles on his drawing, p. 310, l. 109.
[2] F. *on.*

FINIS

THE EPILOGUE AT THE BLACKE FRIERS

WHERE the rain bow toucheth the tree, no caterpillars will hang on the leaves; where the gloworme creepeth in the night, no adder will goe in the day: wee hope in the eares where our travailes be lodged, no carping shall harbour in those tongues. Our exercises must be as your judgment is, resembling water, which is alwayes of the same colour into what it runneth. In the Troyan horse lay couched souldiers with children;[1] and in heapes of many words we feare divers unfit among some allowable. But, as Demosthenes with often breathing up the hill, amended his stammering, so wee hope with sundrie labours against the haire[2] to correct our studies. If the tree be blasted that blossomes, the fault is in the winde and not in the root; and if our pastimes bee misliked that have beene allowed, you must impute it to the malice of others and not our endevour. And so we rest in good case, if you rest well content.

[1] Knights.

[2] Against the grain. F.

The Epilogue at the Court

We cannot tell whether wee are fallen among Diomedes[1] birdes or his horses, — the one received some men with sweet notes,[2] the other bit all men with sharpe teeth. But, as Homer's gods conveyed them into cloudes whom they would have kept from curses, and, as Venus, least Adonis should be pricked with the stings of adders, covered his face with the wings of swans, so wee hope, being shielded with your Highnesse countenance, wee shall, though heare[3] the neighing, yet not feele the kicking of those jades, and receive, though no prayse — which we cannot deserve — yet a pardon, which in all humilitie we desire. As yet we cannot tell what we should tearme our labours, iron or bullion ; only it belongeth to your Majestie to make them fit either for the forge or the mynt, currant by the stampe or counterfeit by the anvill. For, as nothing is to be called white unlesse it had beene named white by the first creator,[4] so can there be nothing thought good in the opinion of others unlesse it be christened good by the judgement of your selfe. For our selves, againe, we are like these torches of waxe, of which, being in your Highnesse hands, you may make doves or vultures, roses or nettles, laurell for a garland or ealder for a disgrace.[5]

[1] A king of Thrace who fed his horses with human flesh.

[2] "Birds called Diomedæ. Toothed they are, and they have eies as red and bright as the fire : otherwise their feathers be all white. Found they be in one place, innobled for the tombe and Temple of Diomedes, on the coast of Apulia. Their manner is to cry with open mouth uncessantly at any strangers that come aland, save only Grecians, upon whom they wil seem to fawne and make signs of love . . . as descended from the race of Diomedes." Holland, X. 44.

[3] F. following Do. unnecessarily prints 'wee heare.'

[4] Bl. *creature*. F. first printed 'creator.'

[5] Disgrace attached to the elder because it was the tree on which Judas hanged himself. F.

George Peele

THE OLD WIVES' TALE

Edited with Critical Essay and Notes
by F. B. Gummere, Ph.D.,
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CRITICAL ESSAY

Life. — George Peele, probably sprung from a Devonshire family, and the son of James Peele, clerk of Christ's Hospital, is known to have been in 1565 a free scholar of the grammar school connected with that foundation. He went to Oxford in 1571; studied at Broadgates Hall, now Pembroke College, and at Christ Church; took his B.A. in 1577, his M.A. in 1579, and went up to London about 1580. At Oxford he already had the name of poet, scholar, and dramatist. He was married, it would seem, as early as 1583, to a wife who brought him some property; this, however, soon vanished, and left the poet dependent upon his wits. Although the stories in the *Jests* are musty old tales, fastened upon Peele, it is unlikely that they settled on his name without a sense of fitness on the part of a public that had known his ways, — his hopeless lack of pence, his good nature and popularity, his shifts to beg, borrow, and cozen. With Greene, Nashe, Marlowe, and a few lesser lights, he belonged to that group of scholars who wrote plays, translations, occasional poems, pageants, and whatever else would find a market. Now and then, it is almost certain, he appeared as an actor. Of his dissolute course of life, its misery and squalour, there can be no doubt whatever; "driven as myself," says Greene, "to extreme shifts." As early as 1579 Peele had made trouble for his father; he lived in poverty; and the curtain falls upon an ignoble end. Dying before 1598, the poet barely saw his fortieth year.

Plays assigned to Peele. — The best plays of Peele are *The Arraignment of Paris*, published in 1584, and, in Fleay's opinion, played as early as 1581, — a "first encrease," Nashe calls it, written in smooth metres which doubtless had influence on Marlowe's own verse; *The Old Wives' Tale*, published 1595; and the saccharine *David and Bethsabe*, beloved of German critics. *Edward I.*, with wofully corrupt text, is good only in parts; *The Battle of Alcazar*, published anonymously in 1594, is almost certainly Peele's, but does not help his reputation; while *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes* is

quite certainly not Peele's in any way. Fleay, *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama*, II. 296, assigns it, along with *Common Conditions* and *Appius and Virginia*, to R. B. (Richard Bower?), whose initials appear on the title-page of the last-named play. Professor Kittredge, however, *Journal of Germanic Philology*, II. 8, suggests, as author of *Sir Clyomon*, Thomas Preston of *Cambyses* fame. By way of compensation for this loss, Fleay (work quoted, II. 155) attributes to Peele *The Wisdome of Doctor Doddipoll*, published in 1600; there is dialect in the play, but overdone, good blank verse, and an indifferent plot. The song, *What Thing is Love*, hardly makes foundation enough for the assumption that Peele wrote the play, even with the aid of an enchanter among the characters, and a metre like that of *David and Bethsabe*. Further, Fleay presents our author with *Wily Beguiled*, possibly, he thinks, a university play; but his proof is not convincing. Kirkman, in a catalogue of plays added to his edition of *Tom Tiler and his Wife*, 1661, credits George Peele not only with *David and Bethsabe*, but with *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*, while Will Shakespeare has the *Arraignment of Paris*. *The Old Wives' Tale* is set down as anonymous.

In regard to Peele's miscellaneous and occasional poetry there need be noted here only his clever use of blank verse in shorter poems, his charming lyrics, and those noble lines at the end of the *Polyhymnia*, beginning —

"His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd."

Peele's Place in the Development of English Drama. — Although we had a text of absolute authority and a minutely accurate life of the author, we should gain with all this lore no real stay for a study, a critical understanding of *The Old Wives' Tale*, regarded as an element in the making of English comedy. Peele and his play, along with any hints of sources and models that are to be heeded, and with whatever help may come from study of his other works, must be fused into a single fact and compared with those "environmental conditions" which influence all literary production. This will determine the equation between art and nature, between the centrifugal forces, which are always expressing themselves in terms of

what is called genius or originality, and the centripetal forces of a great literary and popular development. It will determine the relation of Peele's comedy to the line of English comedies.

Such a critical process leaves one with two qualities in mind that seem to have had an initial force. They belong to Peele on contemporary testimony confirmed by a study of his works. Tom Nashe, more in eulogy than in discrimination, yet surely not without a dash of critical discernment, calls Peele "the chief supporter of pleasance now living, the atlas of poetry, and *primus verborum artifex*. . . ." [1]

Nashe undoubtedly flatters, but another of the "college," Greene, in that death-bed appeal to his brother playwrights, was in no mood for flattery; and it is probably sincere, even if mistaken, praise when he calls Peele "in some things rarer, in nothing inferior," to Marlowe, and to that "young juvenall" who may be Nashe or Lodge. In what things Peele was "rarer," Greene fails to say, but a study of *The Arraignment of Paris*, of *David and Bethsabe*, even of portions of *Edward I.*, and of the *Battle of Alcazar*, supports the reputation of Peele as an artist in words, and in prose as "well-languaged"; while in *The Old Wives' Tale* there greets the critic, not too openly, it is true, but unmistakably, the quality of humour. Moreover, there are the *Jests* which, apocryphal as they doubtless are, and sorry stuff by any reckoning, nevertheless show that to people of his day Peele was counted a merry fellow, a humourist in our sense of the word.[2] Perhaps Shakespeare's jests would seem as stale and flat if we had the anecdotes that passed current among his successors at the playhouse. In any case, George had a sense of humour which

[1] "To the Gentlemen Students of both Universities," prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, a well-known passage. Little, if anything, can be made of Meres when (Haslewood, II., 153) he couples Peele now with Ariosto, now, as tragical poet, with Apollodorus Tarsensis. He does not name Peele among the writers of comedy. Later, in *Have with You to Saffron Walden* (Grosart, III. 196), Nashe, with no mention of Peele, concedes to Greene mastery, above all the craft, in "plotting of plaies." This dramatic art of words, by the way, must not be confused with Euphuistic feats. Greene, Nashe, even Harvey, turned with Sidney against mere "playing with words and idle similies," and Peele is anything but a follower of Guevara.

[2] *Merrie conceited Jests of George Peele, Gentleman, sometimes a Student in Oxford. Wherein is shewed the course of his life, how he lived: a man very well knowne in the Citie of London and elsewhere.* . . . There was an edition in 1607, hardly ten years after Peele's death.

found utterance in this *Old Wives' Tale;* it is not the classical humour of *Roister Doister*, not the hearty but clumsy mirth of *Gammer Gurton*, but rather a hint of the extravagant and romantic which turns upon itself with audible merriment at its own pretences, a hint, not of farce or of wit merely, but of genuine humour, something not to be found in Greene's lighter work,[1] or in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, or in any of those earlier plays that did fealty to the comic muse. Such, then, is the contemporary formula for Peele as a power in the making of English drama: "*primus verborum artifex*," and "chief supporter of pleasance." He was an artist in words, and he had the gift of humour.

As regards this artistry in words, it is well known that the conditions of English life, the vigour of speech as quickened by intercourse in the street, the market-place, the exchange, where a spoken word even in traffic and commerce still counted better than a written word, dialogue and conversation better than oratory, and the conditions of the stage itself, with its slender resources of scenery and its confident appeal to the imagination, all helped to push this pomp and mastery of phrase into the forefront of an Elizabethan playwright's qualifications. Probably the spectator at a play felt something of the interest which was then so rife in the world of books and learning, — the interest in words as words, in the course of a sentence as indicating more or less triumph over a still untrained tongue. Nietzsche is extravagant but suggestive in certain remarks that bear upon this verbal artistry in the drama. Speaking of Nature and Art,[2] he insists that the Greeks taught men to like pompous dramatic verse and an unnatural eloquence in those tragic situations where mere nature is either stammering or silent. The Italians went further and taught us to endure, in the opera, something still more artificial and unnatural — a passion which not only

[1] *The Looking Glasse for London and England* has some boisterous comedy, but no humour. In *George-a-Greene*, good play that it is, the ballad material is taken quite seriously. In *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* there is exquisite idyllic work, a dash of passable, though quite traditional, comedy, but no trace of the peculiar element, presently to be described as the dominant note of treatment in *The Old Wives' Tale*.

[2] *Fröhliche Wissenschaft*, p. 109 f. So in his *Geburt der Tragödie*, p. 89, speaking of the prologue as used by Euripides, which told in advance the action of the play, Nietzsche asserts that the Athenians were less interested in the plot than in the pathos of situations and the rhetoric of the players.

declaims, but sings. Tragic eloquence, sundered from nature, feeds that pride which "loves art as the expression of a high heroic unnaturalness and conventionality." "The Athenian," Nietzsche goes on to say with cheerful heresy, "went into the theatre not to be roused by pity and terror, but to listen to fine speeches." One is inclined to think that this desire for fine speeches had a large share in the motive which sent an Elizabethan to the play. Certainly the drama responded to this demand more quickly than to any demand for coherence of plot and delicacy of characterization. Who led in this movement? Most critics brush aside all rivals from the path of Marlowe and credit him alone with the "mighty line," the pomp of diction, the sweep of word and figure, which brought the drama from those puerilities of phrase and manner up to its noble estate. This is true in the sense that Marlowe was infinitely greater as a poet and a tragedian than either Greene or Peele. But as *verborum artifex* it is probable that Marlowe has had considerable credit which belongs to the others, particularly Peele; and the testimony of Nashe and Greene, who knew the craft, must not be rejected so utterly. Campbell, it is true, praised Peele as "the oldest genuine dramatic poet of our language"; but Symonds, and with him are such scholars as Mr. A. W. Ward, asserts that Peele "discovered no new vein." Symonds is inclined to look on Greene as herald[1] and Marlowe as founder; Peele is a pleasant but unimportant maker of plays and verse. Greene, he thinks, began the school of gentleman and scholars who wrote for the stage at a time when rhyming plays were in vogue; but none of those which Greene wrote has come down to our day. Marlowe now comes imperiously upon the scene, forces his blank verse into favour, and is at last reluctantly admitted by Greene and the others into their "college." So runs the theory of Symonds. Quite opposed to this view of the case is Mr. Fleay, who declares that Marlowe followed George Peele in the article of "flowing blank verse."[2] There can be no question, moreover, that certain critics have exalted Greene too high and put Peele too low. Peele had quite

1 "The romantic play, the English Farsa, may be called in a great measure his discovery." *Shakespeare's Predecessors*, p. 580.

2 "A matter in which he certainly anticipated Marlowe," *Biog. Chron.* II. 151.

as much as Greene to do with the refining and energizing of English dramatic diction, a process aptly described by Thomas Heywood in his *Apology for Actors:*[1] "Our English tongue . . . is now *by this secondary meanes of playing* continually refined, every writer striving in himselfe to adde a new florish unto it." Plots remained clumsy, crude; but what change in the diction of plays! In *Appius and Virginia* there is still puerile diction and jog-trot metre, —

> "They framèd also after this, out of his tender side,
> A piece of much formosity, with him for to abide."

From this to blank verse and compressed or energetic diction, as (*Jeronimo*), —

> "My knee sings thanks unto your Highness bounty," —

is a progress involving vast reformings, and some deformings,[2] in diction and in metre, of such sweep that Elizabethans put these qualities first when they went about to judge a play. "Your nine comœdies," writes Harvey to Spenser, come nearer to Ariosto's, "eyther for the finenesse of plausible Elocution, or the rareness of Poetical Invention," than the *Faery Queene* to the *Orlando Furioso.* In this ennobling of diction, Peele may not have led the column of playwrights, but he was certainly in the van. His achievement must not be dashed by a comparison with Shakespeare, who covered up absurdities of plot — as in the *Merchant of Venice* — by brilliant characterization, where this earlier group depended upon the art of words.[3] For the related art of brave metres, of a "flowing blank verse" in plays, we have no space to argue upon the claims of leadership. Enough is done for the matter if one remembers that Peele, who wrote admirable blank verse before Marlowe was out of his teens, had nothing to learn from the greater poet

[1] Ed. Shakespeare Society, 1841, p. 52.

[2] Peele is not of the extreme group whose feats in diction remind one of what Dr. Johnson said about the metaphysical poets, that "their wish was only to say what they hoped had never been said before."

[3] Gosson, in a well-known passage, puts brave language first among dramatic attractions: "sweetness of words, fitness of epithets, with metaphors, allegories. . . ."

about the management of this metre in and for itself.[1] Certainly he got more music out of the pentameter than any earlier dramatist had done; witness such a movement as, —

"What sign is rainy and what star is fair,"

or, —

"And water running from the silver spring."

The Old Wives' Tale, an Innovation in Comedy. — It may be conceded that Peele "discovered no new vein" in diction and in metre, although his work in each was of a high order, not far removed from leadership. Different is the case when one considers his claims for innovation in comedy. He was the first to blend romantic drama with a realism which turns romance back upon itself, and produces the comedy of subconscious humour. The tragedies, and even the miracle plays, while extravagant in form, had not been altogether unnatural in action. The supernatural in that age was not unnatural. The unnatural was mainly confined to the diction. Gradually, as every one knows, the romantic element, in a wide sense, got upper hand and ruled the English drama. In *The Old Wives' Tale* this romantic spirit comes in, not as a new element, but as a new kind of "art" grafted upon the "nature" of the rough and comic stock; and to the reader's surprise draws away all unnaturalness from the dialogue, which is now plain, natural, commonplace.[2] Realism in diction was no new thing; romance in plot was not an innovation; it was the clash, the interplay, the subjective element, the appeal to something more than a literal understanding of what is said and done, a new appeal to a deeper sense of humour — here lay the new vein discovered by George Peele. The romantic drama, we repeat, was known; witness that little group of "folk-lore romances," as Mr. Fleay calls them, *Common Conditions*, *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, and *Appius and Virginia*; the two former are full of adventures, of amorous knights and wandering ladies, a Forest of Strange Marvels, an Isle

[1] Lämmerhirt counts nearly 84 per cent of the verses in the *Arraignment of Paris* as rhymed; *David and Bethsabe* has less than 7 per cent, and *The Battle of Alcazar* barely 3 per cent.

[2] The diction of *The Old Wives' Tale* differs from Lyly's comic prose much as Nashe's style in his pamphlets differs from the periods of Lyly's *Euphues*.

of Strange Marshes, what not. In all of them, however, the romance is presented in unnatural diction, to suit such unnatural doings, and justifies those bitter words of the *Second and Third Blast of Retrait from Plaies and Theaters*,[1] that "the notablest lier is become the best Poet . . . for the strangest Comedie brings greatest delectation . . . faining countries neuer heard of, monsters and prodigious creatures that are not. . . ." A milder romantic drama, but without the humour which we mean, is Greene's *Orlando Furioso*. The other plays, however, have no humour at all except the traditional humour of the Vice; and of the three representatives, Conditions, who finally turns pirate, is certainly a far merrier person than Haphazard in *Appius* or Subtle Shift in *Sir Clyomon*. There is realistic setting in *Common Conditions*, with some lively dialogue, and a distinctly catching song and chorus[2] of tinkers, at the opening of the play. It is "business" here, however, not that dramatic irony, springing from contrast of romantic plot and realistic diction, which makes a sufficiently timid beginning in *The Old Wives' Tale*, and grows so insistent in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. Moreover, Peele's realistic work shows the control and consciousness of a higher art. There are no peasants like Hodge in *Gammer Gurton*, Corin in *Sir Clyomon*, and Hob and Lob in *Cambyses*.[3] There is an outburst or two of yokel wit in Peele's play; but there is no breaking of heads, no chance for the clown to sing a song while drunk, as Hance does in the interlude of *Like Wil to Like*. These signs of a subtler conception of his art should be placed to Peele's credit; for while an obvious dialect marks Hodge and Corin and the rest, Clunch and Madge speak a plain English, reminding one irresistibly of the milk-woman's talk with Piscator: it smacks of cottage and field and hedge-rows and, as Nashe would say, has "old King Harrie sincerities." There is a difference as between the exaggerated "hayseed" of a comic paper and the finer drawing in one of Hardy's peasants. Exaggeration would spoil the

[1] Ed. W. C. Hazlitt, Roxburgh Library, 1869, p. 145.

[2] See the song in *Appius*, "Hope so and hap so." — In *Misogonus*, the Vice appears as a domestic fool.

[3] Compare the French and broken English in *Three Lords and Three Ladies of London*, the dialect of Bohan the Scot in Greene's *James IV.*, and the inevitable Welshman.

sense of contrast between honest Madge and the high pretences of the plot. In Huanebango there is girding not only at Harvey, but at the romance hero in general; this big-mouthed, impossible fellow, with Corebus as a foil, foreshadows, however dimly, the far more clever presentation of an English Don Quixote in the person of Ralph.

A second element of humour in this realistic treatment of romance is the use of an induction, or rather of a combination of the induction and the play within the play, as a means of expressing dramatic irony. Although the induction springs from the prologue, and although the opening of *The Old Wives' Tale* is technically an induction, like many another of the time, it has to our thinking a distinctly new vein. What Schwab[1] calls the first example of the use of an induction — in *The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune* — makes both induction and play connected parts of a whole. It is a dramatic device, wholly objective in character, external, with no demand upon the sense of contrast. Different, but hardly a new idea,[2] is the induction as employed by Greene in *Alphonsus* and *James IV.*; here is a return to the old notion of the prologue, a justifying of the playwright's way. Will Summer, the pet jester,[3] who ushers in Nashe's play, calls himself outright a kind of chorus. In the old *Taming of a Shrew*, printed in 1594, Sly, while only a casual commentator upon the play, is entirely outside of the main action, which, as Schwab points out, thus becomes an actual play within the play. Still, even in these cases, the contrast is objective and direct. The induction is a clever device to heighten interest in the play. Before, it had served the playwright as an expression of his purpose in the main drama; later, as with Ben Jonson, it voiced his critical opinions. Whether objective or subjective, however, the contrast between play and induction is direct. Quite different is that induction, which Schwab rightly calls remarkable, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*; and different, too, is that earlier attempt, which Schwab unaccountably fails to mention, in *The Old Wives' Tale*. These both appeal to a

[1] *Das Schauspiel im Schauspiel*, Wien and Leipzig, 1896.

[2] "A new *motiv*," says Schwab. Fleay (work quoted, I. 266) thinks *The Old Wives' Tale* fairly parodies the induction in *James IV.*

[3] See a similar bit of horse-play in *Wily Beguiled.*

sense of humour awakened by the interplay of theme and treatment, of character and situation. In Peele's play this involution of epic, drama, and comment — a seeming confusion which has distressed many of the critics — really heightens the dramatic power of the piece. The induction is double. First come a bit of romance, with the lost wanderers in the wood, and a realistic foil in their own dialogue — by no means the "heavy prose" of Collier's censure. Secondly comes outright realism with Clunch, Madge, the bread and cheese, and the old joke about bedfellows, cleverly followed by Madge's abrupt raid upon romantic ground. She is well started, but stumbling, when the other actors break in; and the inner play, not without some confusion and mystification, runs its course. Perhaps the sense of huddling, abruptness, confusion, is intentional as part of an old wives' tale indeed; perhaps, again, this must be laid to the charge of Peele's carelessness in "plotting plaies." Be that as it may be, the interplay of these elements makes a new kind of comedy; and the humour of this play, crude and tentative as it seems when compared with the humour of Uncle Toby[1] and of those lesser lights that revolve in the orbit of the Quixotic contrast, differs from earlier essays of the sort in that it is not a separate element of fun, but rather something which exists in solution with the comedy itself. *The Old Wives' Tale* lies midway between the utter lack of coherence in Nashe's play and the subtlety of Beaumont and Fletcher. Will Summer is often irrelevant and tiresome; the main action, on which he comments, is now pathetic, now farcical, now merely spectacular; but in our play the thread of romance runs throughout unbroken and keeps the piece in a sort of unity, while the comment, whether direct or hinted, has a vastly finer vein of irony. The romantic side of folk-lore has its due withal, as in the test of fidelity at the end between Eumenides and Jack, with the proposed division of Delia — a *casus* always acceptable to such an audience, and here of acute though subordinate interest. Moreover, Peele has a kind of reticence and control in his art; he suggests in a whisper what Will Summer would have roared into commonplace and horse-play.

[1] The delicate irony of later triflings with romance — as in Wieland's *Oberon* — is, of course, quite out of the question.

The Background of Folk-Lore. — Finally, the very *Old Wives' Tale* itself, with its background of folk-lore, that tryst of ancient splendour with modern poverty and ignorance on the territory of a forgotten faith, is a thing of quietly humorous contrasts. Several elements are to be considered in the charming little medley which Peele has made from the folk-lore of his day — "that curious *mélange* of nursery tales," as Mr. Joseph Jacobs calls it. The enchanter and his spells, the stolen daughter and her brothers' quest, make a familiar central group. Perhaps Madge set out to tell the story of *Childe Rowland*, familiar to Elizabethans,[1] although *Jack the Giant Killer* has his claims. The *fee-fa-fum*, as every one knows, occurs also in Shakespeare's *Lear*. The help of the White Bear — a transformation, like the saws and prophecies, sufficiently familiar in these tales — is similar to that of Merlin in *Childe Rowland;* but the ghost of Jack reminds one of the other story. Mr. Jacobs quotes Kennedy that in a parallel Irish tale "Jack the servant is the spirit of the buried man." One has only to make this substitution, and the vicarious gratitude of the Giant Killer[2] is better explained. Perhaps, too, Peele has borrowed some of his thunder and lightning, as well as Huanebango's *fee-fa-fum*, from the giants; and the disenchantment at the hands of an invisible hero may belong, in part, to this tale. Two other folk-tales may be named — *The Well of the World's End*, mentioned, if a slight emendation be allowed, in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, and *The Three Heads of the Well* — as known, in some form, to Peele, and used directly in the story of the two daughters. The familiar theme of the so-called "death index"[3] is touched but slightly; and perhaps it is unnecessary to go to the *Red Ettin* for a parallel to Huanebango and Corebus, who respectively refuse and give a piece of cake to the helpful old man. The theme is common in folk-lore.

[1] See *English Fairy Tales*, J. Jacobs, edition of 1898, pp. 243, 245. A monograph could be written on the folk-lore of this play, where, it is to be conjectured, Peele has followed no single tale, but has combined parts of separate stories, and flung in bits of rhyme and fragments of superstition, as fancy bade him.

[2] *English Fairy Tales*, p. 104. This theme of the *Thankful Dead* is extremely common. It is found in an old English romance, *Sir Amadace*, and has been treated by Max Hippe, in Herrig's *Archiv*, Vol. LXXXI, p. 141.

[3] Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales*, Notes, p. 252. See also Frazer's *Golden Bough*.

It is interesting to note that Beaumont and Fletcher show a liking for folk-tales, as well as for traditional songs and ballads, in that play, which by its induction and general spirit most closely resembles this *Old Wives' Tale*. More dignified sources were long ago pointed out by Warton, who remarked that "the names of some of the characters . . . are taken from the *Orlando Furioso*." Meroe, in Apuleius, was invoked. But it seems clear enough that English folk-lore must be the mainstay of critics who think all is done for a work of literature when they have found out every possible and impossible source for plot, sideplot, and allusion.

Literary Estimate. — The marvel, after all, is not that these materials are huddled and confused in the combination; the confusion is part of the artistic process, and if the figures move across the stage without firm connection one with the other, that, too, is done after the manner of the old tale. We are on romantic ground, and are to see by glimpses. Here is no comedy of incident, in the usual meaning of the term, no comedy of intrigue or of manners. It is rather a comedy of comedies, a saucy challenge of romance, where art turns, however timidly, upon itself. Perhaps Peele wrote this play, as Dryden wrote *All for Love*, to please himself. Unquestionably, until Mr. Bullen made a plea for mercy, *The Old Wives' Tale* had been shamefully treated. Collier[1] calls it "nothing but a beldam's story, with little to recommend it but heavy prose and not much lighter blank verse," a most inadequate summary from any point of view. The play, he thinks, has "a disgusting quantity of trash and absurdity." Dyce, while regarding Peele's "superiority to Greene" as "unquestionable," is not enthusiastic about *The Old Wives' Tale*. Mr. Ward speaks[2] of "the labyrinthine intricacy of the main scenes," knows not whether to call it farce or interlude, and would pass it by save for the suggestion of *Comus*. But Mr. Bullen very properly objects to this unfair comparison. Symonds, to be sure, uses it even more unfairly. *The Old Wives' Tale*, he makes bold to say, is the sow's ear to Milton's silk purse.[3] With an unusual blindness to literary perspective,

[1] *Annals of Stage*, etc., III. 197. [2] *Eng. Dram. Lit.* I. 372.

[3] *Shakespeare's Predecessors*, p. 563 ff. Mr. Jacobs thinks that both poets went to folk-lore for their materials. *Childe Rowland* is the probable source.

Symonds goes on to judge this flickering little candle of romance, folk-lore, and half-roguish, half-ironical suggestion, by the sun-blaze of Milton's high seriousness and full poetic splendours. Peele, it seems, does not "lift his subject into the heavens of poetry. . . . The wizard is a common conjurer. The spirit is a vulgar village ghost." Why not, pray? What should they be for the purposes of this old wives' tale? What would be left, say, of Chaucer's charming little story, that "folye, as of a fox, or of a cok and hen," if one were to pulverize it with such critical tools? Peele is not trying to raise comedy into the heavens; he left that for his betters; and the ineffectual Delia is a long remove from Hermia and Helena in the "wood near Athens." What Peele, George Peele of the dingy jests, probably tried to do, and what he surely succeeded in doing, was to bring a new and more subtle strain of humour into the drama. *Itur in antiquam silvam.* Realism left shabby and squalid things, alehouse wit, and laid hold of a sweeter life. Reckless, good-natured scholar, George fairly followed the call which haunted so many academic outcasts, the call which Marlowe and Greene and Dekker answered with those sweet songs of country life, and which led Peele to the making of this play. He wove romance and realism into a fabric that may well show a coarse pattern and often very clumsy workmanship, but, on the whole, it is a pleasing pattern and a new. Moreover, it is all made of sound English stuff. The tales he used for his main drama were familiar to English ears; the persons of his framework play were kindly folk of any English village, and the air of it all is as fresh and wholesome as an English summer morning.

Sources, Title, Text. — The sources of the play, so far as one may speak of sources, are indicated in general above, and in particular by notes to the following text. The plural form of the title ought probably to be singular, in spite of common usage, the gloss *ealdra cwéna spel* (Wright, *Voc.*), and 1 Timothy iv, 7; Mr. Fleay, perhaps as a concession to Madge, prints *Old Wives' Tale* (*Biog. Chron. Eng. Drama*, II. 154).[1] He puts the date of composition "clearly 1590," on the theory that Harvey — Huanebango — is

[1] It is entered on the Stationers' Registers to Raphe Hancock, April 16, 1595, *the owlde wifes tale.* Cf. "an olde wives tale," Greene, *Groatsw.* (Grosart XII. 119). — Gen. Ed.

here satirized by Peele as a consequence of Harvey's attack upon Lyly in 1589, — circulated then in manuscript though not printed until 1593. Lämmerhirt[1] argues, but not conclusively, that the play was written before 1588, — partly because of the allusions to Harvey, and partly because style and form point to an early period in the author's development. Until a surer date can be established, however, 1590 will serve as the time of composition for this play. *The Old Wives' Tale*, says Dyce, "had sunk into complete oblivion, till Steevens . . . communicated to Reed the account of it which appeared in the *Biographia Dramatica*." In 1783 Steevens writes to Warton: "All I have learned in relation to the original from which the idea of Milton's *Comus* might be borrowed, I communicated to Mr. Reed. . . . Only a single copy of his [*sic*] *Old Wives' Tale* has hitherto appeared, and even that is at present out of my reach. . . ."[2] As to the rhythmic structure, E. Penner notes[3] that of 964 lines of this play 192 are five-stress or ordinary heroic verse, 7 are hexameters, and 100 short verses. The rest is prose.

The best edition is, of course, that of Bullen, in 3 vols., 1888-[B]; but there were excellent editions by Dyce, one in 1828 ff., and another in 1861-[Dy.]. The present text of *The Old Wives' Tale* is from the 1595 quarto in the British Museum; the title-page is, with the exception of the vignettes, a fair representation of the original.

F. B. Gummere.

[1] *G. P. Untersuchungen*, etc., Rostock, 1862, pp. 62 ff.

[2] *Biogr. Mem. of the late Jos. Warton, DD.*, London, 1806, p. 398.

[3] *Metrische Untersuchungen zu George Peele*, in the *Archiv für das Studium d. neueren Sprachen*, etc. (1890), LXXXV. 279.

THE

Old Wiues Tale.

A pleaſant conceited Comedie played by the Queenes Maieſties players

Written by *G. P.*

VIGNETTE

Printed at London by *Iohn Danter*, and are to be ſold by *Raph Hancocke*, and *Iohn Hardie*, *1595*.

[The Persons of the Play[1]

Sacrapant.
First Brother, named Calypha.
Second Brother, named Thelea.
Eumenides.
Erestus.
Lampriscus.
Huanebango.
Corebus.
Wiggen.
Churchwarden.
Sexton.
Ghost of Jack.
Friar, Harvest-men, Furies, Fiddlers, etc.
Delia, *sister to* Calypha *and* Thelea.
Venelia, *betrothed to* Erestus.
Zantippa, } *daughters to* Lampriscus.
Celanta, }
Hostess.
Antic.
Frolic.
Fantastic.
Clunch, *a smith.*
Madge, *his wife.*]

[1] Not in Q.; inserted by Dy. On the history of the characters see Appendix *A.*

The Old Wives Tale.

Enter Anticke, Frolicke, *and* Fantasticke.

Anticke.

HOW nowe fellowe Franticke,[1] what, all a mort?[2] Doth this sadnes become thy madnes? What though wee have lost our way in the woodes, yet never hang the head, as though thou hadst no hope to live till to morrow: for Fantasticke and I will warrant thy life to night for twenty in the hundred.

Frolicke. Anticke and Fantasticke, as I am frollicke franion,[3] never in all my life was I so dead slaine. What? to loose our way in the woode, without either fire or candle so uncomfortable? *O caelum! O terra! O maria! O Neptune!*[4]

Fantas. Why makes thou it so strange, seeing Cupid hath led our yong master to the faire Lady and she is the only saint that he hath sworne to serve?

Frollicke. What resteth then but wee commit him to his wench, and each of us take his stand up in a tree, and sing out our ill fortune to the tune of *O man in desperation.*[5]

[1] A mistake for Frolic.

[2] *Alamort*, mortally sick; and then, dispirited.

[3] "A gay, reckless fellow."

[4] Below 'Neptune,' Sig. A iii.

[5] B. refers to Ebbsworth, *Roxburghe Ballads*, IV. 365, 468. See also Nash, *Four Letters Confuted* (Grosart, II. 190), who says of Harvey's "barefoote rimes" that "they would have trowld off bravely to the tune of *O man in desperation*, and, like *Marenzos* Madrigals, the mourneful note naturally have affected the miserable Dittie."

Ant. Desperately spoken, fellow Frollicke in the darke: but seeing it falles out thus, let us rehearse the old proverb.[1]

Three merrie men, and three merrie men,
And three merrie men be wee.
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
And Jacke sleepes in the tree.

Fan. Hush! a dogge in the wood, or a wooden dogge.[2] O comfortable hearing! I had even as live the chamberlaine of the White Horse had called me up to bed.

Frol. Eyther hath this trotting cur gone out of his cyrcuit, or els are we nere some village, which should not be farre off, for I

Enter a SMITH *with a lanthorne & candle.*

perceive the glymring of a gloworme, a candle, or a cats eye, my life for a halfe pennie. In the name of my own father, be thou oxe or asse that appearest, tell us what thou art.

Smith. What am I? Why I am Clunch the Smith; what are you, what make you in my territories at this time of the night?

Ant. What doe we make, dost thou aske? Why we make faces for feare: such as if thy mortall eyes could behold, would make thee water the long seames of thy side slops,[3] Smith.

Frol. And in faith, sir, unlesse your hospitalitie doe releeve us, wee are like to wander with a sorrowfull hey ho, among the owlets, & hobgoblins of the forrest: good Vulcan, for Cupids sake that hath cousned us all, befriend us as thou maiest, and commaund us howsoever, wheresoever, whensoever, in whatsoever, for ever and ever.[4]

[1] Chappell gives the song in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 216. *Three Merry Men* is quoted in *Westward Hoe*, and in Barry's *Ram Alley* (sung by Smallshanks: see note, Hazlitt-Dodsley, X. 298), as well as in *Twelfth Night*; and it is parodied by the musical cook in *The Bloody Brother*. Chappell is somewhat daring when he takes these words from the *Old Wives' Tale* as the original; lines 3 and 4 look like a parody.

[2] Dy. points out the pun in 'wooden' (= mad).

[3] Long wide breeches or trousers; Dy. See *Looking-Glass for London and England*, near end: "This right slop is my pantry, behold a manchet [*Draws it out*]" . . .

[4] A bit of nonsense like the talk of Macbeth's porter. The speech is a sort of parody on the appeal of wandering knights or travellers in romances, and Clunch, with his 'territories,' may take the place of enchanter, giant, or the like.

Smith. Well, masters, it seemes to mee you have lost your waie in the wood: in consideration whereof, if you will goe with Clunch[1] to his cottage, you shall have house roome, and a good fire to sit by, althogh we have no bedding to put you in.

All. O blessed Smith, O bountifull Clunch.

Smith. For your further intertainment, it shall be as it may be, so and so.

Heare a dogge barke.

Hearke![2] this is Ball my dogge that bids you all welcome in his own language; come, take heed for[3] stumbling on the threshold. Open dore, Madge, take in guests. *Enter old woman.*

Cl. Welcome Clunch & good fellowes al that come with my good man; for my good mans sake come on, sit downe; here is a peece of cheese & a pudding of my owne making.

Anticke. Thanks, Gammer; a good example for the wives of our towne.

Frolicke. Gammer, thou and thy good man sit lovingly together; we come to chat and not to eate.

Smith. Well, masters, if you will eate nothing, take away. Come, what doo we to passe away the time? Lay a crab[4] in the fire to rost for lambes-wooll. What, shall wee have a game at trumpe or ruffe[5] to drive away the time, how say you?

Fantasticke. This Smith leads a life as merrie as a king[6] with Madge his wife. Syrrha Frolicke, I am sure thou art not without some round or other; no doubt but Clunch can beare his part.

Frolicke. Els thinke you mee ill brought up;[7] so set to it when you will. *They sing.*

[1] This use of the third person is common in dramas of the time. See Ward, *Old English Drama, Select Plays*, etc., Introd., p. xi., notes. So in Greene: "Which Brandamart (*i.e.* I)" . . . ; "For Sacripant must have Angelica." It served to identify the actor.

[2] They are now supposed to be at the cottage. [3] For fear of . . .

[4] A crab-apple. The pulp was mixed with ale, 'lamb's wool.'

[5] Collier gave Dyce the following quotation from *Martin's Month's Minde:* "leaving the ancient game of England (*Trumpe*), where every coate and sute are sorted in their degree, are running to *Ruffe*, where the greatest sorte of the sute carrieth away the game."

[6] The familiar *motif* of the contented peasant as entertainer of royalty or what not.

[7] According to the *Jests* (Bullen, II. 314), George Peele had no skill in music, and must have been a conspicuous exception; witness the well-known statement of Chappell, *Popu-*

SONG.

When as the Rie reach to the chin,
And chopcherrie,[1] chopcherrie ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the creame,
And schoole boyes playing in the streame:
Then O, then O, then O my true love said,
Till that time come againe,
Shee could not live a maid.

Ant. This sport dooes well: but me thinkes, Gammer, a merry winters tale would drive away the time trimly. Come, I am sure you are not without a score.

Fantast. I faith, Gammer, a tale of an howre long were as good as an howres sleepe.

Frol. Looke you, Gammer, of the Gyant and the Kings Daughter,[2] and I know not what. I have seene the day when I was a little one, you might have drawne mee a mile after you with such a discourse.

Old woman. Well, since you be so importunate, my good man shall fill the pot and get him to bed; they that ply their worke must keepe good howres. One of you goe lye with him; he is a cleane skind man, I tell you, without either spavin or windgall; so I am content to drive away the time with an old wives winters tale.

Fantast. No better hay in Devonshire,[3] a my word, Gammer, Ile be one of your audience.

Frolicke. And I another: thats flat.

Anticke. Then must I to bed with the good man. *Bona nox* Gammer; God night, Frolicke.

Smith. Come on, my lad, thou shalt take thy unnaturall[4] rest with me.

Exeunt ANTICKE *and the* SMITH.

lar Music, p. 98. The barber kept "lute or cittern" in his shop for the amusement of waiting customers; and England had been a land of song from Cædmon's time down. The "man in the street" was expected to know how to join in a part song. The rural song, such as they sing here, was a great favorite with the dramatists.

[1] Chopcherry: "a game in which one tries to catch a suspended cherry with the teeth; bob-cherry." . . . New Engl. Dict.

[2] A version of *Childe Rowland?*

[3] Peele was probably of a Devonshire family.

[4] A Dogberrian touch, evidently beloved by the pit, and a fine makeweight to those pompous experiments with word and phrase which delighted the serious playgoer.

Frollicke. Yet this vantage shall we have of them in the morning, to bee ready at the sight thereof extempore.[1]

Old wom. Nowe this bargaine, my masters, must I make with you, that you will say *hum* & *ha* to my tale, so shall I know you are awake.

Both. Content, Gammer, that will we doo.

Old wom. Once uppon a time there was a King or a Lord, or a Duke, that had a faire daughter, the fairest that ever was; as white as snowe, and as redd as bloud: and once uppon a time his daughter was stollen away, and hee sent all his men to seeke out his daughter, and hee sent so long, that he sent all his men out of his land.

Frol. Who drest his dinner then?

Old woman. Nay, either heare my tale, or kisse my taile.

Fan. Well sed, on with your tale, Gammer.

Old woman. O Lord, I quite forgot, there was a Conjurer, and this Conjurer could doo any thing, and hee turned himselfe into a great Dragon, and carried the Kinges Daughter away in his mouth to a Castle that hee made of stone, and there he kept hir I know not how long, till at last all the Kinges men went out so long, that hir two Brothers went to seeke hir.[2] O, I forget: she (he I would say) turned a proper[3] yong man to a Beare in the night, and a man in the day, and keeps[4] by a crosse that parts three severall waies, & he[5] made his Lady run mad . . . Gods me bones, who comes here? *Enter the two Brothers.*

Frol. Soft, Gammer, here some come to tell your tale for you.[6]

Fant. Let them alone, let us heare what they will say.

1 *Brother.* Upon these chalkie cliffs of Albion[7]
We are arived now with tedious toile,
And compassing the wide world round about
To seeke our sister, to[8] seeke faire Delya forth,
Yet cannot we so much as heare of hir.

[1] Below 'extempore,' Sig. B.

[2] See *Critical Essay* for the folk-tales in question.

[3] handsome.

[4] 'he' keeps (frequents, lives), *i.e.* the young man. Omission of subject is common in the ballads.

[5] The conjurer.

[6] See the *Critical Essay* for this "play within the play."

[7] The princes, of course, talk in metre when the "high style" is needed, but in familiar prose with Erestus (= "Senex"). The repetitions in this blank-verse are characteristic.

[8] B. omits. Dy. proposes to omit 'faire.' Neither omission is necessary.

2 *Brother.* O fortune cruell, cruell & unkind,
Unkind in that we cannot find our sister;
Our sister haples in hir cruell chance!
Soft, who have we here?

Enter SENEX *at the Crosse, stooping to gather.*

1 *Brother.* Now, father, God be your speed,
What doo you gather there?

Old man. Hips and hawes, and stickes and straws, and thinges that I gather on the ground, my sonne.[1]

1 *Brother.* Hips and hawes, and stickes and strawes! Why, is that all your foode, father?

Old man. Yea, sonne.

2 *Brother.* Father, here is an almes pennie for mee, and if I speede in that I goe for, I will give thee as good a gowne of gray[2] as ever thou diddest weare.

1 *Brother.* And, father, here is another almes pennie for me, and if I speede in my journey, I will give thee a palmers staffe of yvorie, and a scallop shell of beaten gold.[3]

Old man. Was shee fayre?[4]

2 *Brother.* I, the fairest for white, and the purest for redd, as the blood of the deare, or the driven snow.

Old m. Then harke well and marke well, my old spell:
Be not afraid of every stranger,
Start not aside at every danger:
Things that seeme are not the same,
Blow a blast at every flame:
For when one flame of fire goes out,
Then comes your wishes well about:
If any aske who told you this good,
Say the White Beare of Englands wood.

[1] Reminds one of nursery tales with bits of rhyme, — the *cante-fable* of folk-lore.

[2] So Milton's famous "grey hooded Even, Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed" . . .

[3] Below 'gold,' Sig. B ii.

[4] Dy. assumes that "something . . . has dropt out"; but this is not necessary. Erestus, who says below that he 'speaks in riddles,' knows the errand of the brothers, and asks the question abruptly. He plays the part of Merlin in *Childe Rowland.*

1 *Brother.* Brother, heard you not what the old man said?
Be not afraid of every stranger,
Start not aside for every danger:
Things that seeme are not the same,
Blow a blast at every flame:
If any aske who told you this good,
Say the White Beare of Englands wood.[1]
2 *Brother.* Well, if this doo us any good,
Wel fare the White Bear of Englands wood. *Ex.*
Old man. Now sit thee here & tel a heavy tale.
Sad in thy moode, and sober in thy cheere,
Here sit thee now and to thy selfe relate,
The hard mishap of thy most wretched state.
In Thessalie I liv'd in sweete content,
Untill that Fortune wrought my overthrow;
For there I wedded was unto a dame,
That liv'd in honor, vertue, love, and fame:
But Sacrapant, that cursed sorcerer,
Being besotted with my beauteous love,
My deerest love, my true betrothed wife,
Did seeke the meanes to rid me of my life.
But worse than this, he with his chanting[2] spels,
Did turne me straight unto an ugly Beare;
And when the sunne doth settle in the west,
Then I begin to don my ugly hide:
And all the day I sit, as now you see,
And speake in riddles all inspirde with rage,
Seeming an olde and miserable man:
And yet I am in Aprill of my age.

Enter Venelia *his Lady mad; and goes in againe.*

See where Venelya, my betrothed love,
Runs madding all inrag'd about the woods,
All by his curssed and inchanting spels.

[1] The spell is important, solemn, and is therefore repeated. No particular tale of The White Bear of England's Wood is known, but similar cases of transformation are plentiful.
[2] Dy. prints ''chanting'; needlessly.

Enter Lampriscus *with a pot of honny.*

But here comes Lampriscus, my discontented neighbour. How now, neighbour, you looke towarde the ground as well as I; you muse on something.

Lamp. Neighbour on nothing, but on the matter I so often mooved to you: if you do any thing for charity, helpe me; if for neighborhood or brotherhood, helpe me: never was one so combered as is poore Lampryscus: and to begin, I pray receive this potte of honny to mend[1] your fare.

Old man. Thankes, neighbor, set it downe;
Honny is alwaies welcome to the Beare.
And now, neighbour, let me heere the cause of your comming.

Lampriscus. I am (as you knowe, neighbour) a man unmaried, and lived so unquietly with my two wives, that I keepe every yeare holy the day wherein I buried them both: the first was on Saint Andrewes day, the other on Saint Lukes.[2]

Old man. And now, neighbour, you of this country say, your custome is out: but on with your tale, neighbour.

Lamp. By my first wife, whose tongue wearied me alive, and sounded in my eares like the clapper of a great bell, whose talke was a continuall torment to all that dwelt by her, or lived nigh her, you have heard me say I had a handsome daughter.

Old man. True, neighbour.

Lampr. Shee it is that afflictes me with her continuall clamoures, and hangs on me like a burre: poore shee is, and proude shee is; as poore as a sheepe new shorne, and as proude of her hopes, as a peacock of her taile well growne.

Old man. Well said, Lampryscus, you speake it like an Englishman.

Lampr. As curst as a waspe, and as frowarde as a childe new taken from the mothers teate; shee is to my age, as smoake to the eyes, or as vinegar to the teeth.

[1] Below 'mend,' Sig. B iii.

[2] B. notes that "St. Luke's Day (18th October) was the day of Horn Fair; and St. Luke was jocularly regarded as the patron saint of cuckolds. St. Andrew was supposed to bring good luck to lovers." . . .

Old man. Holily praised, neighbour, as much for the next.

Lampr. By my other wife I had a daughter, so hard favoured, so foule and ill faced, that I thinke a grove full of golden trees, and the leaves of rubies and dyamonds, would not bee a dowrie annswerable to her deformitie.

Old man. Well, neighbour, nowe you have spoke, heere me speake; send them to the well for the water of life:[1] there shall they finde their fortunes unlooked for. Neighbour, farewell. *Exit.*

Lampr. Farewell and a thousand;[2] and now goeth poore Lampryscus to put in execution this excellent counsell. *Exeunt.*

Frol. Why this goes rounde without a fidling stick. But doo you heare, Gammer, was this the man that was a beare in the night, and a man in the day?

Old woman. I, this is hee; and this man that came to him was a beggar, and dwelt uppon a greene. But soft, who comes here? O these are the harvest men; ten to one they sing a song of mowing.

Enter the harvest men a singing, with this

SONG double repeated.[3]

All yee that lovely lovers be, pray you for me.
Loe here we come a sowing, a sowing,
And sowe sweete fruites of love:
In your sweete hearts well may it proove. *Exeunt.*

Enter HUANEBANGO[4] *with his two hand sword, and* BOOBY[5] *the Clowne.*

Fant. Gammer, what is he?

Old woman. O this is one that is going to the Conjurer; let him alone; here what he sayes.

[1] The reference is to the tale preserved in several versions, and known as "The Three Heads of the Well," Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales*, p. 222. "The Well of the World's End," p. 215, however, has the incident of filling a sieve.

[2] So "God ye good night, and twenty, sir!" In Middleton's *Trick to Catch the Old One* — "A thousand farewells." Compare the well-known forms of greeting, as "Grüss' mir mein Liebchen zehntausend mal!" or the elaborate message at the opening of the ballad *Cbilde Maurice*.

[3] See Appendix *B* on this Song.

[4] See Appendix *A*.

[5] The 'Booby' is later called 'Corebus' or 'Chorebus.' See Harvey, *The Trimming of Thomas Nasbe*, Grosart, III. 29: "Thou mayest be cald the very Chorœbus of our time, of whom the proverbe was sayde, more foole than Chorœbus: who was a seely ideot, but yet had the name of a wise man." . . .

Huan. Now by Mars and Mercury, Jupiter and Janus, Sol and Saturnus, Venus and Vesta, Pallas and Proserpina, and by the honor of my house Polimackeroeplacydus,[1] it is a wonder to see what this love will make silly fellowes adventure, even in the wane of their wits and infansie of their discretion. Alas, my friend, what fortune calles thee foorth to seeke thy fortune among brasen gates, inchanted towers, fire and brimstone, thunder and lightning? Beautie, I tell thee, is peerelesse, and she precious whom thou affectest: do off these desires, good countriman, good friend, runne away from thy selfe, and so soone as thou canst, forget her; whom none must inherit but he that can monsters tame, laboures atchive, riddles absolve, loose inchantments, murther magicke, and kill conjuring: and that is the great and mighty Huanebango.

Booby. Harke you sir, harke you. First know I have here the flurting feather, and have given the parish the start for the long stocke.[2] Nowe sir, if it bee no more but running through a little lightning and thunder, and riddle me, riddle me, what's this,[3] Ile have the wench from the Conjurer if he were ten Conjurers.

Huan. I have abandoned the court and honourable company, to doo my devoyre against this sore sorcerer and mighty magitian: if this Ladie be so faire as she is said to bee, she is mine, she is mine. *Meus, mea, meum, in contemptum omnium grammaticorum.*

Booby. O falsum Latinum! the faire maide is *minum, cum apurtinantibus gibletes* and all.

Huan. If shee bee mine, as I assure my selfe the heavens will doo somewhat to reward my worthines, shee shall bee allied to none of the meanest gods, but bee invested in the most famous

[1] Mr. Fleay thinks this is a pun upon that eternal theme of satire for Harvey's enemies, the rope-maker's trade of his father. "The names," Mr. Fleay says, "for the stock of Huanebango are adapted from Plautus, Polymachæroplacidus (from *Pseudulus*), Pyrgopolinices (from *Miles Gloriosus*), in shapes which inevitably suggest English puns indicating Harvey's rope-making extraction, Polly-make-a rope-lass, and Perg-up-a-line-O. . . ." Mr. Fleay is bold.

[2] A difficult passage. Dy. thinks the stock is a sword, — Corebus "has run away from the Parish, and become a sort of knight-errant." Dr. Nicholson: "He has started and they may catch" (if they can) and as a vagabond put him in the stocks. B. makes the clown plume himself on his finery. He points with pride to his feather; and he is equally proud of his fashionable "long stock" (*i.e.* the stocking fastened high above the knee). This gives better sense than the second explanation; Corebus asserts a sort of equality with Huanebango.

[3] The successful guessing of riddles wins a bride, fortune, liberty, what not, in many a folk-tale.

stocke of Huanebango Polimackeroeplacidus, my grandfather, my father Pergopolyneo, my mother Dyonora de Sardynya, famouslie descended.

Booby. Doo you heare, sir, had not you a cosen, that was called Gustecerydis?

Huan. Indeede I had a cosen, that sometime followed the court infortunately, and his name Bustegustecerydis.

Booby. O Lord I know him well; hee is the[1] knight of the neates feete.

Huan. O he lov'd no capon better. He hath oftentimes deceived his boy of his dinner; that was his fault, good Bustegustecerydis.

Booby. Come, shall we goe along?[2] Soft, here is an olde man at the Crosse; let us aske him the way thither. Ho, you Gaffer, I pray you tell where the wise man the Conjurer dwells.

Huan. Where that earthly Goddesse keepeth hir abode, the commander of my thougts, and faire Mistres of my heart.

Old man. Faire inough, and farre inough from thy fingering, sonne.

Huan. I will followe my fortune after mine owne fancie, and doo according to mine owne discretion.

Old man. Yet give some thing to an old man before you goe.

Huan. Father, mee thinkes a peece of this cake might serve your turne.

Old man. Yea, sonne.

Huan. Huanebango giveth no cakes for almes; aske of them that give giftes for poore beggars. Faire Lady, if thou wert once shrined in this bosome, I would buckler thee hara-tantara. *Exit.*

Booby. Father, doo you see this man? You litle thinke heele run a mile or two for such a cake, or passe for[3] a pudding. I tell you, Father, hee has kept such a begging of mee for a peece of this cake! Whoo, he comes uppon me with a superfantiall substance, and the foyson[4] of the earth, that I know not what he meanes. Iff hee came to me thus, and said, 'my friend Booby,' or so, why I could spare him a peece with all my heart; but when he tells me how God hath enriched mee above other fellowes with a cake, why hee makes

[1] Below 'the,' Sig. C. [2] Enter *Erestus.* [3] care for.
[4] plenty. Corebus quotes the stilted talk of Huanebango.

me blinde and deafe at once. Yet, father, heere is a peece of cake for you,[1] as harde as the world goes.[2]

Old man. Thanks, sonne, but list to mee:
He shall be deafe when thou shalt not see.
Farewell, my sonne; things may so hit,
Thou maist have wealth to mend thy wit.

Booby. Farewell, father, farewell; for I must make hast after my two-hand sword that is gone before. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter SACRAPANT *in his studie.*

Sacrapant. The day is cleare, the welkin bright and gray,
The larke is merrie, and records[3] hir notes;
Each thing rejoyseth underneath the skie,
But onely I whom heaven hath in hate,
Wretched and miserable Sacrapant.
In Thessalie was I borne and brought up.[4]
My mother Meroe hight, a famous witch,
And by hir cunning I of hir did learne,
To change and alter shapes of mortall men.
There did I turne my selfe into a dragon,
And stole away the daughter to the king,
Faire Delya, the mistres of my heart,
And brought hir hither to revive the man
That seemeth yong and pleasant to behold,
And yet is aged, crooked, weake and numbe.
Thus by inchaunting spells I doo deceive
Those that behold and looke upon my face;
But well may I bid youthfull yeares adue.

Enter DELYA *with a pot in hir hand.*

See where she coms from whence my sorrows grow.
How now, faire Delya, where have you bin?

Delya. At the foote of the rocke for running water, and gathering rootes for your dinner, sir.

[1] This gift of the cake reminds one of a similar *motif* in the tale of *The Red Ettin*, Jacobs, p. 135.

[2] though times are hard. [3] sings. [4] Below 'up,' Sig. C ii.

Sacr. Ah, Delya, fairer art thou than the running water, yet harder farre than steele or adamant.

Delya. Will it please you to sit downe, sir?

Sacr. I, Delya, sit & aske me what thou wilt; thou shalt have it brought into thy lappe.

Delya. Then I pray you, sir, let mee have the best meate from the king of Englands table, and the best wine in all France, brought in by the veriest knave in all Spaine.[1]

Sacr. Delya, I am glad to see you so pleasant.
Well, sit thee downe.
Spred, table, spred; meat, drinke & bred;
Ever may I have what I ever crave,
When I am spred, for[2] meate for my black cock,
And meate for my red.

Enter a FRIER *with a chine of beefe and a pot of wine.*

Sacr. Heere, Delya, will yee fall to?

Del. Is this the best meate in England?

Sacr. Yea.

Del. What is it?

Sacr. A chine of English beefe, meate for a king
And a king's followers.

Del. Is this the best wine in France?

Sacr. Yea.

Del. What wine is it?

Sacr. A cup of neate wine of Orleance,
That never came neer the brewers in England.[3]

Del. Is this the veriest knave in all Spaine?

Sacr. Yea.

[1] These tricks of magic are the staple of tales and chapbooks about conjurers, and make a braver showing in plays like *Doctor Faustus* and *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*. See the latter play in this volume, and Mr. Ward's introduction to his edition of the two dramas.

[2] Later editions omit. The formula is less uncanny than usual; but the two cocks have grim associations. The dark-red cock of Scandinavian myth belonged to the underworld. See *The Wife of Usher's Well*, and R. Köhler in the *Germania*, XI. 85 ff.

[3] The local hits are to be noted: praise for roast beef of England, wine of France, and girding at Spain, at brewers, — one thinks of Falstaff's complaint about the lime in his sack, — friars, and usurers.

Del. What, is he a fryer?
Sacr. Yea, a frier indefinit, & a knave infinit.
Del. Then I pray ye, sir Frier, tell me before you goe, which is the most greediest Englishman?
Fryer. The miserable and most covetous usurer.
Sacr. Holde thee there, Friar. *Exit Friar.*
But soft, who have we heere? Delia, away, begon.[1]

Enter the two Brothers.

Delya, away, for beset are we;
But heaven or hell shall rescue her for me.[2]
1. Br. Brother, was not that Delya did appeare?
Or was it but her shadow that was here?
2. Bro. Sister, where art thou? Delya, come again;
He calles, that of thy absence doth complaine.
Call out, Calypha, that she may heare,
And crie aloud, for Delya is neere.
Eccho. Neere.[3]
1. Br. Neere? O where, hast thou any tidings?
Eccho. Tidings.
2. Br. Which way is Delya then, — or that, or this?
Eccho. This.
1. Br. And may we safely come where Delia is?
Eccho. Yes.
2. Bro. Brother, remember you the white
Beare of Englands wood:
Start not aside for every danger;
Be not afeard of every stranger;
Things that seeme, are not the same.
1. Br. Brother, why do we not then coragiously enter?
2. Br. Then, brother, draw thy sword & follow me.

Enter the Conjurer; it lightens & thunders; the 2. Brother falls downe.

1. Br. What, brother, doost thou fall?
Sacr. I, and thou to, Calypha.

[1] Below 'begon,' Sig. C iii. [2] B. prints: 'heaven [n]or hell shall rescue her from me.'
[3] Did this Echo suggest the song in *Comus*?

Fall 1. Brother. Enter two Furies.

Adeste Dæmones: away with them;
Go cary them straight to Sacrapantos cell,
There in despaire and torture for to dwell.
These are Thenores sonnes of Thessaly,
That come to seeke Delya their sister forth;
But with a potion, I to her have given,
My arts hath made her to forget her selfe.
He remooves a turfe, and shewes a light in a glasse.[1]
See heere the thing which doth prolong my life;
With this inchantment I do any thing.
And till this fade, my skill shall still endure,
And never none shall breake this little glasse,
But she that's neither wife, widow, nor maide.
Then cheere thy selfe; this is thy destinie,
Never to die, but by a dead mans hand. *Exeunt.*

Enter EUMENIDES *the wandering knight, and the Old Man*[2] *at the Crosse.*

Eum. Tell me, Time, tell me, just Time,
When shall I Delia see?
When shall I see the loadstar of my life?
When shall my wandring course end with her sight,
Or I but view my hope, my hearts delight!
Father, God speede; if you tell fortunes, I pray, good father, tell me mine.

Old man. Sonne, I do see in thy face,
Thy blessed fortune worke apace;
I do perceive that thou hast wit,
Beg of thy fate to governe it;
For wisdome govern'd by advise
Makes many fortunate and wise.
Bestowe thy almes, give more than all,
Till dead men's bones come at thy call.
Farewell, my sonne, dreame of no rest,
Til thou repent that thou didst best. *Exit Old M.*

[1] The "Life-Index," so called, of popular tales, connected with the equally popular *motif* of the "Thankful Dead."

[2] Erestus.

Eum. This man hath left me in a laborinth: 42
He biddeth me give more than all,
Till dead mens bones come at thy call:
He biddeth me dreame of no rest,
Till I repent that I do best.

Enter WIGGEN, COROBUS,[1] CHURCHWARDEN *and* SEXTEN.

Wiggen. You may be ashamed, you whorson scald Sexton and 42
Churchwarden, if you had any shame in those shamelesse faces of yours, to let a poore man lie so long above ground unburied. A rot on you all, that have no more compassion of a good fellow when he is gone.

Simon. What, would you have us to burie him, and to aunswere 43
it our selves to the parrishe?

Sexton. Parish me no parishes; pay me my fees, and let the rest runne on in the quarters accounts, and put it downe for one of your good deedes a Gods name; for I am not one that curiously stands upon merits. 43

Corobus. You whoreson, sodden-headed sheepes-face, shall a good fellow do lesse service and more honestie to the parish, & will you not, when he is dead, let him have Christmas[2] buriall?

Wiggen. Peace Corebus, as sure[3] as Jack was Jack, the frollickst frannion[4] amongst you, and I Wiggen his sweete sworne brother,[5] 44
Jack shall have his funerals, or some of them shall lie on Gods deare earth for it, thats once.[6]

Churchwa. Wiggen, I hope thou wilt do no more then thou darst aunswer.

Wig. Sir, sir, dare or dare not, more or lesse, aunswer or not 44
aunswer, do this, or have this.

Sex. Helpe, helpe, helpe![7] Wiggen sets upon the parish with a pike staffe.

[1] Misprint for 'Corebus.' [2] Dogberry's distortion of words is about as old as English comedy.
[3] Q. *assure.* [4] As above: — a gay, reckless fellow.
[5] According to Sir Walter Scott "the very latest allusion to the institution of brotherhood in arms" is in the ballad of *Bewick and Grahame*, "sworn brethren" as they are, each "faith and troth" to the other.
[6] That's settled once for all. — Bullen.
[7] Recent editions make the Sexton's speech end here, and put the rest in the stage directions.

EUMENIDES *awakes and comes to them.*

Eum. Hould thy hands, good fellow.

Core. Can you blame him, sir, if he take Jacks part against this shake-rotten parish that will not burie Jack.

Eum. Why, what was that Jack?

Coreb. Who Jack, sir, who our Jack, sir? as good a fellow as ever troade uppon neats leather.

Wiggen. Looke you, sir, he gave foure score and nineteene mourning gownes to the parish when he died, and because he would not make them up a full hundred, they would not bury him; was not this good dealing?

Churchwar. Oh Lord, sir, how he lies; he was not worth a halfe-penny, and drunke out every penny: and nowe his fellowes, his drunken companions, would have us to burie him at the[1] charge of the parish. And we make many such matches, we may pull downe the steeple, sell the belles, and thatche the chauncell. He shall lie above ground till he daunce a galliard about the churchyard for Steeven Loache.

Wiggen. Sic argumentaris, domine Loache; — and we make many such matches, we may pull downe the steeple, sell the belles, and thatche the chauncell: in good time, sir, and hang your selves in the bell ropes when you have done. *Domine oponens, præpono tibi hanc questionem*, whether you will have the ground broken, or your pates broken first? For one of them shall be done presently, and to begin mine[2] Ile seale it upon your cockescome.

Eum. Hould thy hands, I pray thee, good fellow; be not too hastie.

Coreb. You capons face, we shall have you turnd out of the parish one of these dayes, with never a tatter to your arse; then you are in worse taking then Jack.

Eumen. Faith and he is bad enough. This fellow does but the part of a friend, to seeke to burie his friend; how much will burie him?

Wiggen. Faith, about some fifteene or sixteene shillings will bestow him honestly.

[1] Below 'the,' Sig. D.

[2] Open the argument from my side (with the aid of the pike-staff). — Bullen.

Sexton. I, even there abouts, sir.

Eumen. Heere, hould it then, and I have left me but one poore three halfe pence; now do I remember the wordes the old man spake at the crosse: 'bestowe all thou hast,'—and this is all,—'till dead mens bones comes at thy call.' Heare, holde it,[1] and so farewell.

Wig. God, and all good, bee with you sir; naie, you cormorants, Ile bestowe one peale of[2] Jack at mine owne proper costs and charges.

Coreb. You may thanke God the long staffe and the bilbowe blade crost not your cockescombe. Well, weele to the church stile,[4] and have a pot, and so tryll lyll.

Both. Come, lets go. *Exeunt.*

Fant. But harke you, gammer, me thinkes this Jack bore a great sway in the parish.

Old woman. O this Jack was a marvelous fellow; he was but a poore man, but very well beloved: you shall see anon what this Jack will come to.

Enter the harvest men singing, with women in their hands.

Frol. Soft, who have wee heere? our amorous harvest starres.[3]

Fant. I, I, let us sit still and let them alone.

Heere they begin to sing, the song doubled.[4]

Soe heere we come a reaping, a reaping,
To reape our harvest fruite,
And thus we passe the yeare so long,
And never be we mute. *Exit the harvest men.*[5]

Enter Huanebango *and* Corebus *the clowne.*[6]

Frol. Soft, who have we here?

Old w. O this is a cholerick gentleman; all you that love your lives, keepe out of the smell of his two-hand sworde: nowe goes he to the conjurer.

[1] Recent eds. [*Gives money*].
[2] on.
[3] harvesters.
[4] See Appendix *B*.
[5] Below 'men,' Sig. D ii.
[6] B. points out that Corebus enters a moment later.

Fant. Me thinkes the Conjurer should put the foole into a jugling boxe.

Huan. Fee, fa, fum,[1] here is the Englishman,
Conquer him that can, came for his lady bright,
To proove himselfe a knight,
And win her love in fight.

Cor. Who-hawe, maister Bango, are you here? heare you, you had best sit downe heere, and beg an almes with me.

Huan. Hence, base cullion, heere is he that commaundeth ingresse and egresse with his weapon, and will enter at his voluntary, whosover saith no.

A voice and flame of fire: HUANEBANGO *falleth downe.*

Voice. No.

Old w. So with that, they kist, and spoiled the edge of as good a two hand sword, as ever God put life in; now goes Corebus in, spight of the conjurer.

Enter the Conjurer, & strike COREBUS *blinde.*[2]

Sacr. Away with him into the open fields,
To be a ravening pray to crowes and kites:[3]
And for this villain, let him wander up & downe
In nought but darkenes and eternall night.[4]

Cor. Heer hast thou slain Huan, a slashing knight,
And robbed poore Corebus of his sight. *Exit.*

Sacr. Hence, villaine, hence.
Now I have unto Delya given a potion of forgetfulnes,
That when shee comes, shee shall not know hir brothers.
Lo where they labour, like to country slaves,
With spade and mattocke on this inchaunted ground!

[1] "The 'fee-fi-fo-fum' formula is common to all English stories of giants and ogres; it also occurs in Peele's play and in *King Lear*. . . . Messrs. Jones and Kroff have some remarks on it in their 'Magyar Tales,' pp. 340–341; so has Mr. Lang in his 'Perrault,' p. lxiii, where he traces it to the furies in Æschylus' *Eumenides*." — Jacobs, *Eng. Fairy Tales*, *p.* 243.

[2] Recent eds. — *Enter* Sacrapant *the Conjurer and* Two Furies.

[3] Recent eds. — Huanebango *is carried out by the* Two Furies.

[4] Recent eds. — *Strikes* Corebus *blind.*

Now will I call hir by another name,
For never shall she know hir selfe againe,
Untill that Sacrapant hath breathd his last.
See where she comes. *Enter Delya.*
Come hither, Delya, take this gode.[1]
Here, hard[2] at hand, two slaves do worke and dig for gold;
Gore them with this & thou shalt have inough.

He gives hir a gode.

Del. Good sir, I know not what you meane.
Sacra. She hath forgotten to be Delya,
But not forgot the same[3] she should forget:
But I will change hir name.
Faire Berecynthia, so this country calls you,
Goe ply these strangers, wench, they dig for gold. *Exit Sacrapant.*
Delya. O heavens! how am I beholding to[4] this faire yong man.
But I must ply these strangers to their worke.
See where they come.

Enter the two Brothers in their shirts, with spades, digging.

1. Brother. O Brother, see where Delya is!
2. Brother. O Delya, happy are we to see thee here.
Delya. What tell you mee of Delya, prating swaines?
I know no Delya nor know I what you meane;
Ply you your work, or else you are like to smart.
1. Brother. Why, Delya, knowst thou not thy brothers here?
We come from Thessalie to seeke thee forth,
And thou deceivest thy selfe, for thou art Delya.
Delya. Yet more of Delya? then take this and smart:
What, faine you shifts for to defer your labor?
Worke, villaines, worke, it is for gold you digg.

[1] goad.

[2] In this and like cases the editors restore a tolerable metre by different printing. Thus 'Here hard' may be taken as part of the preceding line.

[3] Dr. Nicholson would read 'name' to no advantage. Sacrapant says she has forgotten her name, but has not forgotten as much as she ought to forget. The phrase is awkward, but is perhaps more "intelligible" than Mr. Bullen allows.

[4] Below 'to,' Sig. D iii.

2. Br. Peace, brother, peace, this vild inchanter
Hath ravisht Delya of hir sences cleane,
And she forgets that she is Delya.
1. Br. Leave, cruell thou, to hurt the miserable;
Digg, brother, digg, for she is hard as steele.

Here they dig & descry the light under a little hiu.

2. Br. Stay, brother, what hast thou descride?
Del. Away & touch it not; it is some thing that my lord hath hidden there. *She covers it agen.*

Enter SACRAPANT.

Sacr. Well sed,[1] thou plyest these pyoners well. Goe, get you in, you labouring slaves.
Come, Berecynthia, let us in likewise,
And heare the nightingale record hir notes. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter ZANTYPPA, *the curst daughter, to the Well,*[2] *with a pot in hir hand.*

Zant. Now for a husband, house and home; God send a good one or none, I pray God. My father hath sent me to the well for the water of life, and tells mee, if I give faire wordes, I shall have a husband.

Enter the fowle wench to the Well for water, with a pot in hir hand.

But heere comes Celanta, my sweete sister; Ile stand by and heare what she saies.

Celant. My father hath sent mee to the well for water, and he tells me if I speake faire, I shall have a husband, and none of the worst. Well, though I am blacke,[3] I am sure all the world will not forsake mee; and as the olde proverbe is, though I am blacke, I am not the divell.

[1] Dy. prints 'Well done!'

[2] To the popular tale, here plainly drawn upon, Peele has added an amusing feature which seems to be his own invention. He provides the deaf Huanebango with a scolding wife, while the blind Corebus takes her ugly sister.

[3] As much as "uncomely," "ugly," as shown by the countless passages in Elizabethan literature, and the connotation of the opposite, "fair." Dyce quotes the same phrase, — "though I am blacke, I am not the Divell . . ." from Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier.*

Zant. Marrie gup with a murren, I knowe wherefore thou speakest that; but goe thy waies home as wise as thou camst, or Ile set thee home with a wanion.

Here she strikes hir pitcher against hir sisters, and breakes them both and goes hir way.

Celant. I thinke this be the curstest queane in the world. You see what she is, a little faire, but as prowd as the divell, and the veriest vixen that lives upon Gods earth. Well, Ile let hir alone, and goe home and get another pitcher, and for all this get me to the well for water. *Exit.*

Enter two Furies out of the Conjurers cell and laies Huanebango *by the Well of Life.*

Enter Zantippa *with a pitcher to the Well.*

Zant. Once againe for a husband, & in faith, Celanta, I have got the start of you. Belike husbands growe by the Well side. Now my father sayes I must rule my tongue: why, alas, what am I then? A woman without a tongue is as a souldier without his weapon; but Ile have my water and be gon.

Heere she offers to dip her pitcher in, and a head speakes in the Well.

Head. Gently dip, but not too deepe,[1]
For feare you make the golden birde[2] to weepe,
Faire maiden, white and red,
Stroke me smoothe, and combe my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell bread.

Zant. What is this, — Faire maiden white & red,
Combe me smooth, and stroke my head,

[1] In *The Three Heads of the Well*, "a golden head came up singing:—

"'Wash me and comb me,
And lay me down softly.
And lay me on a bank to dry,
That I may look pretty
When somebody passes by.'"

[2] *Sc.* beard.

And thou shalt have some cockell bread.[1]
Cockell callst thou it, boy? — faith, Ile give you cockell bread.

Shee breakes hir pitcher uppon his heade, then it thunders and lightens,[2] *and* HUANEBANGO *rises up:* HUANEBANGO *is deafe and cannot heare.*[3]

Huan. Phylyda phylerydos, Pamphylyda floryda flortos,
Dub dub a dub, bounce quoth the guns, with a sulpherous huffe snuffe.[4]
Wakte with a wench, pretty peat, pretty love and my sweet prettie pigsnie;
Just by thy side shall sit surnamed great Huanebango
Safe in my armes will I keepe thee, threat Mars or thunder Olympus.

Zant. Foe, what greasie groome have wee here? Hee looks as though hee crept out of the backeside of the Well; and speakes like a drum perisht at the west end.

Huan. O that I might, but I may not, woe to my destenie therefore,[5]
Kisse that I claspe, — but I cannot; tell mee my destenie wherefore?

Zant. Whoope nowe I have my dreame, did you never heare so great a wonder as this?
Three blue beanes in a blue bladder, rattle, bladder, rattle.[6]

[1] The upshot of much investigation seems to be that the phrase to have cockell-bread means to get a lover or a husband.

[2] So in Hartmann's *Iwein*, a knight pours water from a certain well upon a stone near by; a terrible thunderstorm is the immediate result. A similar act may bring the milder rain for one's crops (Grimm, *Mythologie*, p. 494).

[3] Harvey had an indifferent ear for verse, and here, perhaps, — since the hexameters follow so hard upon, — is a neat way of stating the fact.

[4] Both Stanyhurst and Harvey were favorites for this sort of ridicule. The hexameters of the former are described admirably by Nash, and, of course, are parodied here. Huff, Ruff, and Snuff were characters in the play of *King Cambyses*. Cf. too Harvey in "Green's Memoriall or certain funerall sonnets" (Son. vi.): —

> "I wott not what these cutting Huffe-snuffes meane,
> Of alehouse daggers I have little skill. . . ."

[5] Dy. points out that this is an actual line in Harvey's *Encomium Lauri*.

[6] Below 'rattle,' Sig. E.

Huan. Ile nowe set my countenance and to hir in prose; it may be this *rim ram ruffe*[1] is too rude an incounter.

Let me, faire Ladie, if you be at leisure, revell with your sweetnes, and raile uppon that cowardly Conjurer, that hath cast me or congealed mee rather into an unkinde sleepe and polluted my carcasse.

Zantyppa. Laugh, laugh, Zantyppa, thou hast thy fortune, a foole and a husbande under one.

Huan. Truely, sweete heart, as I seeme, about some twenty yeares, the very Aprill of mine age.

Zantyppa. Why, what a prating asse is this?

Huanebango. Hir corall lippes, hir crimson chinne,
Hir silver teeth so white within:
Hir golden locks, hir rowling eye,
Hir pretty parts, let them goe by:
Hey ho, hath wounded me,
That I must die this day to see.

Za. By gogs bones, thou art a flouting knave.
"Hir corall lippes, hir crimson chinne," ka, "wilshaw."[2]

Huan. True, my owne, and my owne because mine, & mine because mine, ha ha! Above a thousand pounds in possibilitie, and things fitting thy desire in possession.

Zan. The sott thinkes I aske of his landes. Lobb[3] be your comfort, and cuckold bee your destenie. Heare you, sir; and if you will have us, you had best say so betime.

Huan. True, sweete heart, and will royallize thy progeny with my petigree. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter EUMENIDES *the wandring knight.*

Eu. Wretched Eumenides, still unfortunate,
Envied by fortune, and forlorne by fate;

[1] Used by Chaucer to describe the "hunting of the letter," in his day still a normal rule of verse, particularly in the north of England (Prologue to the "Persone's Tale"):—

"But trusteth wel, I am a suthern man,
I can not geste rum, ram, ruf, by letter. . . ."

Professor Skeat (*Notes to C. T.*, p. 446) thinks Peele has Chaucer in mind, and shows that the latter probably borrowed the words "from some French source."

[2] 'Ka' = quoth he. — 'Wilshaw'? [Qy.: Will ich ha(ve)? *Cf.* l. 648. *Gen. Ed.*]

[3] Lob's pound, as B. notes, was a phrase of the day for "the thraldom of the hen-pecked married man."

Here pine and die, wretched Eumenides.
Die in the spring, the Aprill of my[1] age?
Here sit thee down, repent what thou hast don:
I would to God that it were nere begon.

Enter JACKE.[2]

Jacke. You are well overtaken, sir.
Eum. Who's that?
Jacke. You are heartily well met, sir.
Eum. Forbeare, I say, who is that which pincheth mee?
Jacke. Trusting in God, good Master Eumenides, that you are in so good health as all your friends were at the making hereof, God give you God morrowe, sir, lacke you not a neate, handsome and cleanly yong lad, about the age of fifteene or sixteene yeares, that can runne[3] by your horse,[4] and for a neede make your master-shippes shooes as blacke as incke, — howe say you sir?
Eum. Alasse, pretty lad, I know not how to keepe my selfe, and much lesse a servant, my pretty boy, my state is so bad.
Jacke. Content your selfe, you shall not bee so ill a master but ile bee as bad a servant. Tut, sir, I know you, though you know not me. Are not you the man, sir, denie it if you can, sir,[5] that came from a strange place in the land of Catita, where Jacke-a-napes flies with his taile in his mouth, to seeke out a Ladie as white as snowe, and as redd as blood; ha, ha, have I toucht you now?
Eum. I thinke this boy be a spirit.
How knowst thou all this?
Jacke. Tut, are not you the man, sir, denie it if you can, sir, that gave all the money you had to the burying of a poore man, and but one three-halfe-pence left in your pursse? Content you, sir, Ile serve you, that is flat.
Eum. Well, my lad, since thou art so impornate, I am content to entertaine thee, not as a servant, but a copartner in my

[1] It is hardly necessary to correct this into 'thy.'
[2] As a ghost, of course.
[3] Below 'runne,' Sig. E ii.
[4] The "foot-page" of the ballads.
[5] These rhyming scraps remind one constantly of the *cante-fable*, of the formula-jingles in popular tales.

journey. But whither shall we goe? for I have not any money more than one bare three halfe-pence.

Jacke. Well, master content your selfe, for if my divination bee not out, that shall bee spent at the next inne or alehouse we come too; for maister, I knowe you are passing hungrie; therefore Ile goe before and provide dinner untill that you come; no doubt but youle come faire and softly after.

Eum. I, go before, Ile follow thee.

Jack. But doo you heare, maister, doo you know my name?

Eum. No, I promise thee, not yet.

Jack. Why, I am Jack. *Exeunt* Jack.

Eum. Jack, why be it so, then.

Enter the Hostes and Jack, *setting meate on the table, and Fidlers came*[1] *to play,* Eumenides *walketh up and downe, and will eate no meate.*

Host. How say you, sir, doo you please to sit downe?

Eum. Hostes, I thanke you, I have no great stomack.

Host. Pray, sir, what is the reason your maister is so strange? Doth not this meate please him?

Jack. Yes, hostes, but it is my maisters fashion to pay before hee eates, therefore a reckoning, good hostesse.

Host. Marry shall you, sir, presently. *Exit.*

Eum. Why, Jack, what doost thou meane, thou knowest I have not any money: therefore, sweete Jack, tell me what shall I doo.

Jack. Well, maister, looke in your pursse.[2]

Eum. Why, faith, it is a follie, for I have no money.

Jack. Why, looke you, maister, doo so much for me.

Eum. Alas, Jack, my pursse is full of money.

Jack. 'Alas,' maister, — does that worde belong to this accident? Why, me thinkes I should have seene you cast away your cloake, and in a bravado daunced a galliard round about the chamber; why, maister, your man can teach you more wit than this; come, hostis cheere up my maister.

Hostis. You are heartily welcome: and if it please you to eate of a fat capon, a fairer birde, a finer birde, a sweeter birde, a crisper birde, a neater birde, your worship never eate off.

[1] Probably a misprint for 'come.'

[2] Below 'pursse,' Sig. E iii.

Eum. Thankes, my fine eloquent hostesse.
Jack. But heare you, maister, one worde by the way; are you content I shall be halfes in all you get in your journey?
Eum. I am, Jack, here is my hand.
Jack. Enough, maister, I aske no more.
Eum. Come, hostesse, receive your money, and I thanke you for my good entertainment.
Host. You are heartily welcome, sir.
Eum. Come, Jack, whether go we now?
Jack. Mary, maister, to the conjurers presently.
Eu. Content, Jack: Hostis, farewell. *Exe. om.*

Enter COREBUS *and* ZELANTO[1] *the foule wench, to the Well for water.*

Coreb. Come, my ducke, come. I have now got a wife; thou art faire, art thou not?[2]
Zelan. My Corebus, the fairest alive, make no doubt of that.
Cor. Come, wench, are we almost at the wel?
Zela. I, Corebus, we are almost at the Well now; Ile go fetch some water: sit downe while I dip my pitcher in.
Voyce. Gently dip: but not too deepe;
For feare you make the goulden beard to weepe.

A head comes up with eares of corne, and she combes them in her lap.

Faire maiden, white and red,
Combe me smoothe, and stroke my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell bread.
Gently dippe, but not too deepe,
For feare thou make the goulden beard to weep.
Faire maide, white and redde,
Combe me smooth, and stroke my head;
And every haire a sheave shall be,
And every sheave a goulden tree.

A head[3] *comes up full of golde, she combes it into her lap.*

Zelan. Oh see, Corebus, I have combd a great deale of golde into my lap, and a great deale of corne.

[1] Celanta. [2] He is blind. [3] In the tale there are three heads.

Coreb. Well said, wench; now we shall have just[1] enough. God send us coiners to coine our golde. But come, shall we go home, sweet heart?

Zelan. Nay, come, Corebus, I will lead you.

Coreb. So, Corebus, things have well hit,
Thou hast gotten wealth to mend thy wit. *Exit.*

Enter Jack *and the wandring knight.*

Jack. Come away, maister, come.

Eum. Go along, Jack, Ile follow thee.
Jack, they say it is good to go crosse-legged, and say his prayers backward:[2] how saiest thou?

Jack. Tut, never feare, maister; let me alone, heere sit you still, speake not a word. And because you shall not be intised with his inchanting speeches, with this same wooll Ile stop your eares: and so, maister, sit still, for I must to the Conjurer. *Exit* Jack.

Enter the Conjurer to the wandring knight.

Sa. How now, what man art thou that sits so sad?
Why dost thou gaze upon these stately trees,
Without the leave and will of Sacrapant?
What, not a word but mum?
Then, Sacrapant, thou art betraide.

Enter Jack *invisible, and taketh off* Sacrapants *wreath from his head, and his sword out of his hand.*

Sac. What hand invades the head of Sacrapant?
What hatefull fury doth envy my happy state?
Then, Sacrapant, these are thy latest dayes.
Alas, my vaines are numd, my sinews shrinke,
My bloud is pearst,[3] my breath fleeting away,
And now my timelesse date is come to end:
He in whose life his actions[4] hath beene so foule,
Now in his death to hell descends his soule.

He dyeth.

[1] Dyce's copy read 'tost.' Mr. P. A. Daniel: "Qy.: 'Toast'?"
[2] Milton, *Comus*, 817: "backward mutters of dissevering power."
[3] Mr. P. A. Daniel would read 'iced.'
[4] Dy., 'Acts.'

Jack. Oh, sir, are you gon? Now I hope we shall have some other coile. Now, maister, how like you this? the Conjurer hee is dead, and vowes never to trouble us more. Now get you to your faire Lady, and see what you can doo with her. Alas, he heareth me not all this while; but I will helpe that.

He pulles the wooll out of his eares.

Eum. How now, Jack, what news?

Jack. Heere, maister, take this sword and dig with it, at the foote of this hill.

He digs and spies a light.

Eum. How now, Jack, what is this?

Jack. Maister, without this the Conjurer could do nothing, and so long as this light lasts, so long doth his arte indure, and this being out, then doth his arte decay.

Eum. Why then, Jack, I will soone put out this light.

Jack. I, maister, how?

Eum. Why with a stone Ile breake the glasse, and then blowe it out.

Jack. No, maister, you may as soone breake the smiths anfill, as this little vyoll; nor the biggest blast that ever Boreas blew, cannot blowe out this little light; but she that is neither maide,[1] wife, nor widowe. Maister, winde this horne; and see what will happen.

He windes the horne.

Heere enters Venelia *and breakes the glasse, and blowes out the light, and goeth in againe.*

Jack. So, maister, how like you this? This is she that ranne madding in the woods, his betrothed love that keepes the crosse; and nowe, this light being out, all are restored to their former libertie. And now, maister, to the Lady that you have so long looked for.

He draweth a curten, and there Delia *sitteth a sleepe.*

[1] Below 'maide,' Sig. F.

Eum. God speed, faire maide sitting alone: there is once.
God speed, faire maide; there is twise:
God speed, faire maide, that is thrise.

Delia. Not so, good sir, for you are by.

Jack. Enough, maister, she hath spoke; now I will leave her with you.

Eum. Thou fairest flower of these westerne parts,
Whose beautie so reflecteth in my sight,
As doth a christall mirror in the sonne:
For thy sweet sake I have crost the frosen Rhine,[1]
Leaving faire Po, I saild up Danuby,
As farre as Saba, whose inhansing streames
Cuts twixt the Tartars and the Russians,—
These have I crost for thee, faire Delia:
Then grant me that which I have sude for long.

Del. Thou gentle knight, whose fortune is so good,
To finde me out, and set my brothers free,
My faith, my heart, my hand, I give to thee.

Eum. Thankes, gentle madame: but heere comes Jack; thanke him, for he is the best friend that we have.

Enter Jack *with a head in his hand.*

Eum. How now, Jack, what hast thou there?

Jack. Mary, maister, the head of the conjurer.

Eum. Why, Jack, that is impossible; he was a young man.

Jack. Ah, maister, so he deceived them that beheld him: but hee was a miserable, old, and crooked man; though to each mans eye h[e see]med young and fresh. For, maister, this Conjurer tooke the shape of the olde man that kept the crosse: and that olde man was in the likenesse of the Conjurer.[2] But nowe, maister, winde your horne. *He windes his horne.*

Enter Venelia, *the two Brothers, and he that was at the Crosse.*

Eu. Welcome, Erestus, welcome, faire Venelia,[3]
Welcome, Thelea, and Kalepha[4] both!

[1] Dy. notes that this and the three following lines are taken almost verbatim from Greene's *Orlando Furioso*.
[2] It is not necessary to adopt Mr. Daniel's emendation.
[3] Below 'Venelia,' Sig. F ii.
[4] Calypha.

Now have I her that I so long have sought,
So saith faire Delia, if we have your consent.
1. Bro. Valiant Eumenides, thou well deservest
To have our favours: so let us rejoyce,
That by thy meanes we are at libertie.
Heere may we joy each in others sight,
And this faire Lady have her wandring knight.
Jack. So, maister, nowe yee thinke you have done: but I must have a saying to you. You know you and I were partners, I to have halfe in all you got.
Eum. Why, so thou shalt, Jack.
Jack. Why, then, maister draw your sworde, part your Lady, let mee have halfe of her presently.
Eumenid. Why, I hope, Jack, thou doost but jest; I promist thee halfe I got, but not halfe my Lady.
Jack. But what else, maister? have you not gotten her? Therefore devide her straight, for I will have halfe; there is no remedie.
Eumen. Well, ere I will falsifie my worde unto my friend, take her all; heere Jack, Ile give her thee.
Jacke. Nay, neither more nor lesse, maister, but even just halfe.
Eum. Before I will falsifie my faith unto my friend, I will divide hir; Jacke, thou shalt have halfe.
1. Brother. Bee not so cruell unto our sister, gentle knight.
2. Brother. O spare faire Delia; shee deserves no death.
Eum. Content your selves; my word is past to him; therefore prepare thy selfe, Delya, for thou must die.
Delya. Then, farewell, worlde; adew Eumenides.

He offers to strike and Jacke *staies him.*

Jacke. Stay, master; it is sufficient I have tride your constancie. Do you now remember since you paid for the burying of a poore fellow?
Eum. I, very well, Jacke.
Jacke. Then, master, thanke that good deed for this good turne, and so God be with you all.

Jacke *leapes downe in the ground.*

Eum. Jacke, what, art thou gone?
Then farewell, Jacke.
Come, brothers and my beauteous Delya, 86
Erestus, and thy deare Venelia:
We will to Thessalie with joyfull hearts.
All. Agreed, we follow thee and Delya.

Exeunt omnes.[1]

Fant. What, Gammer, a sleepe?
Old wom. By the Mas, sonne, tis almost day, and my windowes 87
shut[2] at the cocks crow.
Frol. Doo you heare, Gammer, mee thinkes this Jacke bore a great sway amongst them.
Old wom. O, man, this was the ghost of the poore man, that they kept such a coyle to burie, & that makes him to help the 87
wandring knight so much. But come, let us in: we will have a cup of ale and a tost this morning and so depart.[3]
Fant. Then you have made an end of your tale, Gammer?
Old wom. Yes, faith. When this was done, I tooke a peece of bread and cheese, and came my way, and so shall you have, too, 88
before you goe, to your breakefast.

[1] That is, all the actors of the play within the play. Below '*Omnes*,' Sig. F iii.
[2] Q., *shuts*.
[3] Part.

FINIS.

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1595.

APPENDIX

A. Characters: their Sources. — T. Warton, in 1785 (*Milton's Poems on Several Occasions*), pointed out that "the names of some of the characters as Sacrapant, Chorebus, and others, are taken from the *Orlando Furioso*." Peele quotes Ariosto freely near the end of *Edward I.* Storojenko (Grosart's *Greene*, I, 180) thinks the Sacrapant in Greene's *Orlando Furioso* "a very transparent parody of *Tamburlaine*." Mr. Fleay, with some daring, asserts that Huanebango is travestied from Huon o' Bordeaux, and is "palpably Harvey." Erestus, says the same authority, is from Kyd's *Soliman and Perseda;* "the play is evidently full of personal allusions, which time only can elucidate." Mr. Ward remarks that Jack is "namesake and rival of the immortal giant-killer." The classics, of course, are represented. Warton remarked that the story of Meroe could be found in Adlington's translation of Apuleius, 1566; but it is hardly necessary to go to such a source for the "White Bear of England's Wood."

B. The Song of the Harvesters. — When the harvest-men enter again, and sing the song "doubled," — as here, — it is evidently the same thing, a companion piece, only with reaping in place of sowing, and words to match: —

> "Lo, here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,
> To reap our harvest-fruit.
> And thus we pass the year so long,
> And never be we mute."

Is it too much, then, to assume that the present song is to be restored somewhat as follows? —

> Lo here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
> And sow sweet fruits of love.
> All that lovers be pray you for me, —
> In your sweethearts well may it prove.

They would naturally enter with motions of sowing or of reaping, and the opening words would fit the action. Moreover, "In your sweethearts well

may it prove" must refer to requital not for the act of sowing, but for the prayers invoked. These craft-songs were common enough. In *Summer's Last Will and Testament* the harvest-men sing an old folk-song of this kind, if one may judge by the *Hooky, hooky* of the refrain, said by one of the Dodsley editors (ed. 1825, IX, 41) to be heard still "in some parts of the kingdom." The curious in these matters may find valuable information about songs of labour in general, with imitative action and suitable refrains, in Bücher's *Arbeit und Rhythmus*, Abhandlungen d. phil.-hist. Classe d. königl. Sächsischen Gesell. d. Wissenschaften, Bd. XVII.

Additional Note. — P. 368, l. 491, for 'church stile,' P. A. Daniel queries 'church ale'? — but see Overbury's *Characters* (*Works*, p. 145), "A Sexton" : 'for at every church stile commonly ther's an ale-house.'

Robert Greene

HIS PLACE IN COMEDY

A Monograph by G. E. Woodberry,
Professor in Columbia University,
New York.

GREENE'S PLACE IN COMEDY

Of the group of gifted college-bred men who had some part in the fashioning of Shakespearian drama and drew into their mortal lungs a breath of the element whose "air was fame," Greene has long been marked with unenviable distinction. He had the misfortune to try to darken with an early and single shaft the rising sun of Shakespeare; and he has stood out like a shadow against that dawning genius ever since. The mean circumstances of his Bohemian career, and the terribly brutal, Zolaesque scene of his death-chamber — the most repulsively gruesome in English literary annals — have sustained with a lurid light the unfavourable impression; and, were this really all, no one would have grudged oblivion the man's memory. The edition of his collected works, however, which Grosart gave to scholars, has enlarged general knowledge of Greene, and has permitted the formation of a more various image of his personality, a juster estimate of his literary temperament, and a clearer judgment concerning his position in the Elizabethan movement of dramatic imagination; and some few, even before this, had lifted up protestation against that ready damnation which seemed provided for him by his irreverence toward the undiscovered god of our idolatry who, then fleeting his golden days, seemed to this jaundiced eye "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, . . . the only Shake-scene in a country." Never were more unfortunate words for the "blind mouth" that uttered them. But there is more to know of Greene than this one speech; and though the occasion is not apt here for so complete a valuation of his character and temperament, his deeds and works, as is to be desired for truth's sake, yet it is needful to take some notice of his total personality as evinced in his novels, plays, poems, and pamphlets,

in order to determine his relative station in the somewhat limited sphere of English comedy.

Marlowe is commonly regarded as the forerunner of the heroic strain in Shakespeare, with moulding influence on the imaginative habit of his younger fellow-workman in respect to that phase of his art; and Greene, who though he will never shine as a "morning-star" of the drama was at least a twin luminary with Marlowe, has been credited with occupying a similar position as the forerunner of Shakespeare with respect to the portrayal of vulgar life. It is hardly to be expected that an antithesis so convenient for the critics should be really matter-of-fact. The narrower distinct claim that the Clown in his successive reincarnations passed through the world of Greene's stage on his way from his old fleshly prison in the Vice of the primitive English play may require less argument; and in several other particulars it may appear that foregleams of the Shakespearian drama are discernible in Greene's works without drawing the consequence that Shakespeare was necessarily a pupil in every school that was open to him. Not to treat the matter too precisely, where precision is apt to be illusory even if attainable in appearance, was there not a plain growth of Greene as a man of letters closely attached to his time which will illustrate the general development of the age and its art, and naturally bring out those analogies between his work and Shakespeare's that have been thought of as formative elements in him by which his successor on the stage profited? The line of descent does not matter, on the personal side, if the general direction of progress be made out.

Greene was distinctively a man of letters. He was born with the native gift, and he put it to use in many ways. He tried all kinds of writing, from prose to verse, from song to sermon, and apparently with equal interest. He was college-bred and must have been of a scholarly and receptive temperament; he was variously read in different languages and subjects; and he began by being what he charged Shakespeare with being, — an adapter. His tales, like others of the time, must be regarded as in large measure appropriations from the fields of foreign fiction. Even as he went on and gained a freer hand for expression, he remained imitative of others,

with occasional flashes of his own talent; and, dying young, he cannot be thought to have given his genius its real trial of thorough originality. In the main his work is derivative and secondary and represents or reflects literary tradition and example; he was still in the process of disencumbering himself of this external reliance when he was exhausted, and perished; and it is in those later parts of his work which show originality that he is attached to the Shakespearian drama. Slight examination will justify this general statement in detail. It is agreed that he drew his earlier novels from the stock-fiction, with its peculiar type of woman and its moral lesson; and he shows in these sensibility of imagination and grace of style. He was, more than has been thought, a stylist, a born writer; and this of itself would interest him in the euphuistic fashion, then coming to its height in Lyly; and besides he always kept his finger on the pulse of the time and was ambitious to succeed by pleasing the popular taste: he adopted euphuism temporarily, employing it in his own way. In the drama his play, *Orlando Furioso*, harks back to Ariosto, and it was when the stage rang with *Tamburlaine* that he brought out *Alphonsus, King of Aragon*, and when *Doctor Faustus* was on the boards that he followed with *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay;* on Sidney's *Arcadia* succeeded his own *Menaphon;* and if *James IV.* with its Oberon preceded *A Midsummer Night's Dream* — which is undetermined — it was a unique inversion of the order which made Greene always the second and not the first. In view of this literary chronology it seems clear that in the start and well on into his career Greene was the sensitive and ambitious writer following where Italian tradition, contemporary genius, and popular acclaim blazed the way; and in so doing his individual excellence lay not in originality on the great scale, but in treatment, in his modification of the *genre*, in his individual style and manner and purport — in the virtues, that is to say, of an able, clever, variously equipped man of letters whose talent had not yet discovered the core of genius in itself.

It is observable, too, in the earlier period of his work, that in his treatment of his material so derived, he displays the qualities of the weaker, the less robust literary habit; he uses refinement, he is

checked by his good taste, he strives for effects less violent, less sensational, less difficult in the sense that it requires less of the giant's strength to carry them off well. There is little, too, in this portion of his work which lets personality burn through the literary mould; that belongs to his late and stronger time. It is true that his novels have a moral in them for edification; but, although he had the preacher's voice, it is not here in the earlier tales that it is heard; it was the immemorial privilege of the Renaissance tale, however scandalous, to wear cowl and cassock. In the cardinal point of his delineation of female character, for which he is highly praised because of the purity and grace of the womanhood he presented, he follows the Renaissance convention, as it seems to me, but with refining and often true English touches — that ideal of Italian origin which is, on the whole, one of outline, of pale graciousness, of immobile or expressive beauty, pictorial; these women seem like lovely portraits which have stepped down out of a frame, and have only so much of life as an environment of light and air and silence can give them. Are they not, for example, as truly like Spenser's women — except where Spenser's are differentiated by doing "manly" parts — as they are prophetic of Shakespeare's simpler types? Greene, no doubt, incorporated in this ideal something of his own experience of noble and patient womanhood, possibly as he had known it in his wife, as Shakespeare embodied eternal reality in his creations; but it would not occur to me to believe that Shakespeare found a model for Ophelia or Imogen in the Lady Ida and Dorothea, any more than in Una and her sisters. All these before Shakespeare are of one family — they are the conventionalized Renaissance ideal variously modified and filled with richer artistic life; but in Shakespeare they pass into that clear luminous air where art and humanity are one thing. Greene should have our admiration for his sensibility to the type, for the appreciation with which he drew it, for the charm he thereby clothed his pages with; but as to there being a line of descent, that is altogether another thing; and in respect to Greene himself, his special female characterization imports the element of refinement in him, the trait of the less robust literary habit just spoken of. Similarly, he was of too sound taste to be long content to speak in the cut phrase of euphuism, and he soon laid the fashion

off; and, in his afterplay on the *Tamburlaine* motive, it is a matter of debate whether he was parodying or rivalling Marlowe's large-languaged rhetoric, and, whichever he was doing, he was hampered by a better taste than his model, either laughing at it, or else without the giant's strength to succeed in the worser way; and to *Doctor Faustus* and *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, so far as they are compared, like remarks apply. Greene has his own virtues in all these instances, but they are not those of originating power, of creative overflow, of genius of the Elizabethan stripe; they live within the narrower circle of improvement through refined taste, or else of satirical protest or comparative failure due to the same trait.

The thought of refinement in connection with Greene, the stress laid upon it here, has not been commonly prominent in writings upon him, and is out of harmony with our traditional impression of him — the envious and dying profligate in his misery. Yet it is to be found not only in his early portraits of womanhood of the pure type (he afterward presented a baser one), nor in the fact often noted of the marked purity of his works; but more pervasively in his continuing taste, in those habits and choices in the literary field, those revolts and reforms, which show the steady rightness of the man in his self-criticism and his criticism of current successes. I seem to feel this innate refinement in the limpidity of single lines; but it is plain to every one in the lovely lyrics which have sung themselves into the hearts of all lovers of our poetry, those songs, found in all anthologies of English verse, which bear Greene's name. He was a gross man, living grossly, as all know; but it sometimes happens that in such fleshly natures — as, every one will at once think, in Ben Jonson — there is found this flower of delicacy, the very fragrance of the soul; and so it was with Greene, and the lyrics are the mortal sign of this inward grace. It belongs with this, as has been observed by several writers, that of all the men who preceded Shakespeare, Greene most lets the breath of the English country blow through his pages, and likes to lay his scene in some rural spot. He loved the country; and yet, here too, protest may well be made when it is said that in this he led the way for Shakespeare; surely all country paths were open to the Warwickshire

lad in his own right ; nor need the difference be allowed that the forest of Arden is a conventionalized nature, as one critic maintains, while Greene's is of the soil — that is to mistake art for convention; but to say even this one word in passing in behalf of Shakespeare's nature-reality is superfluous, except that it suggests the different road by which Shakespeare here, as well as in his dealing with madness, witchcraft, and fairyland (in all of which Greene is said to have taught him), went his own ways, irrespective of comrades of the time. In this love of the country which Greene had lies the key to the better man in him and to his own native distinctions. Beneath his literary temperament, which seems an educational and professional veneer that should finally drop away, is his genuine nature — the man he was; and, life going on to imminent wreck, it became clear in his later works that he was more and more engaged in contemporary life, in what he saw and knew, and that he took his material from these; he had written autobiographical sketches and accounts of low life and its characters, and he had displayed certain tendencies toward preaching and sympathies with the unredeemed masses of humanity, all somewhat miscellaneously, and without any other art than a strong prose style; but, at the end, is it not manifest that he had grown into realism as his material, and into an attitude of moral denunciation and popular sympathy in dealing with it, and is not this the significance of his collaboration with Lodge in *A Looking-Glasse for London and England*, and of his own unique *George-a-Greene?* All the earlier work seems to end, and new beginnings appear both in his renderings of contemporary realism, and in his most imaginative and various play, *James IV.*

The gradual substitution, then, as Greene came to his time of strength, of frank English realism for cultured Italian tradition and contemporary vital literary example, seems to be the true line of his growth. It shows distinctly in his choice of the English subject of Roger Bacon in place of Doctor Faustus, in his satire of certain aspects of court life, when he translated an Italian plot of Cinthio into apocryphal history as *James IV.*, in his presentation of the state of London in collaboration with Lodge, and in the half-rebellious play of *George-a-Greene.* This is the imaginative and artistic side

of what is practical in his pamphlets of personal repentance and cony-catching. Personally I seem to detect Puritanism morally in the one half, and Puritanism politically in the other half, of this late dramatic work; but it cannot be maintained that the case is certain. Apart from that, Greene was — what so few ever are, even in an Elizabethan environment — a humourist; and he used the old English comedy tradition as an element in his purely English work. The matter is so plain and comparatively so slight as to require the fewest words. In comedy specifically he gave examples, which he may be said to have first given in the sense that he gave them in an original or a developed form, of the court fool in Ralph, of the country bumpkin or crass fool in Miles, of the highly developed and wholly humanized *Vice* in Adam, of a special humouristic type (aptly characterized as the ancestor of Andrew Fairservice) in Andrew, otherwise not born till Sir Walter Scott's day, and of the true Shakespearian clown, the unmistakable one, in Slipper. Such was his definite service to comedy in respect to type; and criticism can only point it out, because the substance can be given only by reading the characters attentively. In regard to humour at large, it appears to me that in his hands, apart from linguistic felicity and wit, he presents a humour of situation tending toward pure farce, and a humour of intention tending toward pure satire of the social variety, and a humour of manners tending toward pure pleasantry as in the "Vail Staff" episode. The single link binding him with Shakespeare, in comedy is through the character of Slipper; and yet here, as in the other instances of female type, love of country scenes, and also in madness, witchcraft, and fairyland, I cannot believe that Shakespeare may not have arrived at his end — in this case, Launce — without necessarily being obliged to Greene for assistance. The bent toward contemporary realism, toward a well-languaged and winning clown, toward Englishry, which is another name for nature in human life and its setting, is plain in Greene; this was the running of the stream; but no larger inference follows from it in my mind than that Greene had worked out his growth, as Shakespeare in his apprenticeship also did, in similar directions, but that Greene had done it on national lines, whereas Shakespeare did it on universal lines, that Greene had done it in a practical, whereas Shake-

speare did it in an ideal way, and that Greene had done it largely under personal conditions, being at war with his fate as a mere man, whereas Shakespeare did it as a human spirit above the reach of material vicissitude. What one owed to the other is an insignificant detail at best; what is important is to observe in Greene the advancing movement of the drama in moral intention, in higher characterization, in original phases of humanity, in humour of more body and intellect, in comedy and fantasy approaching the goal of the Elizabethan spirit. Greene, it must be acknowledged, opened some veins that no one followed up; some of his characters and much of his sympathies were his own in an unshared way; but his work of all kinds ended with him, and, so far as he was an explorer of the way, he was most like one who, in our own time, may be an experimenter in some new force — his name is not associated with scientific history, with new invention, with discovery, but such success as he had was because his eye was on the element which men of his craft were working out more thoroughly than he himself.

It is pleasant to close this brief note on one of the most unfortunate of men whom our literature remembers, with a kindlier appreciation of him than has hitherto obtained. The mere volume of his writings indicates great industry; the criticism of them witnesses our respect for his endowments, his taste, his fundamental manhood; the analysis of them shows improvement in himself, and the power of mastery over the material given him in the direction of the true progress of art in his day; the very violence of his fate or of his repentances suggests that the nature so ruined may have been of finer and better metal than those who died and made no such sign of conscious self-obstruction: there remain the ideal women, the clear-cut comedians, the lovely lyrics, to plead for him as an accomplisher of art; and, in view of this, may we not forget the unhappy incident that has made him like the flitting bat in the slow dawn of our golden poet, and remember the much that he, dying so young, at thirty-two, accomplished before the day of his disappointment, the night of his deserted solitude, and the tragic ignominy of his death?

G. E. Woodberry.

Robert Greene

THE HONORABLE HISTORIE OF FRIER BACON

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CRITICAL ESSAY

Life.[1] — Robert Greene was born in Norwich of estimable parents, and "in his non-age" sent there to school. He was entered November 15, 1575, at St. John's, Cambridge. According to his *Short Discourse*, he was even then "in his first yeares." We may, therefore, date his birth about 1560. At the university he "light amongst wags" as lewd as himself, and was by them drawn, probably after he had taken his B.A., 1578, "to travell into Italy and Spaine," where he "practizde such villainie as is abhominable to declare." After his return (probably before Part I. of his *Mamillia* was entered for printing, October 3, 1580, — certainly by March 20, 1581, when his ballad of *Youthe*[2] was registered), he "ruffeled out in silks" posing as "malcontent"; but having in 1583,[3] "by degrees proceeded M.A.," he betook himself to London, where as "Author of Playes and penner of Love Pamphlets" none soon was better known "than Robin Greene." Perhaps he was in Cambridge, September 6, 1583, when the *Second Part of Mamillia* was registered, for it is dated "from my Studie in Clare hall." Till about August 13, 1584, he was writing similar tales; and, despite a dissolute habit, he maintained favour with some of honourable calling. His *Planetomachia* appeared in 1585; an edition of his *Morando*[4] is licensed during the next year. Between 1584 and 1586 he visited his former home, made a fleeting effort at reform, married a "proper young woman" of Lincolnshire,[5] had a son by her, "cast her off," and returned to London. Here he gave himself "wholly to the penning of plaies," which with "other trifling pamphlets" were henceforth his "chiefest stay of living." Both kinds brought him popu-

[1] Greene's *Groatsworth* and *Short Discourse of My Life* (appended to the *Repentance*). Grosart's *Introduction* and Storojenko's *Life* in Grosart's *Greene*, 12 vols., Huth Library; Dyce's *Account of R. Greene and his Writings*; Bernhardi's R. Greene's *Leben u. Schriften*; Ward's *Hist. Engl. Dram. Lit.* Also Grosart's *Nashe* and *Harvey*.

[2] *Youthe Recalleth his Former Follies with an Inward Repentance.* Not extant.

[3] Clare Hall, July 1.

[4] First pub. 1584.

[5] If the Isabel in *Never Too Late* represents Greene's wife Doll, I may be pardoned for conjecturing that the Caerbranck and Dunecastrum of that story stand for Corby and Donington, twelve miles apart, in Lincolnshire, near the Norfolk line.

larity and envy.[1] In July, 1588, he was incorporated M.A. at Oxford. In February, 1589, this "arch play-making poet" steps forth in the rôle of patriot with his *Spanish Masquerado;* soon after with his *Mourning Garment* (*S. R.* November 2, 1590) in that of moralist. The didactic note had been already struck in *The Royal Exchange*, early in 1590, and the penitential in the *Farewell to Follie* (S. R. 1587; pub. 1591); but both prevail in *Never Too Late*,[2] 1590. The disposition to serve the Commonwealth is further displayed in his series for the exposure of "coosnage," 1591–92. Whatever else he had written he now counts for "apples of Sodom." In July, 1592, he[3] "canvazed" the brothers Harvey in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, but of this we have only the eviscerated remains. Soon afterward he indulged in that memorable surfeit of pickled herring and Rhenish wine. The ensuing sickness at the shoemaker's in Dowgate, — Greene's friendless lot, "lousie circumstance," mistresse,[4] bastard, and corpse, — Gabriel Harvey[5] has embalmed with the foul peculiar juices of his spite. Those last weeks Greene spent writing his *Groatsworth of Wit* which is partly, and his *Repentance* which is wholly, autobiographical, to dissuade men from a like "carelesse course of life." He sent back their son to his wife; and the night of his death received "commendations" from her "whereat he greatly rejoiced," and wrote a pathetic farewell. That was September 3, 1592. Mrs. Isam, his hostess, garlanded the dead poet with bays; and he was laid in the New Churchyard, near Bedlam.

Misapprehensions concerning Greene. — On the title-page of *Planetomachia*, 1585, Greene subscribes himself "Student in Phisicke"; and from this it has been inferred by most of his biographers that he was then studying medicine. But for Greene, as for Chaucer and Gower, whom he diligently perused, 'phisicke' sometimes meant natural philosophy,[6] and always included a ground-

[1] See Prefaces to *Perimedes* (*S. R.* March 29, 1588); *Pandosto*, pub. 1588; *Menaphon*, pub. August 1589 (perhaps before July, 1588); and *Ciceronis Amor*, pub. 1589. The dates are of historical importance.

[2] *Philomela*, 1592, is of earlier style and composition.

[3] As "chiefe agent of the companie" of poets and writers (Lyly, Nashe, Greene, and probably Lodge and Peele) whom Richard Harvey in his *Lamb of God* had "mistermed piperly makeplaies and make-bates." Nashe, *Strange Newes*, etc.

[4] Sister to Cutting Ball, "trust under a tree" at Tyburn.

[5] *Foure Letters and Certain Sonnets*, London, 1592.

[6] "Physique is . . . to techen . . . of everichon" (herbs, stones, etc.),

"That ben of bodely substaunce
The nature and the substance."

— Gower, *Conf. Am.*, VII.

ing in 'astronomie.'[1] The word is here used with reference to the 'magic natural' of his subject, — the book being a narrative dispute of astrological influences.

According to popular assertion, substantiated by the arguments of Dyce, Fleay, Grosart, and others, Greene was at one period a parson. Careful investigation convinces me that this assertion is untrue. Our dramatist cannot have been the Robert Greene who, as *unus Capellanorum nostrorum Capellæ nostræ Regiæ*, was in 1576 presented by Elizabeth to the rectory of Walkington in Yorkshire; for at that time he was but a freshman at Cambridge. Nor can he[2] have been the Robert Greene who from June 19, 1584, to February 17, 1586, was Vicar of Tollesbury in Essex; because according to his own story,[3] that period was covered by other events: to wit, the conviction of sin in St. Andrew's at Norwich (while he was yet "newly come from Italy," end of 1584 or beginning of 1585), a "motion" which vastly amused his "copesmates," but lasted "*no longer than the present time*"; the relapse; the marriage "soon after to a gentleman's daughter" (sometime in 1585); the brief sequel of "wickedness" during which he "spent up" his wife's marriage-money; the "casting off" of the wife; and the return to play-writing in London. This last, six years before his death; therefore in 1586. Such manner of life is not that of the Vicar of Tollesbury; nor is the recital that of Greene if he ever was vicar of anything.

Mr. Fleay[4] attempts to identify Greene, as Robert *the parson*, with one Robert Persj or Rupert Persten of Leicester's troupe acting between December, 1585, and July, 1587, on the Continent. There is, however, no proof that Greene was with these "instrumentalists and acrobats"; nor is the name *Persj* or *Persten*, as it appears in the Danish and Saxon records, either the English name *Parson* or a translation of the calling of parson into Danish or

[1] Chaucer, *Prol. C. T.*, 414–420.

[2] As Dr. Grosart thinks he was.

[3] In Grosart: XII. 174–179, *Short Discourse of the Life*, etc., which has every mark of authenticity.

[4] *Life of Sh.*, 92, 105; *Hist. Stage*, 82; but cf. Cohn, *Shakesp. in Germany*, xxi–xxxi (1865), and Creizenach, *Schauspiele d. engl. Komödianten*, ii–iv (Kürschner, Nat. Litt. Bd. XXIII).

German. Actor King became *Koning* and *Knigk*, and actor Pope, *Pape* and *Pabst*, — but Persj, Percy, Persten, or Preston was untranslatable. Indeed, if the argument proves anything, it proves too much. For if Mr. Fleay's Persten (or as he coerces it, *Priester*) is Greene, Vicar of Tollesbury, this Vicar must have been acting abroad three months of the period during which he was preaching at home; — a dual activity terminated, moreover, not by the vestry of Tollesbury, which would appear to have enjoyed this unusual programme, or by the bishop, but by the Vicar himself, whose resignation is recorded as "free and spontaneous."[1]

It is certainly safer to accept Greene's own story and the publishers' records, which, taken together, show that his marital estate was a debauch with rare intervals of business activity. During this period *Arbasto* and the enlarged *Morando* were registered and *Planetomachia* was printed.

A writer of Greene's self-exhibitive temper would not have hesitated, and one of his didactic tendency could not have failed, to present the world with an account of an episode which, if it existed, was the most sensational of his moral experiences. But in none of his writings, autobiographical, or quasi-autobiographical, does Greene give even remote intimation of taking orders. On the contrary he speaks as a layman, and a very wicked layman, too; as one who from infancy was bred in sin, and who held aloof from God's ministers. So far was he from the possibility of orders that when, in his youth, "once and yet but once" he "sorrowed for his wickedness of life," his comrades could conceive of no huger joke in the world than to wish that he "might have a pulpit." *Roberto* of the *Groatsworth*, "whose life in most part agreed" with his, was never a minister, nor was either of Greene's other understudies, *Philador* and *Francesco*. In *Greene's Vision*, which, whether authentic or not, is contemporaneous, the advice given to our dramatist "Be a devine, my sonne," is dismissed as out of the question, though that consummation were most devoutly to be desired. None of his associates of later years[2] betrays acquaintance with his ministerial career,

[1] Bp. Grindal's *Register*, fol. 225, as in Grosart, I. Prefatory Note.

[2] See respectively *Have with You*, and *Strange Newes*; *To the Gent. readers* of *The Repentance*, 1592; *A Knight's Conjuring*, Ch. IX. 1607; *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, 1635; *Kind-Hart's Dreame*, 1592.

not Nashe or Burbye or Dekker or Heywood or Chettle. None of his panegyrists. And of his enemies not even Gabriel Harvey.

We may therefore conclude that the famous passage in *Martine Marsixtus* which (with a context partly relative to Greene) announces that "every red-nosed minister is an author" does not apply to Greene, but to any "unauthorized author who serves a drunken man's humor," or that the insinuation has reference to some sobriquet born of Greene's paroxysms of pentitence and mourning pamphlets. And, indeed, a nickname may have attached itself to this wayward child of circumstance, as early as that critical period in Norwich when his copesmates called him "Puritane and Presizian . . . and other such scoffing tearmes." What more likely than "Parson," since they had gone so far, Greene tells us, as to *wish* him a pulpit? But if he had a pulpit, what becomes of the joke? and of his own word — "the good lesson went quite out of my remembrance . . . I went forward obstinately in my misse"?

As to the manuscript notes in the 1599 copy of *The Pinner of Wakefield*, the first of which states that Shakespeare said that the play was "written by . . . a minister who ac[ted] ye piñers pt in it himself," and the second, in another hand, that Juby said that "ys play was made by Ro. Gree[ne]," — it must be remembered that both attributions are hearsay; that both notes are anonymous; that one or both may be fraudulent; that there is no certain proof that they were written by contemporaries; and finally that, unless their contents are shown to be accurate as well as authentic, and to refer to the same author, they do not connect any Robert Greene with the ministry. Since our Greene's writings show that he was no minister, there is but one hypothesis upon which, assuming the accuracy and relevancy of both these manuscript notes, he can be the person indicated; namely, that the designation, minister, used by Shakespeare, was a nickname. And, conversely, Shakespeare's remark can be credited in its literal significance only if the play was *not* by our Greene. In the latter event, the attribution of authorship to a minister, taken in connection with Ed. Juby's attribution to a certain Ro. Greene, would denote some parson-playwright to whom no other play has been traced — Robert of Walkington, or Robert of Tollesbury, or some other of this not unusual name.

And in that case it would be easy to understand how the name of an obscure author, if mentioned by Shakespeare, should have slipped the memory of the title-page scribe. Internal evidence, as will later be seen, is not conclusive of Greene's authorship; but even if it were, it would not prove that he was a minister.

It may be conceded that, like other Elizabethan dramatists, he assumed a part upon the stage. But that he adopted the calling, or ever stood a chance of enjoying "its damnable excessive gains," is only less improbable than that he was a parson. Dyce's quotation from Harvey to the effect that Greene was "a player" misapprehends the "puissant epitapher" who was merely enumerating the "thousand crotchets" that littered Greene's "wilde head, and hence his stories."[1] None of his contemporaries hints that Greene was an actor; none regards him in that light. He himself despised the profession.

In respect of his relations with Shakespeare, I cannot but feel that he has been harshly judged. We shall be justified in calling the *Shakescene* remarks unduly rancorous when it has been ascertained that the "admired inventions" of Greene and of those whom he was addressing in the *Groatsworth* had not been borrowed by the young actor-playwright; or that Greene should have let himself be plundered without protest by this revamper of plays because the revamper was destined some day to be illustrious, in fact to be the Shakespeare. I have not observed that dramatists *et id omne genus*, nowadays, offer the cheek with any more Christian grace than characterized Robert Greene.

His Development as a Dramatist: Order of Plays.[2] — A painstaking investigation of the evidence leads me to conclude that none of the plays assigned to Greene was produced before the end of 1586, or, probably, the beginning of 1587; that their order is as follows: *Alphonsus*, *Looking-Glasse*, *Orlando*, *Friar Bacon*, *James IV.*; and that if *Selimus* and the *Pinner* are his, they range respectively with *Alphonsus* and *James*.

[1] Dyce, *Account of Greene*, pp. 35, 36; and Harvey's *Foure Letters*, pp. 9, 25.

[2] Brown (Grosart's *Greene*, Vol. I., Introduction, xi. *et seq.*) arranges: *A.*, *O.F.*, and *F. B.* (1584–87); *Jas. IV.*, and *Pinner* (1590–91); *L.* — *G.* (1591–92). Storojenko (Grosart, I., 167–226) arranges: *A.* (after *Tamburl.*, 1587–88), *O.*, and *L.* — *G.* (1588–89); *Jas. IV.*, *F. B.*, *Pinner* (1589–92).

1. The earliest extant exemplar of *The Comicall Historie of Alphonsus, King of Aragon*, by R. G.,[1] and without motto, "as it hath bene sundrie times acted" was "brinted" by Thomas Creede, London, 1599. The play is generally supposed to have been written in emulation of the *Tamburlaine*, which was on the stage in 1588, — perhaps, indeed, as early as the end of 1586.[2] While similarity of diction and conceit might indicate a contemporaneous production, the lines in *Alphonsus*, —

> "Not mighty Tamburlaine,
> Nor soldiers trained up amongst the wars,"[3]

are proof presumptive of the priority of Marlowe's play. Indeed, Dr. Grosart is justified in asserting that "to take *Alphonsus* without a tacit reference to *Tamburlaine* is to miss the entire impulse of its writer"; for the dramatist appears to be attempting a burlesque; and the vainglorious claim that he makes for his hero[4] is a manifest challenge to Marlowe and that bombastic brood. Greene may have been writing the play as early as 1587; he was, at any rate, interested in the hero then, for he mentions him in the *Dedication* to *The Carde of Fancie*.[5] That the *Alphonsus* was well known in the early spring of 1589 would appear from an allusion in Peele's *Farewell*,[6] which couples it with *Tamburlaine* so closely as further to suggest that it already clung like a burr to its magniloquent predecessor. Whether the series of satiric reprisals in which, between 1588 and 1590, Greene and Nashe indulged at Marlowe's expense,[7] was stimulated by some counter-burlesque of *Alphonsus* is uncertain; but that Marlowe shortly before March 29, 1588, had been privy to some public burlesque of a production of Greene's, may reasonably be inferred from Greene's preface to the *Perymedes* of that date.

[1] No mention of the *M.A.*, which is given when his name is attached to other plays. *Alphonsus* is neither mentioned by Henslowe, nor recorded *S. R.*

[2] Acted by the Admiral's men, 1587, according to Fleay. *Ep.* to *Menaphon*, which refers to it, *may* have been written as early as 1587 (Storojenko).

[3] Act. IV.; the lines 1578, 1579 do not look like additions.

[4] *Prologue* to *Alph.*, l. 28.

[5] Ward, *E. D. L.* I. 324 n.

[6] *To the Famous and Fortunate Generals:* "*Mahomet's pow* and mighty Tamberlaine" (see Fleay, *Life of Shakesp.*, pp. 96–97).

[7] See *Perymedes*, *Menaphon*, *Anatomie of Absurditie*, and the opening of *Greene's Vision* (written before 1590).

For there we learn that two "gentlemen poets" had recently caused two actors to make a mockery of his motto *Omne tulit punctum*, because his verse fell short of the bombast and blasphemy with which Marlowe captivated the vulgar. If it was the verse of the *Alphonsus* that was derided by these "madmen of Rome," we have here a date before which the play had been both acted and burlesqued. Now, it is interesting to note that our earliest copy of *Alphonsus* (1599) has neither motto nor colophon. This is strange, for in all other respects the edition is uniform with that of *James IV.*, which had been brought out by the same publisher, Creede, only the year before, with Greene's *Omne tulit punctum* upon its title-page. In fact, all other plays written by Greene alone, and bearing his name, have a motto of some kind. One may naturally query whether it was to Creede's advantage to dissociate this particular play from some eleven or twelve years' old derision; or, whether he was following, without definite purpose, the policy of some previous edition, now lost, which likewise had omitted the motto.

Be this as it may, there is, in the preface of March 29, 1588, undoubted allusion[1] to Greene and Lodge's *Looking-Glasse*, which, as will presently be shown, was written before June, 1587. The *Alphonsus* must be assigned to a still earlier date, because, in its prologue,[2] it gives evidence of priority to Greene's other efforts in serious or heroic style. This conclusion is confirmed by an examination of the play. The copious crude employment of mythological lore, the creaking mechanism of the plot, the subordination of vital to spectacular qualities, betray an inexperience not manifest in Greene's other dramatic output. Moreover, in spite of the fact that our edition of *Alphonsus* appears to preserve the details of the author's holograph, the versification makes a clumsier showing than in the rest of his plays. The lines are frequently rhymed, sometimes within the speeches, but more often in a perfunctory fashion at speech-ends. And, though this practice wanes as the play proceeds, the verses are throughout more frequently end-

[1] "The mad preest of the sonne."

[2] Venus's lines, 40–45, which would place this play after a series of love pamphlets, and before the treatment of graver themes. See Simpson, 2 : 352. Mr. Fleay unhesitatingly assigns its production to 1587 (*Life of Shakesp.*, pp. 96, 97).

stopped, and the rhythm more mechanical, than in the other dramas. Between two-thirds and three-quarters of the lines have the monotonous cæsura at the end of the second foot; and of the lyric cæsuræ, which should *par excellence* lend variety to the verse, about eleven-twelfths fall in the middle of the third foot. We may indeed say that in four-fifths of the lines these sources of sameness prevail. Of prose there is no sign. Both in material and style the play is inelastic, only too easily open to attack. That Greene should prefix the *Omne tulit punctum* of his popular prose romances was natural, but it was also courting the attack of Marlowe, Kyd, or any gentleman-poets derisively inclined.

2. *A Looking-Glasse for London and England* made by Thomas Lodge, Gentleman, and Robert Greene, *in Artibus Magister*, is called by Professor Brown the "finest and last" of the plays in which Greene had a hand, and is assigned to a date "after Lodge's return from Cavendish's expedition in 1591." This conjecture may at once be dismissed,[1] for that expedition did not start till August 26, 1591; none of its ships returned before June 11, 1593; and, by that time, Greene was dead. The play was registered in May, 1594, and our earliest exemplar (Creede) was printed in the same year. Henslowe records the presentation of the play, but not as new, March 8, 1591–92. We have abundant proof of its popularity. Therefore, since only four representations are recorded during the remainder of that season, which lasted till June 22, 1592,[2] it must have had its run at an earlier date. Spencer's line in *The Tears of the Muses*, 1591, about the "pleasing Alcon" has been regarded as an allusion to Lodge's authorship of that character in the *Looking-Glasse;* and with some show of reason, for nearly all the speeches of Alcon are distinctively the work of Lodge.[3] But an earlier remi-

[1] See for this, Grosart, *Introd.* xxv. xli.; Simpson, 2: 382; and Ward.

[2] Cf. *The Knack*, etc., which as a "new" play was acted thrice in the fortnight (*Henslowe*).

[3] Fleay assigns "most and best" of the play to Lodge. Grosart disagrees, but does not specify. A comparative investigation satisfies me that only the following passages can be assigned to Lodge: Sc. iii. (Dy., pp. 120–122; Gros., ll. 319–480) Usurer, Thrasyb., Alcon, as far as *Enter Remilia;* Sc. v. (Dy., pp. 124–126; Gros., ll. 654–868) Alcon, Thr., Lawy., Judge, Usur., as far as *Enter Adam;* Sc. vii. (Dy., pp. 129, 130; Gros., ll. 1070–1169) Jonas, Angel, Merchants, etc.; Sc. x. (Dy., pp. 134, 135; Gros., ll. 1512–1604), Merchants, etc.; Sc. xiii. (Dy., pp. 138–139; Gros., ll. 1900–2020) Thr., Alcon, etc. — Sc. viii.

niscence of the play may be found in Greene's mention of Ninevie and Jonas in the dedication and epilogue of the *Mourning Garment*, 1590. Since it appears, moreover, from a passage in *Scillaes Metamorphosis*, that Lodge had renounced play-writing as early as 1589,[1] Storojenko and Grosart date the composition of *Looking-Glasse* between the close of 1588 and the summer of 1589. I am sure that the date was earlier still; for, since the *Metamorphosis* followed immediately upon Lodge's return from a voyage with Captain Clarke to Tercera and the Canaries, any such playwriting as that of the *Looking-Glasse* must have been done before the departure of this expedition. According to Mr. Lee,[2] the Expedition sailed "about 1588." Now the play contains no allusion to the Armada; it is, therefore, antecedently improbable that it was written in 1588 *later than the 29th of May*. And since a modernized morality of God's wrath impending over London, if written in that year, could not have failed to echo the first mutterings of the Spanish thunderstorm, I am led to fix the composition before June, 1587, when Philip and Sixtus concluded their treaty against England.

The date of first presentation must have been appreciably before March 29, 1588, for a character, the 'priest of the sun,' which figured in the *Looking-Glasse*, but "in no other early play,"[3] is mentioned in the introduction to *Perymedes*, already cited. Here, Greene asserts that even if his verse did not always "jet upon the

(Dy., p. 130; Gros., ll. 1180–1363) Alcon, etc., to *Exit Samia*, shows signs of Lodge principally, but some of the lines are Greene's. In general, each of the prophetic interludes is by the author of the scene preceding. *E.g.* ll. 1591–1653, Jonas, Angel, Oseas, by Lodge. From l. 2020 all is by Greene; therefore most of Jonas.

[1] He vows: —

> "To write no more of that whence shame doth grow
> Or tie my pen to penny-knaves delight,
> But live with fame and so for fame to write."

[2] *Nat. Dict. Biog.*, art. *Lodge*.

[3] Fleay, *Life of Shakesp.*, p. 98. Mr. Fleay, conjecturing that Lodge was associated with Marlowe in the attack upon Greene's unsuccessful heroic play, and that Lodge is satirized under the (*Perymedes*) mention of the "mad preest," assigns the *L.-G.* to a later date. But we find no evidence of coolness between Lodge and Greene during 1588 and 1589. On the contrary, Lodge prefixes to the *Span. Masquer.* (*S. R.* February 1, 1589), verses calling Greene his *doux ami* and *compagnon de Dieux*, and rejoices to be associated with his fame. The friendship was still fresh when Greene died. Lodge was not the "mad preest." Nor can I adopt Mr. Fleay's other conjecture (*Biog. Chron.* II. 31) that the "preest" was Hieronimo.

stage in tragicall buskins," or his "*everie* worde" blaspheme, he could, an he pleased, fill the mouth "like the fa-burden of Bo-Bell, daring God out of heaven with that Atheist Tamburlan"; and, by way of proof, he sets side by side with Tamburlan, the impious ranting of his own "mad preest of the Sonne." The reference is, of course, to the scene in the *Looking-Glasse*, where the mitred priests of the sun, "carrying fire in their hands," hail Rasni as a "deitie";[1] and he assumes that the mention of one of the characters will indicate the play, — a justifiable expectation if the play had been before the public for nine or ten months.

Though affected by its moral configuration, the *Looking-Glasse* is well constructed. In plot, characterization, manners (especially those of low life), in worldly wisdom and fervour, it leaves *Alphonsus* far behind. The subtler handling of classical adornment and the bubble of the humour would, of themselves, justify us in assigning it to the same period with *Orlando* and *Friar Bacon*. The advancing maturity is manifest also in its verse and prose. I do not attribute Greene's improvement in blank verse entirely to Lodge's coöperation; for Lodge's verse in the *Civill War*, 1587, was not markedly easier than that of the *Alphonsus*, and his verse in this play[2] is but a trifle more elastic than in the *Civill War*. Taking at random fifty-seven of Greene's verses,[3] I find that some fifty-two avoid the monotone, and, of these, no fewer than twenty-five escape the penthimimeral cæsura as well. In other words, five-sixths of the rhythms are free, and one-half of these skilfully varied. In the prophetic verses the monotone is properly more prevalent. About thirty per cent of Greene's have it. But even there almost half of the 'free' rhythms display artistic handling. Speech-end rhythms are fewer than in *Alphonsus;* rhyme, indeed, is altogether less in evidence — except in the prophetic rhapsodies. Lodge's lines for Oseas rhyme, however, more than Greene's for Jonas. Not only is the proportion of prose larger than in any other of

[1] The direction *A band*, etc., might well follow close upon "tempt you me?" of line 1764. The passage, ll. 1764–1782, interrupts a scene otherwise sufficient to itself, with a pageant of supernumeraries whose utterance is a veritable "fa-burden." The bit looks almost like an afterthought, aping Marlowan style; but it is manifest Greene, not Lodge.

[2] For the distribution of authorship, see note 3, p. 405.

[3] Lines 80–116, 481–508.

Greene's plays, — a feature which is, perhaps, due to the fact that each collaborator had his own set of mechanicals to exploit, — but the style of it is more conversational than in any preceding English play.

3. Our earliest impression of *Orlando Furioso, One of the Twelve Peeres of France*, "as it was playd before the Queenes Maiestie," is published by Burbye, 1594. It had been entered for Danter, December 7, 1593, but was transferred to Burbye on the ensuing May 28. He issued a second edition in 1599.[1] Greene was accused in 1592[2] of having sold the play to the Lord Admiral's men while the Queen's company, to which he had previously disposed of it, was "in the country." Now the Queen's men had acted at court for the last time, December 26, 1591; and they did not reappear in London till April, 1593.[3] But the Admiral's, meanwhile (February, 1592), had entered into a temporary alliance with Lord Strange's,[4] through Henslowe and Edw. Alleyn; and under the auspices of the latter company almost immediately (February 21) the *Orlando* was acted in one of Henslowe's theatres.[5] It was already an old play; and Henslowe records no later performance. During the same period three or four other plays formerly belonging to the Queen's passed into the hands of Lord Strange's company.[6] The date of the second sale of *Orlando* would accordingly seem to have been during January or February, 1592. It appears, then, that up to December 26, 1591, it belonged to the Queen's men; and it had probably been presented at court by them, for its classical and Italian features were evidently from the first designed to suit her Majesty's taste.[7]

That the play was written later than July 30, 1588, may be deduced from a mention (ll. 89–95) of the "rebate" of "mightie Fleetes" which "Came to subdue my Ilands to their king;" for the allusion to the Armada is historically minute (note the conjunction of 'Portingale' with 'Spaniard' in reference to the start from Lisbon), the sequence does not savour of afterthought or actor's clap-trap, and the theme receives attention in other parts of the

[1] Grosart, XIII. vii., and Arber's S. R. there quoted.
[2] By the author of *The Defence of Conny-catching*.
[3] Fleay, *Hist. Stage*, pp. 76–82.
[4] Lee, *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 37.
[5] Probably the *Rose*; Henslowe's *Diary*. For Alleyn's copy of the title role see Dyce, ed *O. F.*
[6] Fleay, *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 108.
[7] So Ulrici and Storojenko

play.[1] Now, between the "rebate" of the Armada and the disappearance of the Queen's men from London that company acted at court ten times;[2] and upon at least one of these occasions I conclude that the *Orlando* was played. During the year that followed the Armada there are but two such occasions on record, December 26, 1588, and February 9, 1589; and of the latter the notice is open to question.[3] In any case the former is more likely to be the date of the presentation of *Orlando;* for the reference to the Armada, and the championing of Elizabeth under the figure of Angelica, would be the policy of a court play acted on the St. Stephen's day following the Spanish defeat. If this was the play, we may be sure that it won her Majesty's approval; and that the dramatist seized the opportunity to further his good fortune. And that is precisely what Greene did. In February, 1589, he brought out his *Spanish Masquerado*, which was hailed with such enthusiasm that his friend Lodge declared that the name of Greene was become a terror to the *gens seditieux*, that his laurel was deathless, and that from a mortal he had become a companion of the gods.[4] Now I incline to think that the success of *Orlando* contributed to this popularity; there is certainly not enough of political or literary worth in the *Masquerado* alone to account for it. There is further reason for dating the *Orlando* before 1590 if the resemblances between it and the *Old Wives Tale*[5] are due, as I think they are, to Peele's acquaintance with the former. And if, in his *Farewell*, the same poet is alluding to our play, under the title of *Charlemagne*,[6] — which, considering Orlando's frequent brag of kinship with the emperor, is not unlikely, — the play must have been acted before the spring of 1589. That Greene was occupied with the *Orlando* at a still earlier date would appear from his repeating in it no less than five of the character-names which he had used in one of the stories

[1] *E.g.*, Orlando's espousal of Angelica's cause and his challenge to Oliver (ll. 1485–1486):

"Yet for I see my Princesse is abusde,
By new-come straglers from a forren coast."

[2] 1588, Dec. 26; 1589, Feb. 9 (?), Dec. 26; 1590, Mar. 1, Dec. 26; 1591, Jan. 1, 3, 6; Feb. 14, Dec. 26. Fleay, *Hist. Stage*, pp. 76–80.

[3] The date is assigned also to the Admiral's men.

[4] Lodge's prefatory Sonnet.

[5] The 'Sacrapant' of both; cf. also *O. F.* ll. 73–76 with *O. W. T.* ll. 808–811.

[6] So Collier, *Memoirs of Alleyn;* Fleay, *Shakespeare*, p. 96.

of the *Perymedes*.[1] Nor does the tracing of certain resemblances to their common source in the epos lessen the general probability that Greene's story and play were written at approximately the same period; the latter following, as the former had preceded, the summer of 1588. Mr. Fleay would, indeed, push the date back to 1587 "when the Admiral's men re-opened after the plague,"[2] and Professor Brown sets it with that of *Alphonsus* and *Bacon*, between 1584 and 1587;[3] but I do not think that the contents warrant either of these conclusions.

Though the *Orlando* must be of later date than the *Alphonsus*,[4] it betrays the influence of the still earlier *Tamburlaine*. But it is more than a sensational or spectacular play; it is a parody of the ranting "mad plays" which were then the rage. Numerous characteristics which appear to some critics to be defects of construction are proof of this. Orlando's sudden insanity and the ridiculously inadequate occasion of it, the headlong *dénouement*, the farcical technique, the mock-heroic atmosphere, the paradoxical absence of pathos, the absurdly felicitous conclusion, — all seemingly unwitting, — are purposive and satirical. Of such a burlesque the author of *The Spanish Tragedy*,[5] perhaps of the pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet*, may have been the butt. Greene and Nashe had no affection for Kyd. The raving and bombast of this play — the stuff, too, that the actor Alleyn injected — suggest a parody of Kyd; and the dates accord. At any rate I think it likely that the *Orlando*[6] was produced while the pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet* was fresh; and this consideration also looks toward 1588.

Many similarities of style may be pointed out between *Orlando*

[1] Dr. Ward has mentioned the 'Sacrapant'; but even more striking is the appearance in *Perymedes' Tale of the Third Night's Exercise* not only of 'Melissa' and her cousin 'Angelica,' but of 'Brandamant' and 'Rosilius,' who at once suggest the Brandimart and Rosillion of *Orlando*.

[2] *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 96.

[3] Grosart, I. xxvi.

[4] See above, p. 404.

[5] Between 1584 and 1588 (see *Induction* to *Barth. Fayre*). Maybe as early as 1583–1587 (Schick, *Span. Trag.*).

[6] Note the frequent calls for "revenge"; and cf. the "Hamlet, revenge!" a cant phrase in 1588–89. Grosart gives reason for believing that the *Menaphon* first appeared before July, 1588 (*Greene*, I. 104). In the *Epistle* prefixed to it, Nashe ridiculed the *Hamlet*.

and other of Greene's productions during 1588 and 1589.[1] The resemblances to *Friar Bacon* not merely in diction, imagery, and allusion,[2] but in quality of verse, are numerous. In respect of this last the plays may be considered together since they are of a piece. They were apparently written within a year of each other, both with a view to presentation at Court.

4. The earliest impression of *The Honorable Historie of frier Bacon and frier Bongay* (as it was plaid by her Maiesties servants) is of 1594, and was printed for Edward White, in whose name (substituted for Adam Islip's, erased) it had been entered, S. R. May 14, of the same year.[3] The earliest record of its presentation is Henslowe's of 1591–92: "Rd at fryer bacone, the 19 of febrary, satterdaye . . . xvij^{s} iij.^{d}" The play is first in the list of those performed by "my Lord Strange's men"; but is not marked "new." It is, however, a drawing play: Strange's men act it about once every three weeks, between February 19 and May 6; and once a week, between the ensuing January 10 and January 30; while Queen's and Sussex act it twice in an engagement of a week beginning April 1, 1593–94. It must have preceded the anonymous play *Faire Em, the Miller's Daughter of Manchester*, which imitates it[4] — perhaps with ironic intent. Indeed, *Bacon* would seem to have been acted as much as twelve months before *Faire Em* appeared. For in Greene's Epistle (about the middle of 1591) prefixed to the *Farewell to Follie*, where he reproaches the imitating dramatist with general lack of invention and with profane borrowing from the Scriptures, he further twits him with having consumed "a whole year" in "enditing" his foolish and inartistic play.[5] That is to say, a whole year from the production of the play which it so evi-

[1] Cf. *O. F.* ll. 83, 84, with *Tullie's Love* (1589), "one orient margarite richer than those which Cæsar brought," etc.; and *O. F.* ll. 461, 462, with *N. T. L.* (published 1590): "If the Cobler hath taught thee to say *Ave Cæsar*."

[2] *E.g.*, Helen's "scape" — *O. F.* l. 176, *F. B.* VI. 32; "Gihon," etc. — *O. F.* l. 47, *F. B.* XVI. 66; "Demogorgon," etc. — *O. F.* ll. 1287, 1411, and *F. B.* XI. 108; "Mars's paramour" — *O. F.* l. 1545, *F. B.* XIII. 47.

[3] Arber's *Transcript*, II. 649.

[4] Bernhardi, Greene's *Leben u. Schriften*, p. 40; Storojenko in Grosart, I. 253. Cf. Greene's *Fair M., the Keeper's Daughter of Fresingfield*, "the proxy-wooing," etc.

[5] "O, tis a jollie matter when a man hath a familiar stile and can endite a whole yeare and never be behoiding to art? but to bring Scripture to prove anything he says . . . is no small piece of cunning." (Grosart, IX. 233.)

dently imitated. Now, what was the date of *Faire Em?* If, as Professor Schick[1] points out, its main source was Jacques Yvers's *Printemps d'Iver*, it would probably follow the fresh editions of that book of 1588 and 1589. And it did. I place its date between that of Greene's *Address to the Gentlemen Schollers* prefixed to the *Mourning Garment* and that of the *Address* prefixed to his *Farewell*. For in the former he undertakes to forestall, in general, the "fooles" who may "scoffe" at his repentance, and in the latter while he makes a show of ignoring the "asses" that "strike" at him (*i.e.* at his *Mourning Garment*) he specifies one "ass" who may be expected to flout his *Farewell*, viz., the author of *Faire Em*, — that being indicated by quotations. In other words the *Faire Em* is to be dated between November 2, 1590 (when the *Mourning Garment* was registered),[2] and the middle of 1591 (when the *Farewell* with this prefatory *Address*) appeared.[3] Since the "blasphemous rhetoricke" of *Faire Em* was well known when Greene criticised it, we may suppose that the play had been in existence since November or December, 1590. And if its author had been "a whole year enditing" this imitation of *Friar Bacon*, *Friar Bacon* must have been a notable play in November or December, 1589. But if *Englands Mourninge Gowne*, which was registered July 1, 1590, be Greene's *Mourning Garment* under another name,[4] then *Faire Em* may have appeared as early as July or August of the same year; and *Friar Bacon*, preceding *Faire Em* by a twelvemonth, might be dated July or August, 1589. Even if we do not strictly construe Greene's "whole year," we must allow some such opportunity for the vogue of *Friar Bacon*, and for the composition, presentation, and vogue of *Faire Em*, before the publication of Greene's retort in the 1591 edition of the *Farewell to Follie*. Hence the period between July and the end of 1589 will probably cover the production of *Friar Bacon*; but the latter limit might include the spring of 1590.

Mr. Fleay,[5] reasoning from the insertion of Greene's longer motto as colophon to the 1594 exemplar, places *Friar Bacon*

[1] *Spanish Tragedy*, Preface, xxvi.
[2] Arber, and Storojenko in Grosart, I. 119.
[3] Storojenko, as above, I. 235.
[4] Ward, *O. E. D.* cxix.
[5] For Mr. Fleay's arguments, see Ward's *O. E. D.* cxliii–cxliv.

earlier than the *Menaphon* (S. R. August 23, 1589), in which he says Greene's shorter motto[1] is first used. Of the validity of this test I am not convinced. Much more convincing is the argument based by the same indefatigable scholar upon a date suggested within the drama. St. James's Day, July 25, is mentioned (Sc. i.) as falling on a Friday. Mr. Fleay insists that in such cases dramatic authors used the almanac for the current year; and he shows that 1589 is the only year of such coincidence that will meet the conditions of this play. Since the attribution of the exact day of the week to a movable feast is more likely to follow than to precede the observance, I should regard July 25, 1589, as the limit before which the *Bacon* was not finished. Now, not only the eulogy of Elizabeth at the end, but the euphuistic and classical style of the play, shows that it was intended for presentation at court. The only dates within the limits above prescribed on which the Queen's men played before her Majesty were December 26, 1589, and March 1, 1590. I lean to the former, St. Stephen's Day, as that on which *Friar Bacon* was performed.

The relation of this play to *Dr. Faustus* throws additional light upon the question under discussion. We must first eliminate the assumption that Marlowe's "wall of brass"[2] was borrowed from *Friar Bacon*. The sources of the conception were common to both playwrights: the *Famous Historie of frier Bacon*, a story-book popular at the time, and "the tradition already borrowed from Giraldus Cambrensis by Spenser."[3] And it is evident that Marlowe drew the scene where Robin conjures with one of Faustus's books directly from the story-book, not at all from Greene's play.[4] I agree with Dr. Ward that Greene's play was suggested by Marlowe's, and that "it is hardly too great an assumption to regard Bacon's victory over Vandermast as a cheery outdoing by genuine English magic of the pretentious German article in which Faustus was the representative traveller." Greene's play is a romantic but

[1] Dropping the *qui miscuit*, etc.

[2] I. 86. See Ward, *O. E. D.*, and O. Ritter, *F. B. and F. B.* (*Diss.* Thorn, 1886).

[3] *F. Q.* III. 3. 10 (pub. 1590, but privately circulated as early as 1587).

[4] W. must be mistaken when he refers Scene xv. of *Bacon* to Chaps. XII., XIV., of the story-book. For the Miles of the play does no conjuring; and the devil who carries him off is the instrument of Bacon's vengeance.

humorous, sometimes burlesque, treatment of a theme like Marlowe's, but familiar to the audience, and attractive because domestic. It may, indeed, be surmised that some scenes in *Friar Bacon* are parodies of their pompous analogues in *Dr. Faustus*.[1] I think it has not been noticed that in the title of Greene's play we have a clue to his intention: the 'Honorable Historie' is in evident contrast with the 'Tragical Historie' of Dr. Faustus. For the word 'honorable' was not derived from the title of the story-book. That is a 'Famous Historie.' If he had acted in accordance with custom, Greene might have replaced 'famous' by 'comical,' to indicate the fortunate ending of his fable. No other drama that I know of, up to 1589, had been denominated an 'honorable' history. But, in this case, Greene had every provocation to emphasize the quality 'honorable.' For his purpose was to vaunt the superiority of the English magician above the tragically concluding German.

This consideration confirms the assignment of *Friar Bacon* to some time within a year after the production of *Dr. Faustus* (1588 *end* or 1589 *beginning*). So, also, the resemblances in style to Greene's other writings of that period. The love theme in *Friar Bacon* is similar to that in *Tullie's Love* (1589); the style is akin to that of *Orlando* (December, 1588). These two are also closely related as dramatic productions. The earlier, to be sure, confines itself more narrowly to the satirical intent, while the later aims in æsthetic respects, also, to surpass its Marlowan predecessor. It is, consequently, an improvement upon *Orlando* in construction and characterization. The dramatist is now working with free hand, and, for the first time in this field, employs the ease and invention for which, as a story-teller, he was already famous. In versification these two plays continue the methods of the *Looking-Glasse*; but the rhymed lines are sensibly fewer. In *Orlando* they appear at the end of the first half-dozen speeches; in *Friar Bacon* they are to seek. In both plays, about three-quarters of the verses avoid the singsong pause at the end of the second foot. In the *Orlando*, I should say that more than a third of the verses escape, in addition, the penthimimeral cæsura; in the *Friar Bacon*, almost a third.

[1] Cf. the summoning of Burden and his hostess with that of Alexander and his paramour.

The dodecasyllable with which Greene is experimenting in the interest of freedom, is somewhat frequent in both plays. For the reason already given, there is not so much prose as in the *Looking-Glasse*, perhaps only half as much. Still, of *Orlando*, one-fifth is written in prose, and of *Friar Bacon* nearly a fourth.

5. Storojenko[1] holds that *The Scottish Historie of James the Fourth* betrays a novel tendency toward native themes and simple style, and that, with *Bacon* and *The Pinner*, it furnished the model for Shakespeare's romantic comedies. Professor Brown, pointing out that *James IV.* is "among the first plays to have an acted prologue and interplay," thinks that Shakespeare followed Greene's example in the *Taming of the Shrew* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream;* and he groups *James IV.* with *The Pinner* and the *Looking-Glasse* as later than the three other plays of Greene, and free from their "alluring pedantry."[2] But we have already seen that the *Looking-Glasse* preceded both *Orlando* and *Bacon;* and I think it can be proved that *James IV.* followed them. The unique exemplar, printed by Creede, "as it hath bene sundrie times publikely plaide," is of 1598, and is probably a reprint of a lost edition of 1594.[3] Henslow makes no mention of the play; nor have we record of its acting. Storojenko conjectures some date after the summer of 1589 for its composition; Brown, some date between 1587 and 1592; Ward, about 1590; Fleay, after August 23, 1589,[4] because it uses the shorter motto (but elsewhere,[5] 1591 — probably in collaboration with Lodge).

The following observations will, I think, fix the limits as 1590–1591. Ida's lines, 270–279 in Act I., beginning "And weele I wot, I heard a shepheard sing,"[6] are a reminiscence of the *Heardgroome w^t his strawberrie lasse* in Peele's *Hunting of Cupid:* "What

[1] Grosart, I. 184.

[2] But Grosart (I. xxxvii.–xl.) appropriately recalls the preëxistence of the *Taming of a Shrew*. He queries the sequence, — *James IV.*, *M. N. D.*, — but without upsetting it.

[3] See Storojenko and Grosart as above; and in the *S. R.*, Creede, May 14, 1594.

[4] In Ward, *O. E. D.* cxliii.

[5] *Life of Shakesp.*, p. 309.

[6] *Continuing:* —

> "That like a Bee, *Love hath a little sting.*
> He *lurkes* in flowres, he pearcheth on the trees,
> He on king's pillowes, bends his *prettie* knees. . . ."

thing is love? for (wel I wot) love is a thing," etc.[1] Notice the recurrence in Drummond's version of the "weele I wot." The "shepheard" to whom Ida has reference is, of course, one of the swains of the *Hunting*, or Peele himself. The *Hunting* was not registered for printing till July 26, 1591; but then with the proviso "that if it be hurtful to any other copy before licensed . . this to be void." The proviso was frequently mere form, but it suggests that Greene may have drawn the verses from a manuscript copy, or from the public performance before July 26, 1591. I do not think that the *Hunting* was written very long before it was registered, because the atmosphere and phraseology are still fresh in Peele's mind when he writes his *Descensus Astrææ*, October, 1591. But it is interesting to note that there occurs a premonition or echo of these same verses on Love in Greene's *Mourning Garment*,[2] which had been registered in 1590, from eight to twelve months before the registration of the *Hunting*. We may, with reasonable latitude, assign the composition of the *Hunting* to the year 1590, and that of *James IV.* to a later date in proximity to that of Greene's *Mourning Garment* — say about July, 1590. Confirmation of this conclusion may be found in other resemblances of sentiment and style between *James IV.* and the *Mourning Garment*,[3] as well as in Dorothea's reference to the Irish wars, which may have

[1] *Continuing:* —

"It is a *pricke*, it is a *sting*,
It is a *prettie*, *prettie* thing.
It is a fire, it is a cole
Whose flame *creeps* in at everie hole. . . ."

This is the version of the Drummond Ms. fragment, which differs from the Rawlinson Ms. See Dyce, *Greene and Peele*, p. 603. Fainter resemblances might be cited.

[2] July 1 or November 2: —

"Ah, what is love? It is a prettie thing
As sweete unto a shepheard as a king."

— *The Shepheard's Wife's Song*, as in Dyce, p. 305.

Grosart's transcript of Q. 1616 (IX. 144) accidentally omits all but the last two lines of this song.

[3] Besides the frequent identity of tone, note such coincidences as *James IV.* l. 2669, 'aldertruest,' *M. G.* (Descript. of Sheph. and Wife), 'alderliefest,' an archaism found nowhere else in Greene, — but in the Folio of 2 *Henry VI.* l. 28 (prob. by Greene, Fleay, *Shakespeare*, p. 269). The sentiment of Philador's *Scrowle and Ode* in *M. G.* is a variant of the Ovidian precept of *James IV.* l. 1108.

been suggested by the contemporary rising in Fermanagh; for, since the suppression of Desmond, in 1583, there had been comparative quiet in Ireland. Though the play exhibits little of the affected style which Elizabeth demanded, it is courtly, and the graceful compliment to the queen and the (English) rose in the laudation of Dorothea's attributes, together with that heroine's forecast of a union between Scotland and England,[1] might indicate a view to court presentation, and a date of composition when such union was favourably contemplated. The further boast of Dorothea: —

> "Shall never Frenchman say an English maid
> Of threats of forraine force will be afraid," [2]

was doubtless intended for the ear of the virgin queen, who, in 1590 and 1591, was busily landing forces in France to thwart the schemes of her implacable enemies, the Guises. This play may, therefore, have been presented by Greene's company, at court, on December 26, 1590, or as one of their five performances during 1591.

The moral atmosphere is that of the penitential pamphlets; while the pictures of roguery coincide with those of the conycatching series. The portrayal of character is that of a mature dramatist; the plot is more skilfully manipulated than in *Friar Bacon*, and covers a larger canvas; but, though it smacks of the folk, it has hardly the simple domestic interest of that drama. Still, Ward calls it the happiest, Brown the most perfect, of Greene's plays; in fact, "the finest Elizabethan historical play outside of Shakespeare."

The versification of *James IV.* gives proof of a mature quality of experimentation. Because rhyme prevails, Collier assigned the play to Greene's earlier period; but the criterion is inconclusive. Though Greene conformed to the blank verse fashion as early as 1588, he made it clear, at the time, that he was no convert.[3] And, while in 1590–91 he recognizes the merits of a richer and more varied rhythm, he is not yet convinced that rhyme should be abandoned; in tender and gently romantic passages he counts it *utile* as well as *dulce*. Some of the scenes in which Ida and the queen figure are, accordingly, almost altogether rhymed. The rhythmical

[1] Lines 1575–1580, 2655–2699.
[2] Lines 1901–1902.
[3] *To the Gentlemen Readers* of *Perymedes*.

movement is, however, no less liberal than in *Orlando* and *Bacon*; the proportion of monotone and penthimimeral is as low; and as many as fifty per cent of the *cæsuræ* are lyrical. Fully one-quarter of the play is in prose.

Having a regard only to the unquestioned plays of Greene, we notice that his employment of dramatic prose dates from the association with Lodge in the *Looking-Glasse*; that his renunciation of rhyme was short-lived, and that its resumption did not hamper the freedom of rhythmical movement. In none of the later plays, however, is the verse so elastic as in his own dramatic portions of the *Looking-Glasse*. And there the mobility was probably due to a desire for contrast with the prophetic monologues.

Attributions. — Various other plays have, in whole or in part, been assigned to Greene; *A History of Jobe*,[1] not extant; part of *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*,[2] and of the *First and Second Parts of Henry VI.*;[2] *Fair Emm*[3] (with no show of reason), and others mentioned by Dyce; *Titus Andronicus*;[4] *The Pinner of Wakefield*, *Selimus*, and *A Knack to Know a Knave*.[5] We can consider only the last three.

1. The earliest extant exemplar of *George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield* is in the Duke of Devonshire's library. The author's name does not appear. But the printer, publisher, year, vignette, and motto (*Aut nunc aut nunquam*) are the same as on the title-page of the 1599 *Orlando*; and the same printer, Burbye, had, in 1592, published other works of Greene: the *Third Part of Conny-Catching* and *The Repentance*. These items do not, however, prove anything concerning the identity of the author. The play was entered to Burbye, April 1, 1595. We learn from the title-page that the Sussex company acted it; and Henslowe records five of these performances between December 29, 1593, and January 22, 1594. But, though the Sussex men soon afterwards twice assisted Greene's former company in the presentation of *Friar Bacon*, they

[1] *S. R.* 1594.

[2] Fleay, *Hist. Stage*, pp. 399, 400; *Life of Shakesp.*, p. 255 *et seq.* He guesses also *True Chron. Hist. of Leir*, *Valentine and Orson*, and *Robin Hood* (*Hist. Stage*, 89, 400).

[3] Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum*.

[4] Grosart in *Englische Stud.* XXII. (1896).

[5] See under 'Young Juvenall' below.

do not seem at this, or any previous period, to have owned any of the unquestioned plays of Robert Greene. Henslowe does not mark this one 'new,' and the dramatic contents give no indication of its date, save that one of the *dramatis personæ* refers to Tamberlaine.[1] No light is thrown upon the authorship by contemporary publications; and, as late as Kirkman's *Catalogue*, 1661, the play was still anonymous. It has been assigned to Greene on the manuscript evidence which has already been shown to be inconclusive.[2] In the last resort our decision must depend upon the detection of Greenian characteristics. Dr. Ward has observed that the play possesses "one of Greene's most attractive notes, — a native English freshness of colouring," — glimpses of which may also be had in *Friar Bacon* and *James IV.* This is true. The representation of the characters, manners, and speech of the middle and lower classes is such as might have contributed to Chettle's estimate of the dramatist, — "the only comedian of a vulgar writer in this country."[3] In the "plotting," also, of the play, no ordinary skill is evinced, and that is the "quality," says Nashe, wherein Greene was master of his craft.[4] The material is a popular story, like the material of *Friar Bacon.* One of the incidents, indeed, existed not only in the popular story, but in the experience of Robert Greene as well.[5] The rhetorical style here and there affords an inkling of this "very supporter" of native comedy: a word that seems to be his,[6] a phrase or trick of the tongue,[7] a figure or two,[8] occasionally a bejewelled verse,[9] and once, at least, a sentiment, —

> "The sweet content of men that live in love
> Breeds fretting humours in a restless mind."

But in Greene's undoubted productions the Greenian attributes are not so far to seek: the curious imagery, the precious visualizing, the necromantic monstrous toys. With his brocaded rhetoric fancy

[1] Line 48.
[2] Page 401, above.
[3] *Kind Harts Dreame*, 1592.
[4] *Have with You*, etc., 1596.
[5] Making "the apparriter eate his citation," *Strange Newes*, etc., 1592.
[6] Dumps, affects, quaint, fair (for *beauty*), vail, bonnet (but the last two come from the prose romance).
[7] "Why, who art thou?" "Why, I am George," etc.
[8] "Painting my outward passions," ll. 311–312.
[9] Bonfield to Bettris, ll. 215–226.

is captivated and judgment disarmed. He gluts each appetite in turn with 'semblances,' — rare, remote, and meretricious. His silks are gay with 'sparks' and margarites, redolent of sandalwood and spice, stiff with oriental gold. They rustle richly on the ear. The atmosphere is sense idealized; the melody, a bell. I do not find these earmarks in *The Pinner;* nor the coloured negligence of Greene, the studied, off-hand blush, the conscious affectation of unconscious art. Of such devices *James IV.*, indeed, is by no means compact; but, in its first fifth, there are four or five times as many references to the foreign, the historical, astrological, mythical, as in all *The Pinner*. The three or four classical allusions in *The Pinner* are stark. But Greene's employment of the mythological is never unattractive; it is *sui generis*. It has always a quiddity of the indirect, the unexpected: a relish of distinction. These bald "Cæsars" and "Helenas" of *The Pinner* are not Greene. On the contrary, we come across many words, fashions of prose dictions and comic devices, that savour of Lodge as we know him in the *Civill War* and the *Looking-Glasse*, and suspect him in *Mucedorus*. The conversations are sometimes reminiscent of Greene; but, on the whole, they fail of his humorous indirection and his craft.

The verse is so vilely divided in the original that even after Dyce's attempt at reconstruction, no basis for conclusive attribution of authorship is available. Prose forms a large proportion; indeed, it looks as if the author were trying to see how near prose he might come without ceasing to produce unrhymed pentameters. Fragmentary lines, dodecasyllables, feminine endings, and rhetorical pauses abound. These last are to me more suggestive of Greene's association with the play than is any other feature; for more than once or twice they yield the genuinely Greenian rhythm.[1] If Greene had a hand in *The Pinner*, the metrical style would fix its date just before or after *James IV.* It has the ease and variety of *Bacon*, but is as signal an experiment in conversational blank verse as was *James IV.* in rhymed dramatic; and it is a fairly successful experiment.

2. *The Firt Part of the Tragicall Raigne of Selimus* (Creede, 1594) has been reclaimed for Greene by Dr. Grosart, principally on the

[1] As described in my *Appendix* to *Friar Bacon*.

evidence of *England's Parnassus* (1600) which assigns to Greene two passages taken from *Selimus*.[1] For Dr. Grosart's presentation of the case the reader may be referred to the Introduction to his edition of Greene.[2] It is worthy of the most careful study. Dr. Ward after examining the interval evidence decides adversely to Dr. Grosart's results.[3] The following additional considerations incline me to the same decision. The weight of the evidence depends, not upon the number of passages from *Selimus* assigned by Allott to Greene, but upon the style of each passage. In the *Parnassus*, Allott has assigned to Greene passages from other works, which do not belong to him; two, for instance, which have been traced to Spenser. If the passages from *Selimus* on *Delaie* and *Damocles* have not Greene's characteristic, then twenty such assignments do not prove that he wrote *Selimus*. They would more logically prove that the collector, in this as in other cases, is an uncertain guide. Now there is no trace, not the faintest, of Greene's diction, sentiment, poetic quality, or rhythmical form, in the tintinnabulation of the *Delaie*, or the platitude of the *Damocles*. And so throughout the play. Neither the defects nor the merits appear to me to be Greene's. Many of the lines are, indeed, resonant, scholarly, and strong, but not in Greene's quality. If the play were written by Greene, it could not have been written later than the *Alphonsus:* stanzaic form, and the crudities of rhythm, diction, and technique determine that; nor, on the other hand, could it have been written earlier than the *Alphonsus*, for with *Alphonsus* Greene *began* "to treat of bloody Mars." It is not incumbent upon me to find an author for *Selimus*, but I think that the probabilities indicate Lodge (*circa* 1586–87). It has perhaps not been noted that Bullithrumble's lines (1955–1958) about godfathers are duplicated by Lodge's Alcon in the *Looking-Glasse* (l. 1603); and that the parlance of Bullithrumble is paralleled by Curtall and Poppey in Lodge's *Civill War* (*circa* 1587). The dogberryisms, clipped words, and inverted phrases of the same character are of a piece also with those of Mouse in *Mucedorus*,[4] —

[1] On *Delaie*, ll. 503–509; on *Damocles*, ll. 853–857.
[2] In Vol. I. of *Greene's Works*, and in the *Temple Dramatists*.
[3] *Hist. E. D. L.* Vol. I.
[4] Lines 1980–1983 of *Selimus* are reproduced in *Mucedorus* (H. Dods. VII. 214).

a play which has indeed so many of the idiosyncrasies that mark the *Civill War* that Mr. Fleay is not without warrant in conjecturing the authorship of Lodge. It should in addition be remarked that several of the expressions which Dr. Grosart finds in *Selimus*, and considers to be peculiarly Greene's, are to be found in the *Civill War* and the *Mucedorus;* and that some non-Greenian characteristics of the *Selimus* appear in one or the other of these plays. The "to-fore," for instance, which Dr. Grosart marks as Greenian in *Selimus* occurs four times in *Mucedorus* alone. The blank verse of the *Selimus* finds its parallel in that of the *Civill War;* so, also, the quaint stanzaic form, and the apparently Greenian moralizing on 'content'[1] (ll. 2049–2053). And conversely, the profound and easeful soliloquies and serious imagery of the *Civill War* are nearer akin to those of the *Selimus* than to anything of Greene's.

3. 'Young Juvenall' and the 'Comedie lastly writ.'—"With thee" says Greene to Marlowe in the *Groatsworth*, "I joyne young Juvenall, that byting satirist, that lastly with mee together writ a comedie. Sweete boy, might I advise thee," etc. Simpson and Grosart disprove the conjecture[2] that the play was the *Looking-Glasse* and the 'Juvenal,' Lodge: The *Looking-Glasse* had not been lately written; the epithet 'Juvenal' did not at any time apply to Lodge; nor would Greene, in 1592, have called him a "sweete boy" as he calls this fellow-dramatist, for Lodge, born 1557, was thirty-five at the time and older than Greene by three years. It is argued that 'Juvenal' was Nashe as follows: Nashe was already proficient in satire; he had, between 1589 and 1592, published half a dozen pasquinades which had met with immediate success; he calls himself and is called by others 'Pasquil' or 'Aretine' or the 'railing Nashe'; and Meres in 1598 addresses him as "gallant young Juvenal" and mentions him with Greene among the "best writers of comedie." It must also be remembered that Nashe was 'young'—not quite twenty-five in 1592—"and that a difference of seven years made him a 'sweete boy' in Greene's regard."[3] To these considerations

[1] Cf. *Civ. W.*, H. Dods. VII. 137, 147, 187, 192–193.

[2] Cf. Dyce, Malone, Fleay.

[3] Grosart, *Greene*, I. pp. lvii–lxv, who quotes Simpson, *Greene on Nashe*, Academy, 11th April, 1874, and Symonds, *Predecessors of Shakespeare*, p. 574. Of this opinion are also Farmer, Staunton, and Ward.

I add the following: First,—Chettle feigning a letter[1] from the dead poet to Nashe (*Robert Greene to Pierce Pennilesse*), makes Greene use almost the epithet of the *Groatsworth*, "Awake, *secure boy*, revenge thy wrongs." It may be surmised that the older poet was in the way of thus affectionately terming the younger, and that Chettle, who had edited the *Groatsworth*, had the pamphlet in mind when he conceived this letter. Second,—The pains taken by Nashe, in his *Strange Newes*, to disclaim anything like continuous companionship are occasioned by the fact that he and Greene had "lastly" been "together." He writes, in September, 1592, "Since first I knewe him [Greene] about towne, I have beene two yeares together and not seene him."[2] The "first" refers to 1588–89 when Nashe was championing Greene's *Menaphon* and scoring Greene's rivals in *The Anatomie*. The "two yeares" bring us to 1591, when he was engaged with Greene in the controversy with the Harveys[3] which he here recounts with such detail as to indicate no slight acquaintance with Greene's motives and movements at the time. In that year appeared Nashe's *Astrological Prognostication*, and in the next, Greene's *Quip*, both bearing upon the subject on hand. We may infer that the revival of their literary association was connected with the 'canvazing' of the rope-maker's sons.[4] Greene's concluding counsel is such as we should expect him to give the 'young Juvenall' with whom he had lately engaged against a common enemy.[5] Nashe informs us also that he had occasionally, of late, caroused with the poet and that he was present at that "banquet of Rhenish and pickled herrings" from which Greene took his death.[6] Third,—When Dekker, some fifteen years later, tells in his *Knight's Conjuring* of the habitants of the "Fieldes of Joye," he introduces Nashe as one of that group which is exclusively restricted to the poets, and the editor, of Greene's *Groatsworth*. "Marlow, Greene, and Peele," writes he, "had got under the shades of a large vyne

[1] In *Kind Harts Dreame*, 1592.

[2] *Strange Newes*, Sig. L. 4.

[3] *Ibid.*, Sig C. 2, 3.

[4] See *Saffron Walden* (1596), Sig. V. 2.

[5] "Blame not schollers [the Harveys?] vexed with sharpe lines if they reprove thy too much libertie of reproofe." Grosart, xii. 143, *Groatsw.*

[6] *Strange Newes*, Sig. H. and E. 4.

laughing to see Nash [the favourite of the group, and even yet the 'sweete boy'] that was but newly come to their colledge, still haunted with the sharpe and satyricall spirit that followed him heere upon earth. . . ." And why there? He had "shorten'd his dayes by keeping company with pickle-herring" [many another night, no doubt, than that of August, 1592, with Will Monox and Ro. Greene, — but that night persisted]. And with what do they greet him? "How [do] poets and players agree *now?*" A precise *Groatsworth* issue to which Nashe responds in proper *Groatsworth* phrase, with echo as well from his Preface to the *Menaphon*, and with a parting fling at Harvey.[1] Then, as if to round out the company, there enters Kind Hart, a-puffing, — Chettle, himself, the conservator of the 'Colledge.' Thus Dekker the contemporary of the *Groatsworth* group fixes the identity of its 'Juvenall' on earth and under. And the 'comedie' was writ in 1591 or the first half of 1592.

But it is not easy to determine its name. A plea might be made for *Summer's Last Will and Testament*,[2] on certain counts of R. W.'s diatribe in *Martine Marsixtus*,[3] but I doubt whether it would convince. Simpson thinks that the 'comedie' was not improbably *A Knack to Know a Knave*, which had been acted as new, June 10, 1592. Fleay,[4] however, asserts that there is not the slightest ground for this conjecture; and Grosart[5] is sure that "no one who reads *A Knack* can possibly find in it one line from either Greene or Nashe." I shall not undertake to prove that Mr. Simpson was right: it must, however, be observed that the subject of *A Knack* was not foreign to the genius of Nashe; that two of the char-

[1] "Ocnus, that makes ropes in hell" — who in truth survived them all.

[2] Privately acted between July 27 and August 21, 1592, at Croydon. Fleay, *H. S.* p. 78.

[3] "What publishing of frivolous and scurrilous prognostications, as if Will Summers were again revived," etc. "And yet *they* shame not to subscribe 'By a graduate in Cambridge' '*In Artibus Magister.*' . . . *They* are the Pharisees of our time," etc. Note the plural. But though Nashe had revived Will Somers in the *L. W. and T.*, though he was entitled to subscribe himself "Graduate in C.," as Greene had done, and though Greene is the *A.M.* and intended "Pharisee," etc., the "scurrilous prognostications" and the other earmarks are hard to find in *L. W. and T.*, as we have it. The "lute-string" passage (Dods. IX. 22) recalls Thrasybulus' remarks in *Lk.-Gl.* Sc. v.; but that scene is probably by Lodge, and Nashe himself parallels the passage more closely in *Christ's Tears* (1593).

[4] *Life of Shakesp.*, p. 109.

[5] *Greene*, I. lxii.

acters, the satirical commentator and the Welshman, have their counterparts in his *Summer's Last Will;* and that Greene had with godly intent written up and published the whole truth about knaves and 'coosnage' only within the past year and a half. As for the plot, it may have no analogue in Nashe's works, but in one[1] at least of its threads it parallels *Friar Bacon*, and in another[2] the *Looking-Glasse;* and four or five of its situations[3] reproduce peculiarities and language of those plays. As for the speeches, though more than one is reminiscent of Greene's *rococo*,[4] the style is more like that of the *Last Will.* To be sure there are *septenarii* in the *Knack*, and none in the *Will;* but the blank verse, such as it is, might readily have been chipped from Nashe; so also the short irregular rhymed lines, and much of the prose. The vocabulary is not unlike his. Nashe might have been capable of the classical excrescences; Greene certainly was not. These coincidences are, of course, merely suggestive. For me they indicate possibly that if Greene had no hand in the play, some one who lacked his touch and most of his cunning has freely plundered him;[5] and that, if he had an interest in the play, it was limited to the suggestion of plot and treatment. Nashe may have thrown the material into shape. It is a small matter, but perhaps worth recording, that the *Knack* calls itself "a most pleasant and merie new *Comedie*," that Greene calls the play "lastly writ" a 'comedie,' and that no other play connected with his name save the doubtful *Pinner* is so described. Also that the date of the *Knack* accords with the conditions: it was played

[1] Cf. *Kn.* (H. Dods. 514) with *F. B.*, Sc. i. 155, "the vicarious wooing."

[2] Cf. *Kn.*, Episode of Philarchus, with *Lk.-Gl.*, that of Radagon.

[3] Cf. the sequel of the vicarious wooing in *Kn.* with that in *F. B.;* Smith and Cobbler, *Kn.* (p. 566), "God of our occupation . . . cuckold," with same conversation, *Lk.-Gl.*, Sc. ii. 254–255; Thankless son, *Kn.* (p. 523), "Thou hast been fostered," etc., with *Lk.-Gl.*, Sc. viii. 1247; *Kn.* (p. 523), "disdain . . . want," with *Lk.-Gl.* 1273; *Kn.* (p. 526), "Mother's curse . . . hated," etc., with *Lk.-Gl.*, l. 1275. Resemblances to Lodge's lines are: Usurer, *Kn.* (pp. 548–549), and *Lk.-Gl.*, Scs. iii. v.; *Kn.*, "My house . . . goods," and *Lk.-Gl.* iii. 419, "My cow," etc.

[4] Cf. *Kn.* (H. Dods. VI. 514), Ethenwald's "to show your passions . . . fairer than the dolphin's eye," etc., to the end, and (H. Dods. VI. 562) Ethenwald's "purpled main . . . wanton love," etc., and (p. 570) Alfrida's "Beset with orient pearl," etc., with *F. B.*, Sc. viii. ll. 26, 50–73.

[5] On this basis, I see something to be said in favour of Mr. Fleay's conjecture of Wilson, but not of *Peele* and Wilson.

about two months before the *Groatsworth* was begun, and by a company that then was acting three dramas known to be Greene's.

Friar Bacon: Stage History and Materials. — The position of Greene's plays in the history of English comedy is indicated in Professor Woodberry's article. The play here under discussion was acted with some frequency between 1591 and 1594, sometimes at important seasons, always with fair attendance, and occasionally with large profits. It was performed at court as late as 1602, and was occasionally revived under James I. and Charles I.[1]

The necromantic theme with its instruments, the characters primarily concerned (Bacon, Bungay, Vandermast, Miles), and the catastrophes connected with the 'wonderfull glasse,' *i.e.* the materials for Scenes ix., xi., xiii., are derived from *The Famous Historie of Frier Bacon*, already mentioned — "a popular story-book probably written toward the end of the sixteenth century, and founded upon accretions of the legendary history of Roger Bacon."[2] The same source afforded also the suggestion of Scenes ii. and vi. — the exposure of Burden's intrigue and the interrupted wedding. The romantic theme, its characters and incidents, and the enveloping action are of Greene's devising. What slight resemblance the last bears to history need not here be recapitulated. For that, and for the literary career of the magical devices, the readers may consult the admirable summaries of Ward[3] and Ritter, to which I have nothing to add save that there exists a prior suggestion of the 'head of brass,' in English drama, in the *Conflict of Conscience*, III. iii. 5, and, in the same play, an instance of the 'crystal clear' or 'gladsome glass.' The latter might seem, indeed, to be anticipated by the 'Glass of Reson' in Redford's *Wyt and Science*, but that is a different thing. The 'glass prospective' is adapted in *Friar Bacon* to a species of stage business which is unique: the *scene beside a scene*, — a device

[1] Fleay, *Life of Shakesp.*, and in Ward's *O. E. D.*, p. cxliv.

[2] Born 1214; student at Oxford and Paris; Franciscan at Oxford; because of his mathematical and philosophical lore suspected of necromancy and forbidden to lecture; imprisoned 1278–1292; died 1294. See Ward, *O. E. D.*, xxi–xxiv.

[3] *O. E. D.*, pp. 207–210; O. Ritter, *De Rob. Greeni Fabula 'F. B. and B.'* The summoning of shades occurs in the *Odyssey* and 1 Sam. 28. 7. Magical images were made by Vergil, the Enchanter; the Brazen H. speaks in Valent. and Orson. The wall of brass is found in Gir. Cambrensis, and Spenser. The Speculum is assigned to Cæsar, and the Enchanter, Vergil. See also Chaucer and Spenser.

essentially distinct from the play within the play. While the persons to whom we owe the disclosure of this parallel scene are no less surprised thereby than are we, the persons of the scene disclosed not only vitally affect the main action by the unaffected pursuit of their own interests, but incidentally present the fact that is stranger than fiction. To the double illusion of the play concocted within a play, this impromptu enlistment of nature in the ranks of art adds the illusion of unconscious drama. Moreover, in the glass prospective scenes, the piquancy of the preternatural is surpassed by that of the natural; the artless eclipses the artificial, and the result is an artistic irony. And, after all, these scenes beside the scene are but the dear device of eavesdropping purged of the keyhole and the sneak. They are not the strategic contrivance of the inner play of the *Spanish Tragedy* or *Hamlet*, nor a mere mechanism for diversion as in *James IV.* and *Midsummer Night*, nor an episode as in *Love's Labor*, nor a substitute for the initial movement like the play within the *Old Wives' Tale*, but a something that combines qualities from each. The parallel scene is at the same time its own *raison d'être*, and a reflex of its principal which it multiplies and raises to a higher power.

The *motif* — the wooing by proxy — is, of course, as ancient as the Arthuriad, and as modern as Miles Standish; indeed, older and younger yet. This appearance precedes, however, several other dramatic instances, such as those of *Faire Em*, the *Knack*, and, I believe, *1 Henry VI.* There are likewise to be found precursors of Edward's renunciation, as in the *Campaspe*, and later instances, as in the *Knack* and other plays. The apparently motiveless abandonment of Peggy is, however, a novelty, and uniquely handled; a capital instance of 'comic' irony, invested with solemnity, and introduced with a wink.

Dramatic Construction. — The pedant might find it easy to break this plot upon a wheel; but the plot is none the less a dramatic success. It may be that the climax is reached too soon; but the scene is none the less effective for its suddenness and in its consequence. The sham desertion exists merely because Greene was put to it, after his climax, to string out the romantic interest. In itself it is an absurdity, but a delicious absurdity; and, unsympa-

thetic as we may be with the mediæval test of constancy, the event somehow suffices, — perhaps because it unfolds phases of Margaret's character which owe their witchery to their unlikelihood. It may be said that the title thread is, for us, of secondary interest; but such a judgment would by no means hold true of an Elizabethan audience. That, indeed, would delight in the necromantic 'business,' with its elements of sensation and amaze, its contribution to 'humours,' and its intermittent influence upon plot. It may be said that the intersection of the threads is not of necessity, but of external agency; that the tragic minor motive is imported, and the enveloping action thin. But why measure the beautiful by rule of thumb? The quality here is *sui generis*, residing in scenes rather than fable — scenes idyllic, spectacular, amusing, so ordered that movement shall be continuous and interest unflagging. The interest is not primarily of character or solution; it proceeds from the pageant: and the continuity from the manager. Greene, the story-teller, has suborned Greene, the *impresario;* there results this panel-romance, a drama of the picturesque. On no previous occasion had sentimental, comic, sensational, mysterious, sublime, and tragic been so blended upon an English background for a comedy of English life. This was something novel for the pit; a spectacle kaleidoscopic, rapid, innocuous; a heart-in-the-mouth ecstasy, a circus of many rings. How artistically it was contrived appears when one considers the sequence and grouping of the scenes. These fall into series, which happen to be five in number; but to indicate them as acts in the text might impair the charade-like simplicity of the show. The series are: *First*, Scenes i.–iv., four groups and four environments, the material of all future combinations of scene and sensation: the courtiers on the country side — chivalric and idyllic; the doctors and the colleges — scholastic, necromantic; the country folk and their fair — pastoral, romantic; the royal residence and the court — spectacular; time, about two days. *Second*, Scenes v.–vii., Oxford: street, cell, and regent-house — the riotous, magical, romantic, and spectacular; apparently the day after Scene i., but actually some two days. *Third*, Scenes viii.–x., the next day: country, college, and country again — romance, black art, peril, and pathos. *Fourth*, Scenes xi.–xiii., sixty days later; college, court,

and college — magic, majesty, and collapse of the supernatural. *Fifth*, Scenes xiv.–xvi., the next day: country, college, and court — mock heroics and the pastoral, burlesque of the supernatural, the smile of royalty, and *couleur de rose*. Throughout, the action is sustained, the crises are frequent, the reversals of fortune unexpected and absorbing, the suspense sufficient.

In spite of the author's efforts to make a prig of Margaret, and in spite of all disparity between her station and her style, the "lovely star of Fressingfield" shines first and fairest of her daughters in English comedy, — of country wenches born to conquer. Innocent, coy, standing upon her "honest points," she is neither unsophisticated nor crude — but a perilous coquette. In wit, yielding not to the Lincoln earl, and in diplomacy one too many for the prince, she hardly needs to warn them or us that she has had lords for lovers before. "Stately in her stammell red," she toys with Edward, for whom she doesn't care; but his deputy-lover she corners at first chance, and it is then "marriage or no market" with this maid. She outplays the irate Prince of Wales by sheer loyalty to his rival: "'Twas I, not Lacy, stept awry;" and if her lover be to fall, she will join him "in one tomb." When it comes to Lacy's desertion of her, the dramatist fills her mouth with piety, but the girl bubbles through. As between the convent and the court she vastly prefers the latter, and her farewell to the world is eloquent of gowns. In spite of the pother with which she welcomes "base attire," her "flesh is frayle"; and when her lover, with "enchanting face," comes riding back, and the "wedding-robes are in the tailor's hands," it doesn't take Peggy long to decide between "God or Lord Lacy." In simple dignity she is most like her Greenian sisters, Ida and Angelica. But she is also the predecessor of many a heroine not so simple as men have thought: of Alfrida in the *Knack*, Bridget in *Every Man in his Humour*, Harriet in the *Man of Mode*, Dorinda in the *Beaux' Stratagem*, Lucinda in the *Conscious Lovers*. As for her lover, his type is that of Alfrida's Ethenwald, more manly to be sure than he, but lacking leagues of what a Lacy should have been. Even the *Post* is at pains to apologize for him. Still, Lacy excels his master — an ordinary Lothario of the purple, noised abroad as generous, admired of his associates and his

dramatic creator, but of unregal stuff. In reality, Edward is less magnanimous than his counterpart in Lyly's play. If he appears more ready than Alexander was to yield his victim, it is only because a keeper's daughter and a princess are "sisters under the skin." The Castile Elinor awaits him: Edward is as moral as a jelly-fish; and a swap of mistresses is no hardship. The characterization of Warren and Ermsbie, though but a score of lines, is clear-cut. Blunt Anglo-Saxons they are, prompt with the sword, with women dubious — a complementary pair. Also complementary are the fools — one of the court, the other of the home: Rafe the jester, Miles the blunderer; the latter halfway between vice and clown. Like the clown, he stimulates progress by the spur of his stupidity; like the vice, he jogs without concern to his predestined place. With Longtongue and Ragan he is of the kin of disputatious servants, a brother to Greene's Jenkin, Adam, and Slipper, and, like the last two, a "philosopher of toast and ale." Lentulo of the *Rare Triumphs* was an ancient relative of his, and, like him, educated in that school whence later proceeded the Dogberrys and their cousins german — Poppey, Curtall, and Mouse. This is the stock and discipline that Kemp's Gothamites bewray when their tongues blossom into counsel.

Previous Editions and the Present Text. — The first quarto is White's, of 1594. The copy in the British Museum (C. 34, c. 37) lacks all after 44 from the words, "for to pleasure" (xv. 49); that in the Duke of Devonshire's library "lacks a leaf between A 3 and B, and one at end" (Grosart). Dyce, Ward, and Grosart mention a reprint of 1599; but I do not find it in B. M. or the Bodleian. The quarto which Dr. Ward supposes to be of 1599 (viz. Malone 226 in the Bodleian) is exactly like the 1630 quarto, except that it lacks the title-page and is badly clipped. The attribution to 1599 seems to rest upon (1) Malone's Ms. note on the fly-leaf of 1630 quarto (Bodl. Malone, 227): "See the edit. of 1599 in Vol. 69," and (2) the hand-written date, 1599 (probably, also, by Malone) on the upper right-hand corner of the first page of the quarto contained in the volume 69, which is the Malone 226 mentioned above. But that Malone 226 and 227 should be respectively of 1599 and 1630 and, nevertheless, identical, would be odd; especially when we

remember that the copyright had been transferred from Mrs. White to Mrs. Aldee in 1624, and that Mrs. Aldee's publication of 1630 was a fresh edition "as it was lately plaid by the Prince Palatine his servants." I think that the supposed 1599 copy is of 1630. The 1630 edition (another copy of which is in B. M.) varies considerably from the original of 1594. The copyright passed into Oulton's hands in 1640, and in 1655 a new edition appeared. Modern issues are those of Dodsley, Dyce, Ward, and Grosart (Do., Dy., W., G.), the last of which, alone, retains the original forms, those of the Chatsworth, 1594. The present edition follows the B. M. quarto of 1594, and, when that ends, Grosart's (Huth Library) reprint of the Chatsworth. Variations in the 1630 quartos (Malone) have been indicated in the footnotes. Q 1 stands for ed. 1594, Q 3 for 1630, Q 4 for 1655.

Since most of the emendations made by preceding editors plead as their excuse the metrical irregularity of the quartos, I have found it necessary to justify my retention of the original text, by an explanation of Greene's metrical practice in this play. This *apologia*, which, in some degree, applies to all of his plays, will be found in the Appendix. We should, perhaps, be troubled with fewer emendations of the Elizabethan drama if we could bring ourselves to believe that playwrights regulated their rhythms more frequently than is supposed, by dramatic and rhetorical conditions of utterance; and that the plays of the sixteenth century were not written in the eighteenth.

Charles Mills Gayley.

SCROLL ORNAMENTATION

THE HONORABLE HISTORIE

of frier Bacon, and frier Bongay.

As it was plaid by her Maieſties ſeruants.

Made by *Robert Greene* Maiſter of Arts.

SCROLL ORNAMENTATION

VIGNETTE

SCROLL ORNAMENTATION

LONDON,

Printed for Edward White, and are to be ſold at his ſhop, at the little North dore of Poules, at the ſigne of the Gun. 1594.

The Persons of the Play[1]

King HENRY *the Third.*
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his Sonne.*
EMPEROUR OF GERMANIE.
KING OF CASTILE.
NED LACIE, *Earle of Lincoln.*
JOHN WARREN, *Earle of Sussex.*
WILL ERMSBIE, *a Gentleman.*
RAPHE SIMNELL, *the Kings Foole.*
Frier BACON.
MILES, *Frier Bacons poore Scholer.*
Frier BUNGAY.
JAQUES VANDERMAST, *a Germaine.*
BURDEN, *Doctor of Oxford and Maister of Brazennose.*
MASON, CLEMENT } *Doctors of Oxford.*
LAMBERT, SERLSBY } *Gentlemen.*
Two Schollers, Their Sonnes.
The KEEPER of *Fresingfield.*
Thomas, *Richard* } *Farmers Sonnes.*
Constable, Post, Lords, Countrie Clownes, etc.

ELINOR, *Daughter to Castile.*
MARGRET, *the Keepers daughter of Fresingfield.*
JONE, *a Farmers daughter.*
The HOSTESSE *at Henly, Mistresse of the Bell.*

A DEVILL, *and a* FIEND *like* HERCULES ; *a* DRAGON *shooting fire ; etc.*

[1] Not in Qtos.

THE HONOURABLE

Historie of Frier Bacon

[Scene First.[1] *In, or near, Fremingham*]

Enter PRINCE EDWARD[2] *malcontented, with* LACY *earle of Lincoln,* JOHN WARREN *earle of Sussex, and* ERMSBIE *gentleman:* RAPH SIMNELL *the kings foole.*

Lacie. Why lookes my lord like to a troubled skie,
When heavens bright shine is shadow'd with a fogge?
Alate[3] we ran the deere, and through the lawndes
Stript[4] with our nagges the loftie frolicke bucks
That scudded fore the teisers[5] like the wind:
Nere was the deere of merry Fresingfield
So lustily puld down by jolly mates,
Nor sharde the farmers such fat venison,
So franckly dealt, this hundred yeares before;
Nor have[6] I seene my lord more frolicke in the chace;
And now[7] — changde to a melancholie dumpe?
Warren. After the prince got to the keepers lodge,
And had been jocand in the house awhile,
Tossing of[8] ale and milke in countrie cannes:

[1] Scenes not numbered in Qtos. Localities as indicated by W., in general accepted. Framlingham and Fressingfield, — "Suffolke side." Sc. iv. 33. [2] Q 1, 'Edward *the first.*'
[3] Of late. Cf. *Ep.* to *Farewell to Folly* (S. R. 1587). [4] Outstripped.
[5] Hounds that roused and teased the game. Cf. *Play of Wether*, ll. 292–293.
[6] 'Nor have,' Dy. and W., separate line; but Qtos., a senarius as here. For metres see Appendix; for this *D.* 3 *b.*
[7] Qtos. and eds. : no dash, but period after 'dumpe.' Appendix *C*, 1 *b.*
[8] Dy. and W., 'off.'

Whether it was the countries sweete content, 1
Or els the bonny damsell fild us drinke
That seemd so stately in her stammell[1] red,
Or that a qualme did crosse his stomacke then, —
But straight he fell into his passions.

Ermsbie. Sirra Raphe, what say you to your maister, 2
Shall he thus all amort[2] live malecontent?

Raphe. Heerest thou, Ned? — Nay, looke if hee will speake t
me!

Edward. What sayst thou to me, foole?

Raphe. I preethee, tell me, Ned, art thou in love with the keeper
daughter? 2

Edward. How if I be, what then?

Raphe. Why, then, sirha, Ile teach thee how to deceive Love.

Edward. How, Raphe?

Raphe. Marrie sirha Ned, thou shalt put on my cap and m
coat and my dagger,[3] and I will put on thy clothes and thy sword
and so thou shalt be my foole. 3

Edward. And what of this?

Raphe. Why, so thou shalt beguile Love; for Love is such
proud scab, that he will never meddle with fooles nor children. I
not Raphes counsel good, Ned? 3

Edward. Tell me, Ned Lacie, didst thou marke the mayd,
How lively[4] in her country-weedes she lookt?
A bonier wench all Suffolke cannot yeeld: —
All Suffolke! nay, all England holds none such. 4

Raphe. Sirha Will Ermsby, Ned is deceived.

Ermsbie. Why, Raphe?

Raphe. He saies all England hath no such, and I say, and Il
stand to it, there is one better in Warwickshire.

[1] A coarse woollen cloth; cf. *Eastw. Hoe* "stammel petticoat," in contempt. He
apparently of the kind of red; so, perhaps, Alleyn's Inventory (Collier's *Mems. of E. A*
Shakesp. Soc. 1841) "A stammel cloke with gould lace."

[2] *à la mort*, dejected. So, also, Fortunatus in *Wily Beguiled* "Why, how now, Sophos
all amort?" (Hawkins, *Orig. Eng. Drama*, 3:358); *Old Wives' Tale*, l. 1.

[3] Probably a survival of the Vice's weapon of lath.

[4] Dy., G., W., 'lovely.' But Q 3, which in many other particulars corrects Q
retains 'lively'; so Do.

Warren. How proovest thou that, Raphe?

Raphe. Why, is not the abbot a learned man, and hath red many bookes, and thinkest thou he hath not more learning than thou to choose a bonny wench? yes, I warrant thee, by his whole grammer.

Ermsby. A good reason, Raphe.

Edward. I tell the[e], Lacie, that her sparkling eyes
Doe lighten forth sweet Loves alluring fire;
And in her tresses she doth fold the lookes
Of such as gaze upon her golden haire;
Her bashfull white, mixt with the mornings red,
Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheekes;
Her front is Beauties table,[1] where she paints
The glories of her gorgious excellence;
Her teeth are shelves of pretious margarites,
Richly enclosed with ruddie curroll cleves.[2]
Tush, Lacie, she is Beauties overmatch,
If thou survaist her curious imagerie.[3]

Lacie. I grant, my lord, the damsell is as faire
As simple Suffolks homely towns can yeeld:
But in the court be quainter[4] dames than she,
Whose faces are enricht with honours taint,[5]
Whose bewties stand upon the stage of fame,
And vaunt their trophies in the Courts of Love.

Edw. Ah, Ned, but hadst thou watcht her as my self,
And seene the secret bewties of the maid,
Their courtly coinesse were but foolery.

Ermsbie. Why, how watcht you her, my lord?

Edward. When as she swept like Venus through the house,—
And in her shape fast foulded up my thoughtes,—
Into the milkhouse went I with the maid,
And there amongst the cream-boles she did shine
As Pallace 'mongst her princely huswiferie:
She turnd her smocke over her lilly armes,
And divd them into milke to run her cheese;

[1] tablet. [2] coral cliffs. [3] The rare quality of her appearance; cf. viii. 16.
[4] more exquisite; rarer; so iii. 77. [5] tint. [6] Q 1 has headline *The . . . Bacon* on each page.

But, whiter than the milke, her cristall skin,
Checked with lines of azur, made her blush[1]
That art or nature durst bring for compare.
Ermsbie,[2] if thou hadst seene, as I did note it well,
How Bewtie plaid the huswife, how this girle,
Like Lucrece, laid her fingers to the worke,
Thou wouldst with Tarquine hazard Roome and all
To win the lovely mayd of Fresingfield.

Raphe. Sirha Ned, wouldst faine have her?

Edward. I,[3] Raphe.

Raphe. Why, Ned, I have laid the plot in my head; thou shalt have her alreadie.

Edward. Ile give thee a new coat, and[3] learne me that.

Raphe. Why, sirra Ned, weel ride to Oxford to Frier Bacon: oh, he is a brave scholler, sirra; they say he is a brave nigromancer, that he can make women of devils, and hee can juggle cats into costermongers.

Edward. And how then, Raphe?

Raphe. Marry, sirrha, thou shalt go to him: and because[4] thy father Harry shall not misse thee, hee shall turne me into thee; and Ile to the court, and Ile prince it out; and he shall make thee either a silken purse full of gold, or else a fine wrought smocke.

Edward. But how shall I have the mayd?

Raphe. Marry, sirha, if thou beest a silken purse full of gold, then on Sundaies sheele hang thee by her side, and you must not say a word. Now, sir, when she comes into a great prease[5] of people, for feare of the cut-purse, on a sodaine sheele swap[6] thee into her plackerd,[7] then, sirrha, being there, you may plead for your selfe.

Ermsbie. Excellent pollicie!

Edward. But how if I be a wrought smocke?

Raphe. Then sheele put thee into her chest and lay thee into lavender, and upon some good day sheele put thee on, and at night

[1] "Would have put to the blush any woman that art," etc.
[2] Appendix *D*, 3 *b*.
[3] 'I' for 'ay'; 'and' for 'an,' as frequently.
[4] so that; cf. Matthew xx. 31.
[5] press.
[6] swape. Prov. English for 'sweep.'
[7] placket: here pocket.

when you go to bed, then being turnt from a smocke to a man, you may make up the match.

Lacie. Wonderfully wisely counselled, Raphe.

Edward. Raphe shall have a new coate.

Raphe. God thanke you when I have it on my backe, Ned.

Edward. Lacie, the foole hath laid a perfect plot;
For why our countrie Margret is so coy,
And standes so much upon her honest pointes,
That marriage, or no market with the mayd.
Ermsbie, it must be nigroma[n]ticke spels
And charmes of art that must inchaine her love,
Or else shall Edward never win the girle.
Therefore, my wags, weele horse us in the morne,
And post to Oxford to this jolly frier:
Bacon shall by his magicke doe this deed.

Warren. Content, my lord; and thats a speedy way
To weane these head-strong puppies from the teat.

Edward. I am unknowne, not taken for the prince;
They onely deeme us frolicke courtiers,
That revell thus among our lieges game, —
Therefore I have devis'd a pollicie:
Lacie, thou knowst next Friday is S. James,[1]
And then the country flockes to Harlston[2] faire:
Then will the keepers daughter frolicke there,
And over-shine the troupe of all the maids
That come to see and to be seene that day.
Haunt thee disguisd among the countrie-swaines,
Feign thart a farmers sonne, not far from thence,
Espie her loves, and who she liketh best:
Coat[3] him, and court her, to controll the clowne;
Say that the courtier tyred all in greene,
That helpt her handsomly to run her cheese,
And fild her fathers lodge with venison,

[1] See p. 413.

[2] Four and one-half miles north of Fressingfield.

[3] Dy. and G., 'to keep alongside of,' Fr. *côtoyer*. W. explains, 'to pass' and cites *Hamlet*, II. ii. 306. Derivation uncertain; but the word is here figuratively used; as if the Prince should say, — "As a greyhound in coursing goeth endways by his fellow and giveth the hare a turn, so do thou outstrip the clown (head him off), court Margaret (give her the

Commends him, and sends fairings to herselfe.
Buy some thing worthie of her parentage,
Not worth her beautie; for, Lacie, then the faire
Affoords no jewell fitting for the mayd:
And when thou talkest of me, note if she blush:
Oh then she loves; but if her cheekes waxe pale,
Disdaine it is. Lacie, send how she fares,
And spare no time nor cost to win her loves.

Lacie. I will, my lord, so execute this charge
As if that Lacie were in love with her.

Edward. Send letters speedily to Oxford of the newes.

Raphe. And, sirha Lacie, buy me a thousand thousand million of fine bels.

Lacie. What wilt thou do with them, Raphe?

Raphe. Mary, every time that Ned sighs for the keepers daughter, Ile tie a bell about him: and so within three or foure daies I will send word to his father Harry, that his sonne, and my maister Ned, is become Loves morris dance.[1]

Edward. Well, Lacie, look with care unto thy charge,
And I will haste to Oxford to the frier,
That he by art and thou by secret gifts
Maist make me lord of merrie Fresingfield.

Lacie. God send your honour your[2] harts desire. *Exeunt.*

[Scene Second. *Frier Bacons cell at Brazennose*]

Enter Frier Bacon, *with* Miles, *his poore scholer, with bookes under his arme; with them* Burden, Mason, Clement, *three Doctors.*

Bacon. Miles, where are you?

Miles. *Hic sum, doctissime et reverendissime doctor.*

Bacon. *Attulisti nos*[3] *libros meos de necromantia?*

turn), and thus cut him out." See *New Eng. Dict.* on Turberville's *Venerie*, 246 (1575); and distinction between 'coting' and 'coasting' or going alongside of. Professor Wagner's *Der abgesante soll sich an die seite des ländlichen liebhabers heften, so dass ihn dieser nicht los werden kann* is somewhat amusing. Cf. "crost, controulde" *2 A. W. A.* Sc. xii, l. 88.

[1] Dy. reads 'dancer.' But why not a synecdoche? "Ned is become a whole morris-dance of himself." [2] Appendix *B*, 1. Dy. queries '*all* your.' [3] *nōs* = *nostros*. Fleay.

Miles. *Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare*[1] *libros in unum!*

Bacon. Now, maisters of our academicke state,
That rule in Oxford, Vizroies in your place,
Whose heads containe maps of the liberall arts,
Spending your time in deapth of learned skill,
Why flocke you thus to Bacons secret cell,
A frier newly stalde in Brazennose?
Say whats your mind, that I may make replie.

Burden. Bacon, we hear that long we have suspect,
That thou art read in magicks mysterie:
In piromancie, to divine by flames;
To tell, by hadromaticke[2] ebbes and tides;
By aeromancie to discover doubts,
To plaine out questions, as Apollo did.

Bacon. Well, Maister Burden, what of all[3] this?

Miles. Marie, sir, he doth but fulfill, by rehearsing of these names, the fable of the Fox and the Grapes: that which is above us pertains nothing to us.

Burden. I tell thee, Bacon, Oxford makes report,
Nay, England, and the court of Henrie saies,
Th' art making of a brazen head by art,
Which shall unfold strange doubts and aphorismes,
And read a lecture in philosophie;
And, by the helpe of divels and ghastly fiends,
Thou meanst, ere many yeares or daies be past,
To compasse England with a wall of brasse.

Bacon. And what of this?

Miles. What of this, maister! why, he doth speak mystically: for he knowes, if your skill faile to make a brazen head, yet Mother Waters strong ale will fit his turne to make him have a copper-nose.

Clement. Bacon, we come not greeving at thy skill,
But joieing that our académie yeelds
A man supposde the woonder of the world:
For if thy cunning worke these myracles,
England and Europe shall admire thy fame,

[1] Q 1, *habitares.* [2] For divination by fire, water (hydromancy), and air, see Ward's admirable *Old English Drama*, pp. 222–223. [3] Appendix *B*, 1.

And Oxford shall in characters of brasse,
And statues, such as were built up in Rome,
Eternize Frier Bacon for his art.
Mason. Then, gentle Frier, tell us thy intent.
Bacon. Seeing you come as friends unto the frier,
Resolve you, doctors, Bacon can by bookes
Make storming Boreas thunder from his cave,
And dimme faire Luna to a darke eclipse.
The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,
Trembles when Bacon bids him, or his fiends,
Bow to the force of his pentageron.[1]
What art can worke, the frolicke frier knowes;
And therefore will I turne my magicke bookes,
And straine out nigromancie to the deepe.
I have contrivd and framde a head of brasse,
(I made Belcephon [2] hammer out the stuffe)
And that by art shall read Philosophie:
And I will strengthen England by my skill,
That if ten Cæsars livd and raignd in Rome,
With all the legions Europe doth containe,
They should not touch a grasse of English ground;
The worke that Ninus reard at Babylon,
The brazen walles framde by Semiramis,
Carvd out like to the portall of the sunne,
Shall not be such as rings the English strond
From Dover to the market-place of Rie.
Burden. Is this possible?
Miles. Ile bring ye t[w]o or three witnesses.
Burden. What be those?
Miles. Marry, sir, three or foure as honest divels and good companions as any be in hell.
Mason. No doubt but magicke may doe much in this;
For he that reades but mathematicke [3] rules

[1] Probably for 'pentagonon' (cf. xiii. 92); here of the pentacle or pentagram, the five-rayed star used in magic as a defence against demons.
[2] Belcéphon; cf. Exodus xiv. 2; Numbers xxxiii. 7. Ward.
[3] "This damnable art mathematical" (Bp. Hooker, *Works*, 1: 330), meaning 'astrological.'

Shall finde conclusions that availe to work
Wonders that passe the common sense of men.
Burden. But Bacon roves[1] a bow beyond his reach,
And tels of more than magicke can performe,
Thinking to get a fame by fooleries.
Have I not past as farre in state of schooles,
And red of many secrets? yet to thinke
That heads of brasse can utter any voice,
Or more, to tell of deepe philosophie,
This is a fable Æsop had forgot.
Bacon. Burden, thou wrongst me in detracting thus;
Bacon loves not to stuffe himselfe with lies.
But tell me fore these doctors, if thou dare,
Of certaine questions I shall move to thee.
Burden. I will: aske what thou can.
Miles. Marrie, sir, heele straight be on your pickpacke to knowe whether the feminine or the masculin gender be most worthie.
Bacon. Were you not yesterday, Maister Burden, at Henly upon the Thembs?
Burden. I was: what then?
Bacon. What booke studied you thereon all night?
Burden. I! none at all; I red not there a line.
Bacon. Then, doctors, Frier Bacons art knowes nought.
Clement. What say you to this, Maister Burden? doth hee not touch you?
Burden. I passe not of his frivolous speeches.
Miles. Nay, Master Burden, my maister, ere hee hath done with you, will turne you from a doctor to a dunce, and shake you so small, that he will leave no more learning in you than is in Balaams asse.
Bacon. Maisters, for that learned Burdens skill is deepe,
And sore he doubts of Bacons cabalisme,
I'll shew you why he haunts to Henly oft:
Not, doctors, for to tast the fragrant aire,
But there to spend the night in alcumie,

[1] Either *v. tr.*: 'draws' the long bow; or *v. intr.*: 'ventures in imagination' a bow-shot beyond his capability.

To multiplie with secret spels of art;
Thus privat steales he learning from us all.
To proove my sayings true, Ile shew you straight
The booke he keepes at Henly for himselfe.

Miles. Nay, now my maister goes to conjuration, take heed.

Bacon. Maisters,[1] stand still, feare not, Ile shewe you but his booke.

Here he conjures.

Per omnes deos infernales, Belcephon!

Enter a Woman *with a shoulder of mutton on a spit, and a* Devill.

Miles. Oh, maister, cease your conjuration, or you spoile all; for heeres a shee divell come with a shoulder of mutton on a spit: you have mard the divels supper; but no doubt hee thinkes our colledge fare is slender, and so hath sent you his cooke with a shoulder of mutton, to make it exceed.

Hostesse. Oh, where am I, or whats become of me?

Bacon. What art thou?

Hostesse. Hostesse at Henly, mistresse of the Bell.

Bacon. How camest thou heere?

Hostesse. As I was in the kitchen mongst the maydes,
Spitting the meate against[2] supper for my guesse,[2]
A motion mooved me to looke forth of dore.
No sooner had I pried into the yard,
But straight a whirlewind hoisted me from thence,
And mounted me aloft unto the cloudes.
As in a trance I thought nor feared nought,
Nor know I where or whether I was tane,
Nor where I am, nor what these persons be.

Bacon. No? know you not Maister Burden?

Hostesse. O yes, good sir, he is my daily guest. —
What, Maister Burden! twas but yesternight
That you and I at Henly plaid at cardes.

[1] Appendix *D*, 3 *b*.

[2] So Qtos. Do., Dy., W., ''gainst.' On 'guesse' for 'guests,' Dy. quotes Chamberlain's *Pharonnida* (1659), Bk. IV. C. iii. p. 53: "The empty tables stood for never guess came there."

Burden. I knowe not what we did. — A poxe of all conjuring friars!

Clement. Now, jolly Frier, tell us, is this the booke
That Burden is so carefull to looke on?[1]

Bacon. It is. — But, Burden, tell me now,
Thinkest thou that Bacons nicromanticke skill
Cannot performe his head and wall of brasse,
When he can fetch thine hostesse in such post?

Miles. Ile warrant you, maister, if Maister Burden could conjure as well as you, hee would have his booke everie night from Henly to study on at Oxford.

Mason. Burden, what, are you mated by this frolicke frier? —
Looke how he droops; his guiltie conscience
Drives him to bash,[2] and makes his hostesse blush.

Bacon. Well, mistres, for I wil not have you mist,
You shall to Henly to cheere up your guests
Fore supper ginne. — Burden, bid her adew;
Say farewell to your hostesse fore she goes. —
Sirha, away, and set her safe at home.

Hostesse. Maister Burden, when shall we see you at Henly?[3]

Exeunt Hostesse *and the* Devill.

Burden. The devill take thee and Henly too.

Miles. Maister, shall I make a good motion?

Bacon. Whats that?

Miles. Marry, sir, nowe that my hostesse is gone to provide supper, conjure up another spirite, and send Doctor Burden flying after.

Bacon. Thus, rulers of our accademicke state,
You have seene the frier frame his art by proofe;
And as the colledge called Brazennose
Is under him, and he the Maister[4] there,
So surely shall this head of brasse be framde,
And yeelde forth strange and uncoth aphorismes;

[1] Q 1 has ll. 139–140 in prose; but Do., Dy., W., verse.

[2] Be abashed. So *Tullie's Love*: "Like Diana when she basht at Actæon's presence"; and *Orpharion* (Grosart's *Greene*, VII. 115 and XII. 50).

[3] Line 156: Appendix *A*, 3; and *D*, 1.

[4] Properly principal. In Bacon's day Brasenose *College* was not yet founded.

And Hell and Heccate[1] shall faile the frier,
But I will circle England round with brasse.
Miles. So be it, *et nunc et semper, Amen.* *Exeunt omnes.*

[Scene Third. *Harlston Faire.*]

Enter MARGRET, *the faire mayd of Fresingfield, with* THOMAS, [RICHARD] *and* JONE, *and other clownes;* LACIE *disguised in countrie apparell.*

Thomas. By my troth, Margret, heeres a wether is able to make a man call his father whorson: if this wether hold, wee shall have hay good cheape, and butter and cheese at Harlston will beare no price.
Margret. Thomas, maides, when they come to see the faire,
Count not to make a cope[2] for dearth of hay:
When we have turnd our butter to the salt,
And set our cheese safely[3] upon the rackes,
Then let our fathers prise[4] it as they please.
We countrie sluts of merry Fresingfield
Come to buy needlesse noughts to make us fine,
And looke that yong men should be francke[5] this day,
And court us with such fairings as they can.
Phœbus is blythe, and frolicke lookes from heaven,
As when he courted lovely Semele,[6]
Swearing the pedlers shall have emptie packs,
If that faire wether may make chapmen buy.
Lacie. But, lovely Peggie, Semele is dead,
And therefore Phœbus from his pallace pries,
And, seeing such a sweet and seemly saint,
Shewes all his glories for to court your selfe.
Margret. This is a fairing, gentle sir, indeed,
To sooth me up with such smooth flatterie;
But learne of me, your scoffe's[7] to [o] broad before. —

[1] Wagner would read, "And hell and Hecat shall the friar fail," for "*Hecate ist sonst stets zweisilbig.*" Wrong. Ward cites for the trisyllable, Shakesp., *1 H. VI.*, III. ii. 64, and Milton, *Comus*, v. 535. [2] bargain. [3] Q 4 omits. Appendix *A*, 2.
[4] So Qtos. 1, 3, 4; = 'price,' not 'prize,' nor as in xiii. 41. [5] generous.
[6] Margret's 'mythological' slips are not to be set down to her rustic schooling; for Lacie's 'mythology' is no better; nor Greene's. [7] So Q 3. Q 1, *scoffes*. 'Your irony is evident on the face of it.'

Well, Jone, our bewties[1] must abide their jestes;
We serve the turne in jolly Fresingfield.
Jone. Margret,[2] a farmers daughter for a farmers son:
I warrant you, the meanest of us both
Shall have a mate to lead us from the church.
But, Thomas, whats the newes? what, in a dumpe?
Give me your hand, we are neere a pedlers shop,—
Out with your purse, we must have fairings now.
Thomas. Faith, Jone, and shall: Ile bestow a fairing on you, and then we will to the tavern, and snap off a pint of wine or two.
All this while Lacie *whispers* Margret *in the eare.*
Margret. Whence are you, sir? of Suffolke? for your tearmes
Are finer than the common sort of men.[3]
Lacie. Faith, lovely girle, I am of Beckles[4] by,
Your neighbour, not above six miles from hence,
A farmers sonne, that never was so quaint[5]
But that he could do courtesie to such dames.
But trust me, Margret, I am sent in charge
From him that reveld in your fathers house,
And fild his lodge with cheere and venison,
'Tyred in green; he sent you this rich purse,
His token that he helpt you run your cheese,
And in the milkhouse chatted with your selfe.
Margret. To me? You forget your selfe.[6]
Lacie. Women are often weake in memorie.
Margret. Oh, pardon sir, I call to mind the man:
Twere little manners to refuse his gift,
And yet I hope he sends it not for love;
For we have little leisure to debate of that.[7]
Jone. What, Margret! blush not: mayds must have their loves.

[1] Q 3, 'beauties.' W. changes to 'duties'(?). [2] Appendix *D*, 3 *b*.
[3] Lines 34, 35, as prose in Q 1. [4] On the northern border of Suffolk.
[5] W. explains 'shy'; but perhaps the word here means 'affectedly nice'; in cant phrase, 'stuck-up.' Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.*, III. vii. 10 (*Century*).
[6] So Qtos. and G. "To me?" says M. with (affected?) surprise. "Surely you mistake." "Ah, just like others of your sex," retorts L., "oblivious when you please." "Well," acknowledges M., "I do remember the man; but have we time to waste on *his* attentions?" Do., Dy., and W. assign "You . . . self" to Lacie; but is that necessary? Appendix C, 2 *b*
[7] Appendix *D*, 3 *a*.

Thomas. Nay, by the masse, she lookes pale as if she were angrie.

Richard. Sirha, are you of Beckls? I pray, how dooth Goodman Cob? my father bought a horse of him. — Ile tell you Margret, a were good to be a gentlemans jade, for of all things the foule hilding could not abide a doongcart.

Margret [*aside*]. How different is this farmer from the rest
That earst as yet hath pleasd my wandring sight!
His words are wittie, quickened with a smile,
His courtesie gentle, smelling of the court;
Facill and debonaire in all his deeds;
Proportiond as was Paris, when, in gray,
He courted Ænon in the vale by Troy.
Great lords have come and pleaded for my love:
Who but the keepers lasse of Fresingfield?
And yet me thinks this farmers jolly sonne
Passeth the prowdest that hath pleasd mine eye.
But, Peg, disclose not that thou art in love,
And shew as yet no sign of love to him,
Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy love;
Keepe that to thee till time doth serve thy turne,
To shew the greefe wherein thy heart doth burne. —
Come, Jone and Thomas, shall we to the faire? —
You, Beckls man, will not forsake us now?

Lacie. Not whilst I may have such quaint girls as you.

Margret. Well, if you chaunce to come by Fresingfield,
Make but a step into the keepers lodge,[1]
And such poore fare as woodmen can affoord,
Butter and cheese, creame and fat venison,
You shall have store, and welcome therewithall.

Lacie. Gramarcies, Peggie; looke for me eare long.

Exeunt omnes.

[1] Appendix *A*, 2.

[Scene Fourth. *The Court at Hampton House.*]

Enter HENRY *the third, the* EMPEROUR, *the* KING OF CASTILE, ELINOR, *his daughter,* JAQUES VANDERMAST *a Germaine.*

Henrie. Great men of Europe, monarks of the West,
Ringd with the walls of old *Oceanus*,
Whose loftie surge is[1] like the battelments
That compast high built Babell in with towers,—
Welcome, my lords, welcome, brave westerne kings,
To Englands shore, whose promontorie cleeves
Shewes Albion is another little world:
Welcome says English Henrie to you all;
Chiefly unto the lovely Eleanour,
Who darde for Edwards sake cut through the seas,
And venture as Agenors damsell through the deepe,[2]
To get the love of Henries wanton sonne.
Castile. Englands rich monarch, brave Plantagenet.
The Pyren Mounts swelling above the clouds,
That ward the welthie Castile in with walles,
Could not detaine the beautious Eleanour;
But, hearing of the fame of Edwards youth,
She darde to brooke *Neptunus* haughtie pride,
And bide the brunt of froward Eolus:
Then may faire England welcome her the more.
Elinor. After that English Henrie by his lords
Had sent Prince Edwards lovely counterfeit,
A present to the Castile Elinor,
The comly pourtrait of so brave a man,
The vertuous fame discoursed of his deeds,
Edwards couragious resolution,
Done at the Holy Land fore Damas[3] walles,
Led both mine eye and thoughts in equall links,
To like so of the English monarchs sonne,
That I attempted perrils for his sake.

[1] So Dy., G., W. But Qtos. and Do. *surges.* [2] Appendix *E.*
[3] He never fought before Damascus. Ward. For 'done,' Dy. queries 'shown.'

Emperour. Where is the prince, my lord?
Henrie. He posted down, not long since, from the court,
To Suffolke side, to merrie Fremingham,[1]
To sport himselfe amongst my fallow deere;
From thence, by packets sent to Hampton[1] house,
We heare the prince is ridden with his lords
To Oxford, in the academie there
To heare dispute amongst the learned men.
But we will send foorth letters for my sonne,
To will him come from Oxford to the court.
Empe. Nay, rather, Henrie, let us, as we be,
Ride for to visite Oxford with our traine.
Faine would I see your universities,
And what learned men your academie yields.
From Haspurg[2] have I brought a learned clarke
To hold dispute with English orators:
This doctor, surnamde Jaques Vandermast,
A Germaine borne, past into Padua,
To Florence and to fair Bolonia,
To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans,
And, talking there with men of art, put downe
The chiefest of them all in aphorismes,[3]
In magicke, and the mathematicke rules:
Now let us, Henrie, trie him in your schooles.
Henrie. He shal, my lord; this motion likes me wel.
Weele progresse straight to Oxford with our trains,
And see what men our academie bringes. —
And, woonder Vandermast, welcome to me:
In Oxford shalt thou find a jollie frier,
Cald Frier Bacon, Englands only flower:
Set him but non-plus in his magicke spels,
And make him yeeld in mathematicke rules,
And for thy glorie I will bind thy browes,

[1] Not crown property in Henry III's reign; nor was Hampton crown property, till Wolsey, who had built the house, exchanged it with Henry VIII for Richmond. Ward.
[2] Hapsburg. In lines 37, 44, etc., pronounce 'académie.'
[3] Statement of scientific principles. Cf. 'Aphorisms' of Hippocrates.

Not with a poets garland[1] made of baies,
But with a coronet of choicest gold.
Whilst then we set[2] to Oxford with our troupes,
Lets in and banquet in our English court. *Exit.*

[Scene Fifth. *A Street in Oxford.*]

Enter RAPHE SIMNELL *in* EDWARDES *apparell;* EDWARD, WARREN, ERMSBY, *disguised.*

Raphe. Where be these vacabond knaves, that they attend no better on their master?

Edward. If it please your honour, we are all ready at an inch.[3]

Raphe. Sirrha Ned, Ile have no more post horse to ride on: Ile have another fetch.[4]

Ermsbie. I pray you, how is that, my lord?

Raphe. Marrie, sir, Ile send to the Ile of Eely for foure or five dozen of geese, and Ile have them tide six and six together with whipcord: now upon their backes will I have a faire field bed with a canapie; and so, when it is my pleasure, Ile flee into what place I please. This will be easie.

Warren. Your honour hath said well: but shall we to Brasennose Colledge before we pull off our bootes?

Ermsbie. Warren, well motion'd; wee will to the frier
Before we revell it within the towne. —
Raphe, see that you keepe your countenance like a prince.

Raphe. Wherefore have I such a companie of cutting[5] knaves to wait upon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mine enemies? have you not good swords and bucklers?

Enter BACON *and* MILES.

Ermsbie. Stay, who comes heere?

[1] As in the laureation which accompanied the conferring of the academic degree in Grammar.

[2] So Dy. and W. Cf. *H. V.*, Prol. to Act II. 34. Q 1, *fit:* which cannot be the *v. tr.*, 'to array' or 'marshal' (see *Morte Arthur*, 1755, etc., as in *N. E. D.*). G. suggests 'fet,' which avails nothing. Q 3 has 'sit,' which was probably intended for 'set.'

[3] For the emergency. Cf. Fletcher, *Loyal Subject*, IV. ii.

[4] Dodge. So Redford's *Wit. and Sc.*, "The fechys of Tediousnes"; cf. *Lear* II. iv.

[5] Swaggering. Like Cowley's *Cutter.*

Warren. Some scholler; and weele aske him where Frier Bacon is.

Bacon. Why, thou arrant dunce, shal I never make thee good scholler? doth not all the towne crie out and say, Frier Bacons subsiser is the greatest blockhead in all Oxford? why, thou canst not speake one word of true Latine.

Miles. No, sir? Yes.[1] What is this els? *Ego sum tuus homo*, 'I am your man'; I warrant you, sir, as good Tullies phrase as any is in Oxford.

Bacon. Come on, sirha; what part of speech is *Ego?*

Miles. *Ego*, that is 'I'; marrie, *nomen substantivo.*

Bacon. How proove you that?

Miles. Why, sir, let him proove himselfe and a will; 'I' can be hard, felt, and understood.

Bacon. O grosse dunce!

Here beate him.

Edw. Come, let us breake off this dispute between these two. — Sirha, where is Brazennose Colledge?

Miles. Not far from Copper-smithes Hall.

Edward. What, doest thou mocke me?

Miles. Not I, sir: but what would you at Brazennose?

Ermsbie. Marrie, we would speak with Frier Bacon.

Miles. Whose men be you?

Ermsbie. Marrie, scholler, heres our maister.

Raphe. Sirha, I am the maister of these good fellowes; mayst thou not know me to be a lord by my reparrell?

Miles. Then heeres good game for the hawke; for heers the maister foole and a covie of cocks combs: one wise man, I thinke, would spring you all.

Edward. Gogs wounds! Warren, kill him.

Warren. Why, Ned, I think the devill be in my sheath; I cannot get out my dagger.

Ermsbie. Nor I mine: swones, Ned, I think I am bewitcht.

Miles. A companie of scabbes! the proudest of you all drawe your weapon if he can. —

See how boldly I speake, now my maister is by. [*Aside.*]

[1] So Qtos. = "Can't I? Yes, I can." Dy. and W., unnecessarily: 'Yet, what,' etc.

Edward. I strive in vaine; but if my sword be shut
And conjur'd fast by magicke in my sheath,
Villaine, heere is my fist.

Strikes him a box on the eare.

Miles. Oh, I beseech you conjure his hands too, that he may not lift his armes to his head, for he is light fingered!

Raphe. Ned, strike him; Ile warrant thee by mine honour.

Bacon. What meanes the English prince to wrong my man?

Edward. To whom speakest thou?

Bacon. To thee.

Edward. Who art thou?[1]

Bacon. Could you not judge when all your swords grew fast,
That Frier Bacon was not farre from hence?
Edward, King Henries sonne and Prince of Wales,
Thy foole disguisd[2] cannot conceale thy self:
I know both Ermsbie and the Sussex earle,
Els Frier Bacon had but little skill.
Thou comest in post from merrie Fresingfield,
Fast fancied to the keepers bonny lasse,
To crave some succour of the jolly frier:
And Lacie, Ear[l]e of Lincolne, hast thou left
To treat fair Margret to allow thy loves;
But friends are men, and love can baffle lords;
The earl both woes and courtes her for himselfe.

Warren. Ned, this is strange; the frier knoweth al.

Ermsbie. Appollo could not utter more than this.

Edward. I stand amazed to heare this jolly frier
Tell even the verie secrets of my thoughts. —
But, learned Bacon, since thou knowest the cause
Why I did post so fast from Fresingfield,
Helpe, Frier, at a pinch, that I may have
The love of lovely Margret to my selfe,
And, as I am true Prince of Wales, Ile give

[1] On Edw.'s abrupt utterances, see Appendix *C*. On these lines *C*, 1 *d*.

[2] W.: 'thy fool disguise.' But Bacon means "That fool parading in your clothes does not deceive me as to *your* identity."

Living and lands to strength thy colledge state.
Warren. Good Frier, helpe the prince in this.
Raphe. Why, servant Ned, will not the frier doe it? Were not my sword glued to my scabberd by conjuration, I would cut off his head, and make him do it by force.
Miles. In faith, my lord, your manhood and your sword is all alike; they are so fast conjured that we shall never see them.
Ermsbie. What, doctor, in a dumpe! tush, helpe the prince,
And thou shalt see how liberall he will proove.
Bacon. Crave not such actions greater dumps than these?
I will, my lord, straine out my magicke spels;
For this day comes the earle to Fresingfield,
And fore that night shuts in the day with darke,
Theile be betrothed ech to other fast.
But come with me; weele to my studie straight,
And in a glasse prospective I will shew
Whats done this day in merry Fresingfield.
Edward. Gramercies, Bacon; I will quite thy paine.
Bacon. But send your traine, my lord, into the towne:
My scholler shall go bring them to their inne:
Meane while weele see the knaverie of the earle.
Edward. Warren, leave me: — and, Ermsbie, take the foole;
Let him be maister, and go revell it,
Till I and Frier Bacon talke a while.
Warren. We will, my lord.
Raphe. Faith, Ned, and Ile lord it out till thou comest:
Ile be Prince of Wales over all the blacke pots[1] in Oxford. *Exeunt.*

[Scene Sixth. *Frier Bacons cell in Brazennose.*]

BACON, *and* EDWARD, *goes into the study.*[2]

Bacon. Now, frolick Edward, welcome to my cell;
Heere tempers Frier Bacon many toies,

[1] Cf. x. 3: (black) jacks, leathern wine-jugs.
[2] After Bacon and Edw. had walked a few paces about (or perhaps toward the back of) the stage, the audience were to suppose that the scene was changed to the interior of Bacon's cell. Dyce.

And holds this place his consistorie court,
Wherein the divels pleads[1] homage to his words.
Within this glasse prospective thou shalt see
This day whats done in merry Fresingfield
Twixt lovely Peggie and the Lincolne earle.
Edward. Frier, thou gladst me: now shall Edward trie
How Lacie meaneth to his soveraigne lord.
Bacon. Stand there and looke directly in the glasse.

Enter MARGARET *and* FRIER BUNGAY.[2]

What sees my lord?
Edward. I see the keepers lovely lasse appeare,
As bright-sunne[3] as the parramour of Mars,
Onely attended by a jolly frier.
Bacon. Sit still, and keepe the cristall in your eye.
Margret. But tell me, Frier Bungay, is it true
That this fair[4] courtious countrie swaine,
Who saies his father is a farmer nie,
Can be Lord Lacie, Earle of Lincolnshire?
Bun. Peggie, tis true, tis Lacie for my life,
Or else mine art and cunning both doth faile,
Left by Prince Edward to procure his loves;
For he in greene, that holpe you runne your cheese,
Is sonne to Henry, and the Prince of Wales.
Margret. Be what he will, his lure is but for lust:
But did Lord Lacie like poor Marg[a]ret,
Or would he daine to wed a countrie lasse,[5]
Frier, I would his humble handmayd be,
And for great wealth quite him with courtesie.
Bungay. Why, Margret, doest thou love him?

[1] Common construction; but Q 3, 'pleade.' Metre, Appendix *B*, 2.

[2] Perhaps the curtain which concealed the upper stage was withdrawn, discovering M. and B., and, when the representation in the glass was supposed to be over, the curtain was drawn back again. Dyce.

[3] So Qtos. May be unintentional metathesis for 'sunne-bright.' But eds. all adopt Do.'s 'brightsome,' which has additional authority of *Alphonsus* IV. p. 240 *a* (Dyce ed.).

[4] Dy. 'fair *witty*' for metre, arguing from iii. 61; vi. 33–35. But the original reading is sufficiently metrical. See Appendix *B*, 1; and *C*, 1 *a*.

[5] Q 3 and G., 'lasse?' Wrong, for the clauses are conditional.

Margret. His personage, like the pride of vaunting Troy,
Might well avouch to shadow [1] Hellen's scape: [2]
His wit is quicke and readie in conceit,
As Greece affoorded in her chiefest prime:
Courteous, ah Frier, full of pleasing smiles!
Trust me, I love too much to tell thee more;
Suffice to me he is Englands parramour.[3]
Bun. Hath not ech eye that viewd thy pleasing face
Surnamed thee Faire Maid of Fresingfield?
Margret. Yes, Bungay; and would God the lovely earle
Had that in *esse* that so many sought.
Bungay. Feare not, the frier will not be behind
To shew his cunning to entangle love.
Edward. I thinke the frier courts the bonny wench: [4]
Bacon, me thinkes he is a lustie churle.
Bacon. Now looke, my lord.

Enter Lacie.

Edward. Gogs wounds, Bacon, heere comes Lacie! [5]
Bacon. Sit still, my lord, and marke the commedie.
Bungay. Heeres Lacie, Margret; step aside awhile.

[*They withdraw.*]

Lacie [*solus*]. Daphne, the damsell that caught Phæbus fast,
And lockt him in the brightnesse of her lookes,
Was not so beautious in Appollos eyes
As is faire Margret to the Lincolne earle; —
Recant thee, Lacie — thou art put in trust:
Edward, thy soveraignes sonne, hath chosen thee,
A secret friend, to court her for himself,

[1] Cover with an excuse. Ward.

[2] Qtos. 'eape,' which might be justified as = capture. (See *N. E. D.* for the verb; and cf. Greene's fondness for coining from the Latin, *e.g. nocent* in *Jas.*, IV.) Do. suggests and eds. adopt 'rape.' But my reading is confirmed by *Orl. Fur.*, Sc. i. 176, concerning Helen, who, "With a swaine made *scape* away to Troy," = *escape*. In Q 1 of our text the 's' was absorbed by the preceding possessive.

[3] W. conjectures 'paragon'; but Greene had a weakness for 'paramour.'

[4] Note that the prince does not hear what the audience hears.

[5] For metre of ll. 47, 108, 127, 146, 176, *App. C*, 2 *a*.

And darest thou wrong thy prince with trecherie? —
Lacie, love makes no exception[1] of a friend,
Nor deemes it of a prince but as a man.
Honour bids thee controll[2] him in his lust;
His wooing is not for to wed the girle,
But to intrap her and beguile the lasse.
Lacie, thou lovest, then brooke not such abuse,
But wed her, and abide thy prince's frowne;[3]
For better[4] die than see her live disgracde.
Margret. Come, Frier, I will shake him from his dumpes. — [*Advancing.*]
How cheere you, sir? a penie for your thought!
Your early up, pray God it be the neere:[5]
What, come from Beckles in a morne so soone?
Lacie. Thus watchfull are such men as live in love,
Whose eyes brooke broken slumbers for their sleepe.
I tell thee, Peggie, since last Harlston faire
My minde hath felt a heape of passions.
Mar. A trustie man, that court it for your friend:
Woo you still for the courtier all in greene? —
[*Aside.*] I marvell that he sues not for himselfe.
Lacie. Peggie, I pleaded first to get your grace for him;
But when mine eies survaid your beautious lookes,
Love, like a wagge, straight dived into my heart,
And there did shrine the Idea[6] of your selfe.
Pittie me, though I be a farmers sonne,
And measure not my riches, but my love.
Margret. You are verie hastie; for to garden well,
Seeds must have time to sprout before they spring:
Love ought to creepe as doth the dials shade,
For timely[7] ripe is rotten too too[8] soone.
Bungay [*advancing*]. *Deus hic;* roome for a merrie frier!
What, youth of Beckles, with the keepers lasse?
Tis well; but tell me, heere you any newes?

[1] Q 3. Q 1 has *acception*; so also *Orpharion* (Gros. xii. 50). See Appendix *A*, 1 and 3.
[2] As in i. 142. [3] Cf. Ethenwald's soliloquy in *Kn. Kn. Kn.* (H. Dods. VI. 543–544).
[4] Q 3 omits. [5] nearer, luckier. [6] image. [7] So x. 126 = prematurely
[8] Altogether too. So Heywood, *Johann.*, l. 183, and frequently. Still heard in New England.

Margret.[1] No, Frier: what newes?
Bungay. Heere you not how the pursevants do post
With proclamations through ech country towne?
Lacie. For what, gentle frier? tell the newes.
Bun. Dwelst thou in Beckles, & heerst not of these news?
Lacie, the Earle of Lincolne, is late fled
From Windsor court, disguised like a swaine,
And lurkes about the countrie heere unknowne.
Henrie suspects him of some trecherie,
And therefore doth proclaime in every way,
That who can take the Lincolne earle shall have,
Paid in the Exchequer, twentie thousand crownes.
Lacie. The Earle of Lincoln! Frier, thou art mad:
It was some other; thou mistakest the man.
The earle of Lincolne! why, it cannot be.
Margret. Yes, verie well, my lord, for you are he:
The keepers daughter tooke you prisoner.
Lord Lacie, yeeld, Ile be your gailor once.
Edward. How familiar they be, Bacon!
Bacon. Sit still, and marke the sequell of their loves.
Lacie. Then am I double prisoner to thy selfe:
Peggie, I yeeld. But are these newes in jest?[2]
Margret. In jest with you, but earnest unto me;
For why these wrongs do wring me at the heart.
Ah, how these earles and noble men of birth
Flatter and faine to forge poore womens ill!
Lacie. Beleeve me, lasse, I am the Lincolne earle:
I not denie but, tyred thus in rags,
I lived disguisd to winne faire Peggies love.
Margret. What love is there where wedding ends not love?
Lacie. I meant,[3] faire girle, to make thee Lacies wife.
Margret. I litle thinke that earles wil stoop so low.
Lacie. Say shall I make thee countesse ere I sleep?
Margret. Handmaid unto the earle, so please him selfe:
A wife in name, but servant in obedience.

[1] Dy. and W. assign to Lacie; but Qtos. as above. Momentarily even Margaret is deceived (or she pretends to be deceived) by Bungay's "cunning." [2] Q 1: *injest.*
[3] Dy., W., 'mean'; needlessly.

Lacie. The Lincolne countesse, for it shalbe so:
Ile plight the bands, and seale it with a kisse.
Edward. Gogs wounds, Bacon, they kisse! Ile stab them.
Bacon. Oh, hold your handes, my lord, it is the glasse!
Edward. Coller to see the traitors gree so well
Made me[1] thinke the shadowes substances.
Bacon. Twere a long poinard, my lord, to reach betweene
Oxford and Fresingfield; but sit still and see more.[2]
Bungay. Well, Lord of Lincolne, if your loves be knit,
And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree,
To avoid insuing jarres, Ile hamper up the match:
Ile take my portace[3] forth and wed you heere.
Then go to bed and scale up your desires.
Lacie. Frier, content. — Peggie, how like you this?
Margret. What likes my lord is pleasing unto me.
Bungay. Then hand-fast hand, and I wil to my booke.
Bacon. What sees my lord now?
Edward. Bacon, I see the lovers hand in hand,
The frier readie with his portace there
To wed them both: then am I quite, undone.
Bacon, helpe now, if e'er thy magicke servde! —
Helpe, Bacon; stop the marriage now,
If divels or nigromancie may suffice,
And I will give thee fortie thousand crownes.
Bacon. Feare not, my lord, Ile stop the jolly frier
For[4] mumbling up[5] his orisons this day.
Lacie. Why speakst not, Bungay? Frier, to thy booke.

[1] Lines 130,1161, Appendix *C*, 1 *a*.

[2] Lines 131–132: Dy., "Is this a prose speech or corrupted verse?" Neither; see Appendix *D*, 3 *a*.

[3] A breviary for out-of-door use. Cf. *New Cust.*, I. ii. (H. Dods. III.) and *Confl. Consc.* III. iv. (Caconos).

[4] So Qtos., meaning 'in respect of'; and W. in his first ed. Wagner (*Anglia*, Vol. II.) would change to 'from,' saying "*for mumbling* würde heissen 'ich will ihn zum stillstand bringen dafür dass er ableiert.'" Let us rather trust Greene for English. Cf. his *Ep. Ded.* to *Orpharion*, "Else shall you discourage a gardener *for* grafting"; also his *Never Too Late* (ed. 1590), "A hat . . . shelter *for* the sun," etc. The word means 'in respect of,' 'with regard to,' and then 'against' and 'from,' as here. (See, also, *N. E. D.: For* 23. *d.*)

[5] In sense of 'finishing.' Cf. iii. 22; vi. 159; xii. 21; *Alph.*, "soothe up" (ed. Dyce, p. 241).

BUNGAY *is mute, crying,* 'Hud, hud.'

Margret. How lookest thou, Frier, as a man distraught?
Reft of thy sences, Bungay? shew by signes,
If thou be dum, what passions[1] holdeth thee.
Lacie. Hees dumbe indeed: Bacon hath with his divels
Enchanted him, or else some strange disease
Or appoplexie hath possest his lungs:
But, Peggie, what he cannot with his booke,
Weel twixt us both unite it up in heart.
Margret. Els let me die, my lord, a miscreant.
Edward. Why stands Frier Bungay[2] so amazd?
Bacon. I have strook him dum, my lord; &, if your honor please,[3]
Ile fetch this Bungay straightway from Fresingfield,[3]
And he shall dine with us in Oxford here.
Edward. Bacon, doe that, and thou contentest me.
Lacie. Of courtesie, Margret, let us lead the frier
Unto thy fathers lodge, to comfort him
With brothes, to bring him from this haplesse trance.
Margret. Or els, my lord, we were passing unkinde
To leave the frier so in his distresse.

Enter a Devill *and carrie* BUNGAY *on his backe.*

Margret. O, helpe, my lord! a devill, a devill, my lord!
Looke how he carries Bungay on his backe!
Let's hence, for Bacons spirits be abroad. *Exeunt.*
Edward. Bacon, I laugh to see the jolly frier
Mounted upon the divell, and how the earle
Flees with his bonny lasse for feare.
Assoone as Bungay is at Brazennose,
And I have chatted with the merry frier,
I will in post hie me to Fresingfield,
And quite these wrongs on Lacie ere it be long.

[1] Q 1. But Do., Dy., modernizing Elizabethan grammar, read 'passion.
[2] Q 1 (B. M.) *Bacon*, corrected in a handwritten 'Bungay.'
[3] Line 162, Appendix *D*, 3 *a*; 163, *D* 2.

Bacon. So be it, my lord: but let us to our dinner;
For ere we have taken our repast awhile,
We shall have Bungay brought to Brazennose. *Exeunt.*

[Scene Seventh. *The Regenthouse at Oxford.*]

Enter three doctors, BURDEN, MASON, CLEMENT.

Mason. Now that we are gathered in the Regenthouse,[1]
It fits us talke about the kings repaire;
For he, troopt[2] with all the westerne kings,
That lie alongst the Dansick seas by east,
North by the clime of frostie Germanie,
The Almain monarke and the Saxon[3] duke,
Castile and lovely Ellinor with him,
Have in their jests resolved for Oxford towne.
Burden. We must lay plots of stately tragedies,
Strange comick showes, such as proud Rossius[4]
Vaunted before the Romane emperours,
To welcome all the westerne potentates.[5]
Clement. But more; the king by letters hath foretold
That Fredericke, the Almaine emperour,
Hath brought with him a Germane of esteeme,
Whose surname is Don Jaquesse Vandermast,
Skilfull in magicke and those secret arts.
Mason. Then must we all make sute unto the frier,
To Frier Bacon, that he vouch this taske,
And undertake to countervaile in skill
The German; els theres none in Oxford can
Match and dispute with learned Vandermast.
Burden. Bacon, if he will hold the German play,
Will[6] teach him what an English frier can doe;
The divell, I thinke, dare not dispute with him.

[1] Greene has in mind the Church of St. Mary the Virgin.
[2] Appendix *C*, 1 *b*.
[3] Do.'s suggestion for Qtos.' *Scocon.*
[4] Died B.C. 62. Cf. *Never too Late*, Pt. I. (1590).
[5] So Dyce; but Qtos. and Do. give the line to Clement.
[6] Q 1, *Weele*

Clement. Indeed, mas doctor, he [dis[1]]pleasured you,
In that he brought your hostesse with her spit,
From Henly, posting unto Brazennose.
Burden. A vengeance on the frier for his paines!
But leaving that, lets hie[2] to Bacon straight,
To see if he will take this taske in hand.
Clement. Stay, what rumor is this? The towne is up in a mutinie: what hurly burlie is this?

Enter a Constable, *with* Raphe, Warren, Ermsbie, *and* Miles.

Constable. Nay, maisters, if you were nere so good, you shall before the doctors to aunswer your misdemeanour.
Burden. Whats the matter, fellow?
Constable. Marrie, sir, heres a companie of rufflers,[3] that, drinking in the taverne, have made a great braule, and almost kilde the vintner.

Miles. *Salve*, Doctor Burden![4] This lubberly lurden,[5]
Ill-shapte and ill faced, disdaind and disgraced,
What he tels unto *vobis mentitur de nobis.*

Burden. Who is the maister and cheefe of this crew?

Miles. *Ecce asinum mundi fugura*[6] *rotundi*,
Neat, sheat[7] and fine, as briske as a cup of wine.

Burden. What are you?
Raphe. I am, father doctor, as a man would say, the belwether of this company: these are my lords, and I the Prince of Wales.
Clement. Are you Edward, the kings sonne?
Raphe. Sirra Miles, bring hither the tapster that drue the wine,

[1] Inserted by Do., Dy., W. G. prefers 'ill.' [2] Q 3 omits. Do.: 'let *us* to Bacon.'
[3] bullies. Cf. Shaksp., *Tit. And.*, I. i. 313.
[4] Skeltonical verse. Qtos. print thus, but Do., Dy., W., in couplets. [5] *heavy* head.
[6] So Q 1. Miles is responsible for the Latin; cf. *habitares* Sc. ii. 4. The *asinus mundi* is, of course, Raphe.
[7] W. omits 'sheat.' G. reads, 'Neat, sheat, and [as] fine, as a briske cup of wine.' Qtos. have comma after 'neat,' making 'sheat' an adjective, for which *Cent. Dict.* suggests the meaning 'trim.' Poppey, in Lodge's *Wounds of Civil War* (H. Dods. VII. 191), says, "Fair, fresh and fine, As a merry cup of wine."

and, I warrant, when they see how soundly I have broke his head, theile say twas done by no lesse man than a prince.

Mason. I cannot believe that this is the Prince of Wales.

Warren. And why so, sir?

Mason. For they say the prince is a brave & a wise gentleman.

War. Why, and thinkest thou, doctor, that he is not so? 56
Darst thou detract and derogat from him,
Being so lovely and so brave a youth?

Ermsbie. Whose face, shining with many a sugred smile,
Bewraies that he is bred of princely race. 60

Miles. And yet, maister doctor, to speake like a proctor,
And tell unto you what is veriment and true:
To cease of this quarrell, looke but on his apparell;
Then marke but my talis, he is great Prince of Walis,
The cheef of our *gregis*, and *filius regis:* 65
Then ware what is done, for he is Henries white[1] son.

Raphe. Doctors, whose doting nightcaps[2] are not capable of my ingenious dignitie, know that I am Edward Plantagenet, whom if you displease will[3] make a shippe that shall hold all your colleges, and so carrie away the niniversity with a fayre wind to the Banke-side in Southwarke. — How sayst thou, Ned Warraine, shall I not do it? 72

Warren. Yes, my good lord; and, if it please your lordship, I wil gather up all your old pantophles, and with the corke[4] make you a pinnis of five-hundred tunne, that shall serve the turne marvellous well, my lord. 76

Ermsbie. And I, my lord, will have pioners to undermine the towne, that the very gardens and orchards be carried away for your summer-walkes.

Miles. And, I, with *scientia* and great *diligentia*, 80
Will conjure and charme, to keepe you from harme;

[1] dear: *Lk. Gl.*, 1481; *R. D.*, I. i. 49; and frequently. In American slang, to-day, 'good-natured.' [2] Perhaps the caps of Doctors of Law and Physic. Ward.

[3] Dy., W., careful of R.'s grammar, read '*I* will.'

[4] From the inner sole. Peg in *Wily Beg.* (Hawkins III. 356) glories in 'cork'd shoes.' Ward. So also Mall in *2 A. W. A.* iii. 167.

That *utrum horum mavis*, your very great *navis*,
Like Bartlets[1] ship, from Oxford do skip
With colleges and schooles, full loaden with fooles.
Quid dices ad hoc, worshipfull *Domine* Dawcocke?[2]

Clement. Why, harebraind courtiers, are you drunke or mad,
To taunt us with such scurilitie?
Deeme you us men of base and light esteeme,
To bring us such a fop for Henries son? —
Call out the beadl[e]s and convay them hence
Straight to Bocardo:[3] let the roisters lie
Close clapt in bolts, untill their wits be tame.

Ermsbie. Why, shall we to prison, my lord?

Raphe. What saist, Miles, shall I honour the prison with my presence?

Miles. No, no: out with your blades, and hamper these jades;
Have a flurt and a crash, now play revell dash,
And teach these sacerdos that the Bocardos,
Like pezzants and elves, are meet for themselves.[4]

Mason. To the prison with them, constable.

Warren. Well, doctors, seeing I have sported me
With laughing at these mad and merrie wagges,
Know that Prince Edward is at Brazennose,
And this, attired like the Prince of Wales,
Is Raphe, King Henries only loved foole;
I, Earle of Sussex,[5] and this Ermsbie,
One of the privie chamber to the king;
Who, while the prince with Frier Bacon staies,
Have revel'd it in Oxford as you see.

Mason. My lord, pardon us, we knew not what you were:

[1] So Qtos. The mistake for Barclay is as likely to be Miles's as the compositor's.

[2] Do., Dy., W. change to *dicis*. A parody of *Construas hoc*, etc., in Skelton's *Ware the Hauke*. Dyce. So, for a fool, Ingeland's *Disob. Child* (H. Dods. II. 285); and frequently. Cf. 'Woodcock' in *Johann*, and *Hamlet*, I. iii. 115.

[3] Old north gate, Oxford, used as a prison; taken down, 1771. As hard to get out of as the Bocardo mood of the syllogism. Dyce and Ward.

[4] "Are meet for just such low-born devils as they are."

[5] Qtos., *Essex*.

But courtiers may make greater skapes than these.
Wilt please your honour dine with me to-day?

Warren. I will, maister doctor, and satisfie the vintner for his hurt; only I must desire you to imagine him[1] all the forenoon the Prince of Wales.

Mason. I will, sir.

Raphe. And upon that I will lead the way; onely I will have Miles go before me, because I have heard Henrie say that wisedome must go before majestie. *Exeunt omnes.*

[Scene Eighth. *The countrie-side; Fresingfield.*]

Enter PRINCE EDWARD *with his poiniard in his hand,* LACIE, *and* MARGRET.[2]

Edward. Lacie, thou canst not shroud thy traitrous thoughts,
Nor cover, as did Cassius, all his[3] wiles;
For Edward hath an eye that lookes as farre
As Lyncœus from the shores of Grecia.
Did not I sit in Oxford by the frier,
And see thee court the mayd of Fresingfield,
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kisse?
Did not prowd Bungay draw his portasse foorth,
And joyning hand in hand had married you,
If Frier Bacon had not strook him dumbe,
And mounted him upon a spirits backe
That we might chat at Oxford with the frier?
Traitor, what answerst? is not all this true?

Lacy. Truth all, my lord; and thus I make replie:
At Harlstone faire, there courting for your grace,
When as mine eye survaid her curious shape,
And drewe the beautious glory of her looks
To dive into the center of my heart,
Love taught me that your honour did but jest,
That princes were in fancie but as men;

[1] Raphe.
[2] Cf. the scene in *Kn. Kn.* (H. Dods. VI. 575).
[3] Dy. and W. change to 'thy.'

How that the lovely maid of Fresingfield
Was fitter to be Lacies wedded wife
Than concubine unto the Prince of Wales.
Edward. Injurious Lacie, did I love thee more
Than Alexander his Hephestion?
Did I unfould the passion[s] [1] of my love,
And locke them in the closset of thy thoughts?
Wert thou to Edward second to himselfe,
Sole freind, and partner of his secreat loves?
And could a glaunce of fading bewtie breake
Th' inchained fetters of such privat freinds?
Base coward, false, and too effeminate
To be corivall with a prince in thoughts!
From Oxford have I posted since I dinde,
To quite a traitor fore that Edward sleepe.
Margret. Twas I, my lord, not Lacie stept awry:
For oft he sued and courted for your selfe,
And still woode for the courtier all in greene;
But I, whome fancy made but over fond,
Pleaded myselfe with looks as if I lovd;
I fed myne eye with gazing on his face,
And still bewitcht lovd Lacie with my looks;
My hart with sighes, myne eyes pleaded with tears,
My face held pittie and content at once,
And more I could not sipher out by signes,
But that I lovd Lord Lacie with my heart.
Then, worthy Edward, measure with thy minde
If womens favours will not force men fall,
If bewty, and if darts of persing love,
Are not of force to bury thoughts of friendes.
Edward. I tell thee, Peggie, I will have thy loves:
Edward or none shall conquer Marg[a]ret.
In frigats bottomd with rich Sethin [2] planks,
Topt with the loftie firs of Libanon,

[1] Q 1 and G., 'passion.' Q 3, Do., Dy., W., 'passions': required by 'them.' So "to show your passions," *Kn. Kn.* (H. Dods. VI. 574).
[2] Shittim: cf. *Never too Late* (Grosart, VIII. 40).

Stemd and incast with burnisht Ivorie,
And overlaid with plates of Persian wealth,
Like Thetis shall thou wanton on the waves,
And draw the dolphins[1] to thy lovely eyes,
To daunce lavoltas[2] in the purple[1] streames;
Sirens, with harpes and silver psalteries,
Shall waight with musicke at thy frigots stem,
And entertaine fair Margret with their laies.[3]
England and Englands wealth shall wait on thee;
Brittaine shall bend unto her princes love,
And doe due homage to thine excellence,
If thou wilt be but Edwards Marg[a]ret.
Margret. Pardon, my lord: if Joves great roialtie
Sent me such presents as to Danaë;
If Phœbus [']ti[r]ed[4] in Latonas webs,
Come[5] courting from the beautie of his lodge;
The dulcet tunes of frolicke Mercurie —
Not[6] all the wealth heavens treasurie affoords, —
Should make me leave Lord Lacie or his love.
Edw. I have learnd at Oxford, then, this point of schooles, —
Ablata[7] *causa, tollitur effectus:*
Lacie[8] — the cause that Margret cannot love
Nor fix her liking on the English prince, —
Take him away, and then the effects will faile.
Villaine, prepare thy selfe; for I will bathe
My poinard in the bosome of an earle.
Lacie. Rather then[9] live and misse faire Margret's love! —
Prince Edward, stop not at the fatall doome,
But stabb it home: end both my loves and life.
Marg. Brave Prince of Wales, honoured for royall deeds,
Twere sinne to staine fair Venus courts with blood;

[1] Cf. *Kn. Kn.* "dolphin's eye" (H. Dods. VI. 574); "purple main," etc. (H. Dods. VI. 565, 570). Ward notes resemblance of ll. 50–66, 'lavoltas,' 'purple plaines,' 'Thetis,' etc., to *Menapon* (Grosart, VI. 36). [2] Round dances; cf. *Hen. V.*, iii. 5.
[3] Cf. *Tamb.* "To entertain . . . Zenocrate," etc. [4] So Dy., W., for 'attired.' Q 1, *tied*; Q 3, *tyed* [= incased, Grosart ?]. [5] So Qtos., and prob. Greene. Eds., 'came.'
[6] So Qtos., Do., and prob. Greene. Dy., W., 'nor.'
[7] Q 3. — Q 1, *abbata.* [8] In apposition with 'him,' l. 78. [9] than.

Loves conquests ends, my lord, in courtesie:
Spare Lacie, gentle Edward; let me die,
For so both you and he doe cease your loves.
Edward. Lacie shall die as traitor to his lord.
Lacie. I have deserved it, Edward; act it well.
Margret. What hopes the prince to gaine by Lacies death?
Edward. To end the loves twixt him and Margeret.
Marg. Why, thinks King Henries sonne that Margret's love
Hangs in the uncertaine ballance of proud time?
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?
No, stab the earle, and fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice over the loftie east,
Margret will meet her Lacie in the heavens.
Lacie. If ought betides to lovely Marg[a]ret
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,
Europes rich wealth nor Englands monarchie
Should not allure Lacie to overlive:
Then, Edward, short my life, and end her[1] loves.
Margret. Rid me, and keepe a friend worth many loves.
Lacie. Nay, Edward, keepe a love worth many friends.
Margret. And if thy mind be such as fame hath blazde,
Then, princely Edward, let us both abide
The fatall resolution of thy rage:
Banish thou fancie, and imbrace revenge,
And in one toombe knit both our carkases,
Whose hearts were linked in one perfect love.
Edward [*aside.*] Edward, art thou that famous Prince of Wales,
Who at Damasco beat the Sarasens,
And broughtst home triumphe on thy launces point?
And shall thy plumes be puld by Venus downe?
Is it princely to dissever lovers leagues,[2]
To part such friends as glorie in their loves?
Leave, Ned, and make a vertue of this fault,
And further Peg and Lacie in their loves:

[1] Dy. qy. 'our'? but Greene liked the contrast of 'my' and 'her.' Grosart.

[2] Q 3, catching up 'loves' of l. 117, substitutes it for 'leagues' of l. 116; consequently omits l. 117 altogether.

So in subduing fancies passion,
Conquering thy selfe thou getst the richest spoile. —
Lacie, rise up. Faire Peggie, heeres my hand:
The Prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts,
And all his loves he yeelds unto the earle.
Lacie, enjoy the maid of Fresingfield;
Make her thy Lincolne countesse at the church,
And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,
Will give her to thee franckly for thy wife.[1]
Lacie. Humbly I take her of my soveraigne,
As if that Edward gave me Englands right,
And richt me with the Albion diadem.
Margret. And doth the English prince[2] mean true?
Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,
And yeeld the title of a countrie maid
Unto Lord Lacie?
Edward. I will, faire Peggie, as I am true lord.
Marg. Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as great,
In conquering love, as Cæsars victories,
Margret, as milde and humble in her thoughts
As was Aspatia[3] unto Cirus selfe,
Yeelds thanks, and, next Lord Lacie, doth inshrine
Edward the second secret in her heart.
Edw. Gramercie, Peggie: — now that vowes are past,
And that your loves are not to[4] be revolt,[5]
Once, Lacie, friendes againe. Come, we will post
To Oxford; for this day the king is there,
And brings for Edward Castile Ellinor.
Peggie, I must go see and view my wife:
I pray God I like her as I loved thee.[6]
Beside, Lord Lincolne, we shall heare dispute

[1] With ll. 25, 112–128, compare *Campaspe*, V. iv. [2] Appendix *C*, 2 *b*.
[3] Milto of Phocæa, whom Cyrus the Younger used to call Aspasia. See Plutarch's *Pericles*, and *Artaxerxes*. Ward. [4] Q 1 omits. Q 3 supplies.
[5] Revolted = overturned. If similar literal transference of Latin words were not common among Elizabethans, one might suggest 'revokt,' i.e. 'renounced,' citing xiv. 78, "a *vow* that may not be *revokt*," and *Sir Clyom. and Sir Clam.*, "that mortal blow or stroke The which shall cause thy wretched corpse this life for to *revoke*." [6] Appendix *A*, 4.

Twixt Frier Bacon and learned Vandermast.
Peggie, weele leave you for a weeke or two.
Margret. As it please Lord Lacie: but loves foolish looks
Thinke footsteps miles and minutes to be houres.
Lacie. Ile hasten, Peggie, to make short returne. —
But please your honour goe unto the lodge,
We shall have butter, cheese, and venison;
And yesterday I brought for Marg[a]ret
A lustie bottle of neat clarret wine:
Thus can we feast and entertaine your grace.
Edward. Tis cheere, Lord Lacie, for an emperour,
If he respect the person and the place.
Come, let us in; for I will all this night
Ride post untill I come to Bacons cell. *Exeunt.*

[Scene Ninth. *Oxford.*]

Enter Henrie, Emperour, Castile, Ellinor, Vandermast, Bungay.

Emperour. Trust me, Plantagenet, these Oxford schooles
Are richly seated neere the river side:
The mountaines[1] full of fat and fallow deere,
The batling[2] pastures laid[3] with kine and flocks,
The towne gorgeous with high built colledges,
And schollers seemely in their grave attire,
Learned in searching principles of art. —
What is thy judgement, Jaquis Vandermast?
Vandermast. That lordly are the buildings of the towne,
Spatious the romes, and full of pleasant walkes;
But for the doctors, how that they be learned,
It may be meanly, for ought I can heere.
Bungay. I tell thee, Germane, Haspurge holds none such,
None red so deepe as Oxenford containes:
There are within our accademicke state

[1] Cumnor, Hinksey, Cuddesdon, Shotover, etc., can hardly be called mountains. The Emperour recalls the progress over the Chilterns, or Greene romances.
[2] Nutritious; cf. *battles* and *batten*.
[3] Qtos., Do. Possibly means 'covered.' But probably misprint for 'lade': — Dy., W.

Men that may lecture it in Germanie
To all the doctors of your Belgicke schools.
Henrie. Stand to him, Bungay, charme this Vandermast,
And I will use thee as a royall king.
Vandermast. Wherein darest thou dispute with me?
Bungay. In what a doctor and a friar can.
Vandermast. Before rich Europes worthies put thou forth
The doubtfull question unto Vandermast.
Bungay. Let it be this, — Whether the spirites of piromancie or geomancie be most predominant in magick?
Vander. I say, of piromancie.
Bungay. And I, of geomancie.
Vander. The cabbalists that wright of magick spels,
As Hermes,[1] Melchie,[2] and Pithagoras,
Affirme that, mongst the quadruplicitie
Of elementall essence, *terra* is but thought
To be a *punctum* squarèd to[3] the rest;
And that the compasse of ascending eliments
Exceed in bignesse as they doe in height;
Judging the concave circle of the sonne
To hold the rest in his circomference.
If, then, as Hermes saies, the fire be greatst,
Purest, and onely giveth shape to spirites
Then must these demones that haunt that place
Be every way superiour to the rest.
Bungay. I reason not of elementall shapes,
Nor tell I of the concave lattitudes,
Noting their essence nor their qualitie,
But of the spirites that piromancie calles,
And of the vigour of the geomanticke fiends.
I tell thee, Germane, magicke haunts the grounds,[4]
And those strange necromantick spels
That worke such shewes and wondering in the world
Are acted by those geomanticke spirites
That Hermes calleth *terræ filii.*

[1] Trismegistus. [2] Porphyry. [3] an atom compared with. [4] Qtos. and Do — Dy. and W., 'ground.' The 's' may have been attracted from 'fiends' and 'spels.'

The fierie spirits are but transparant shades,
That lightly passe as heralts to beare newes;
But earthly fiends, closd in the lowest deepe,
Dissever mountaines, if they be but chargd,
Being more grose and massie in their power.
Vander. Rather these earthly geomantike spirits
Are dull and like the place where they remaine;
For when proud Lucipher fell from the heavens,
The spirites and angels that did sin with him,
Retaind their locall essence as their faults,
All subject under *Lunas* continent:
They which offended lesse hang[1] in the fire,
And second faults did rest within the aire;
But Lucifer and his proud hearted fiends
Were throwne into the center of the earth,
Having lesse understanding than the rest,
As having greater sinne and lesser grace.
Therfore such grosse and earthly spirits doe serve
For juglers, witches, and vild[2] sorcerers;
Whereas the piromantike genii[3]
Are mightie, swift, and of farre reaching power.
But graunt that geomancie hath most force;
Bungay, to please these mightie potentates,
Proove by some instance what thy art can doe.
Bungay. I will.
Emper. Now, English Harry, here begins the game;
We shall see sport betweene these learned men.
Vandermast. What wilt thou doe?
Bung. Shew thee the tree, leavd with refined gold,
Wheron the fearfull dragon held his seate,
That watcht the garden cald Hesperides[4]
Subdued and wonne by conquering Hercules.
Vandermast. Well done![5]

[1] Qtos. and Do. — Dy. and W., 'hung.'
[2] Dy. and W., 'vile.' But 'Vild' is common: see *F. Q.*, *2 A. W. A.*, *Sp. Gypsy*, etc.
[3] Q 1, *genii*.
[4] Most of our old writers use Hesp. as the name of a place.
[5] Ironically. Eds. place *after* the stage direction; but the Qtos. may stand.

Here BUNGAY *conjures, and the Tree appeares with the Dragon shooting fire.*

Henrie. What say you, royall lordings,[1] to my frier?
Hath he not done a point of cunning skill?
Vander. Ech scholler in the nicromantike spels
Can doe as much as Bungay hath performd:
But as Alcmenas basterd ras'd[2] this tree,
So will I raise him up as when he lived,
And cause him pull the dragon from his seate,
And teare the branches peecemeale from the roote. —
Hercules! *Prodi*,[3] *prodi*, Hercules!

HERCULES *appeares in his Lions skin.*

Hercules. Quis me vult?
Vandermast. Joves bastard sonne, thou Libian Hercules,
Pull off the sprigs from off[4] the Hesperian tree,
As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.
Hercules. Fiat.

Heere he begins to breake the branches.

Vander. Now, Bungay, if thou canst by magicke charme
The fiend, appearing like great Hercules,
From pulling downe the branches of the tree,
Then art thou worthy[5] to be counted learned.
Bungay. I cannot.
Vander. Cease, Hercules, untill I give thee charge. —
Mightie commander of this English Ile,
Henrie, come from the stout Plantagenets,
Bungay is learned enough to be a frier;
But to compare with Jaquis Vandermast,
Oxford and Cambridge must go seeke their celles
To find a man to match him in his art.
I have given *non-plus* to the Paduans,
To thém of Sien,[6] Florence, and Bologna,[7]
Reimes,[8] Louain, and faire Rotherdam,

[1] Q 3, 'lordlings.' [2] razed. [3] So Q 3. Q 1, *prodie*. [4] G. would omit. [5] Q 1, *worrby*. [6] Sienna. For metre, Appendix *D*, 1; for that of l. 116, *B*, 1; of ll. 120, 148, 162, *C*, 2 *c*; of l. 129, *B*, 2. [7] So Q 3. Q 1, *Belogna*. [8] Text and metre, Appendix *E*

Franckford, Lutrech,[1] and Orleance:
And now must Henrie, if he do me right,
Crowne me with laurell, as they all have done.

Enter Bacon.

Bacon. All haile to this roiall companie,[2]
That sit to heare and see this strange dispute!—
Bungay, how standst thou as a man amazd?
What, hath the Germane acted more than thou?
Vandermast. What art thou that questions thus?[2]
Bacon. Men call me Bacon.
Vander. Lordly thou lookest, as if that thou wert learnd;
Thy countenance as if science held her seate
Betweene the circled arches of thy browes.
Henrie. Now, Monarcks, hath the Germain found his match.
Emperour. Bestirre thee, Jaquis, take not now the foile,[3]
Least thou doest loose what foretime thou didst gaine.
Vandermast. Bacon, wilt thou dispute?
Bacon. Noe,[2] unlesse he were more learnd than Vandermast:
For yet, tell me, what hast thou done?
Vandermast. Raisd Hercules to ruinate that tree
That Bongay mounted by his magicke spels.
Bacon. Set Hercules to worke.
Vander. Now, Hercules, I charge thee to thy taske;
Pull off the golden branches from the roote.
Hercules. I dare not. Seest thou not great Bacon heere,
Whose frowne doth act more than thy magicke can?
Vandermast. By all the thrones, and dominations,
Vertues, powers, and mightie hierarchies,[4]
I charge thee to obey to Vandermast.
Hercules. Bacon, that bridles headstrong Belcephon,
And rules Asmenoth, guider of the north,
Bindes me from yeelding unto Vandermast.

[1] So Qtos. Dy. and G., 'Utrecht [Paris] and.' Fleay and Ward, 'Lu*tetia* and O'; the compositor having probably been shunted by the *ut* from Ms. 'Lutetia' into 'Utrech.' Dekker spells the latter 'Utrich' (7 *D. S.* 1606). Lutetia (or Paris) has been already mentioned in iv. 50; whereas Utrecht was not yet a university town.

[2] See n. 6, p. 473. [3] *Mar. Witte and Sci.* (1570), "Not every *foile* doth make a falle."

[4] Q 1, *berarchies.*

Hen. How now, Vandermast! have you met with your match?
Vandermast. Never before wast knowne to Vandermast
That men held devils in such obedient awe.
Bacon doth more than art, or els I faile.
Emperour. Why, Vandermast, art thou overcome? —
Bacon, dispute with him, and trie his skill.
Bacon. I come[1] not, Monarckes, for to hold dispute
With such a novice as is Vandermast;
I came[2] to have your royalties to dine
With Frier Bacon heere in Brazennose;
And, for this Germane troubles but the place,
And holds this audience with a long suspence,
Ile send him to his accademie hence. —
Thou, Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,
Transport the Germane unto Haspurge straight,
That he may learne by travaile, gainst the spring,[3]
More secret doomes and aphorisms of art.
Vanish the tree, and thou away with him!

Exit the Spirit with VANDERMAST *and the Tree.*

Emperour. Why, Bacon, whether doest thou send him?
Bacon. To Haspurge: there your highnesse at returne
Shall finde the Germane in his studie safe.
Henrie. Bacon, thou hast honoured England with thy skill,
And made faire Oxford famous by thine art:
I will be English Henrie to thy selfe; —
But tell me, shall we dine with thee to-day?
Bacon. With me, my lord; and while I fit my cheere,
See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you,
Gratious as[4] the morning starre of heaven. [*Exit.*

Enter EDWARD, LACIE, WARREN, ERMSBIE.

Emperour. Is this Prince Edward, Henries royall sonne?
How martiall is the figure of his face!
Yet lovely and beset with amorets.[5]

[1] So Qtos. — Dy. and W. alter 'came.'
[2] So Q 3, and eds., and (I think) Q 1. — G. 'come.'
[3] So eds. — Qtos., *springs.*
[4] Appendix *C*, 1 *a*
[5] Love-kindling looks; cf. xii. 8. Dyce. So also *Never too Late*, "wilie amorettes of a curtizan."

Henrie. Ned, where hast thou been?
Edward. At Framingham, my lord, to trie your buckes
If they could scape the [1] teisers or the toile.
But hearing of these lordly potentates
Landed, and prograst up to Oxford towne,
I posted to give entertaine to them:
Chiefe to the Almaine monarke; next to him,
And joynt with him, Castile and Saxonie
Are welcome as they may be to the English court.
Thus for the men: but see, Venus appeares,
Or one that overmatcheth [2] Venus in her shape!
Sweete Ellinor, beauties highswelling pride,
Rich natures glorie and her wealth at once,
Faire of all faires, welcome to Albion;
Welcome to me, and welcome to thine owne,
If that thou dainst the welcome from my selfe.
Ellinor. Martiall Plantagenet, Henries high minded sonne,
The marke that Ellinor did count her aime,
I likte thee fore I saw thee: now I love,
And so as in so short a time I may;
Yet so as time shall never breake that so,
And therefore so accept of Ellinor.
Castile. Feare not, my lord, this couple will agree,
If love may creepe into their wanton eyes: ——
And therefore, Edward, I accept thee heere,
Without suspence, as my adopted sonne.
Henrie. Let me that joy in these consorting greets,
And glorie in these honors done to Ned,
Yeeld thankes for all these favours to my sonne,
And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

Enter MILES *with a cloth and trenchers and salt.*

Miles. *Salvete, omnes reges*, that govern your *greges*,[3]
In Saxonie and Spaine, in England and in Almaine!
For all this frolicke rable must I cover the [4] table
With trenchers, salt, and cloth; and then looke for your broth.

[1] Q 1, *they.* [2] G. omits 'over.' See Appendix *D*, 3 *b.* [3] Ll. 205–209, as prose in Qtos. See note on vii. 40 *et seq.* [4] Q 1, *thee.*

Emperour. What pleasant fellow is this?
Henrie. Tis, my lord, Doctor Bacons poore scholler.
Miles [*aside*]. My maister hath made me sewer[1] of these great lords; and, God knowes, I am as serviceable at a table as a sow is under an apple-tree: tis no matter; their cheere shall not be great, and therefore what skils where the salt stand, before or behinde? [*Exit.*]
Castile. These schollers knowes more skill in actiomes,
How to use quips and sleights of sophistrie,
Than for to cover courtly for a king.

[*Re*]*enter* MILES *with a message of pottage and broth; and, after him,* BACON.

Miles. Spill, sir? why, doe you thinke I never carried twopeny chop[2] before in my life? ——

By your leave, *nobile decus*, for here comes Doctor Bacons *pecus*,[3]
Being in his full age to carrie a messe of pottage.

Bacon. Lordings, admire not if your cheere be this,
For we must keepe our accademicke fare;
No riot where Philosophie doth raine:
And therefore, Henrie, place these potentates,
And bid them fall unto their frugall cates.
Emp. Presumptuous Frier! what, scoffst thou at a king?
What, doest thou taunt us with thy pesants fare,
And give us cates fit[4] for countrey swaines? ——
Henrie, proceeds this jest of thy consent,
To twit us with such[5] a pittance of such price?
Tell me, and Fredericke will not greeve the[e] long.
Henrie. By Henries honour, and the royall faith
The English monarcke beareth to his friend,
I knew not of the frier's feeble fare,
Nor am I pleasd he entertaines you thus.

[1] One who sets the table; Fr. *asseoir*. So Fletcher, *R. a W.* III. 1. (*Century.*)
[2] Chopped meat in broth? (*N. E. D.*).
[3] Ll. 220–221, as prose in Qtos.
[4] Wagner supplies 'but' before 'for'; the emperor supplied a gulp of rage before 'fit.' Appendix *C*, 1 *c*.
[5] Q 3. — Do., Dy. omit 'such'; G. and W. omit 'a.' This smoothing out of the anapest has no historical warrant.

Bacon. Content thee, Fredericke, for I shewd the[1] cates,
To let thee see how schollers use to feede;
How little meate refines our English wits. ——
Miles, take away, and let it be thy dinner.
Miles. Marry, sir, I wil. This day shall be a festival day with me;[2]
For I shall exceed in the highest degree. [*Exit* Miles.]
Bacon. I tell thee, monarch, all the Germane peeres
Could not affoord thy entertainment such,
So roiall and so full of maiestie,
As Bacon will present to Fredericke;
The basest waiter that attends thy cups
Shall be in honours greater than thy selfe;
And for thy cates, rich Alexandria drugges[3]
Fecht by carveils[4] from Aegypts richest straights,
Found in the wealthy strond of Affrica,
Shall royallize the table of my king;
Wines richer than the Gyptian courtisan
Quaft to Augustus kingly countermatch,
Shalbe carrowst in English Henries feasts;
Candie shall yeeld the richest of her canes;
Persia, downe her volga[5] by canows,
Send down the secrets of her spicerie;
The Africke dates, mirabolanes[6] of Spaine,
Conserves and suckets[7] from Tiberias,
Cates from Judea, choiser than the lampe[8]

[1] So Qtos. and G. Do., 'thee'; Dy. and W., 'these' unnecessarily.
[2] Dy. and W., "This . . . me," as a verse.
[3] Spices.
[4] A small, light, and fast ship; caravel (*N. E. D.*).
[5] "This," observes my friend, Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "is much as if France were to send claret and burgundy down her Thames." Dyce. Quoted as with approval by G. and W. But may not Greene indulge in a figure of speech? The Volga was the typical great river of the Elizabethans, their Amazon or Mississippi; and is here used for the Euphrates by antonomasia. Q 1 does not capitalize this *volga*, and the emphasis is on *her*. See Appendix *C*, 1 *a*.
[6] So in Greene's *Not. Discov. Coosenage.* Qtos. and Do., *mirabiles.*
[7] Sugar plums.
[8] Dyce regards the passage as mutilated. Mitford's 'balm' does not fit the sense. For 'lamprey' (from W. Bell and Fleay), see Ward. I think that explanation is good; for Greene is not averse to coining words, and if he is translating *muræna* by 'lamp,' the figure in the next line suggests that a paronomasia may have won favor with him by reason of a false derivation from λαμπρός (*sc.* the Lampris, a *brilliant* deep-sea fish).

That fiered Rome with sparkes of gluttonie,
Shall bewtifie the board for[1] Fredericke:
And therfore grudge not at a frier's feast. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene Tenth. *Near the Keepers lodge in Fresingfield.*]

Enter two gentlemen, LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY[2] *with the* Keeper.

Lambert. Come, frolicke keeper of our lieges game,
Whose table spred hath ever venison
And jacks[3] of wines to welcome passengers,
Know I am in love with jolly Marg[a]ret,
That over-shines our damsels as the moone
Darkneth the brightest sparkles of the night.
In Laxfield[4] heere my land and living lies:
Ile make thy daughter joynter[5] of it all,
So thou consent to give her to my wife;
And I can spend five hundreth markes a yeare.
Serlbie. I am the landslord,[6] Keeper, of thy holds,
By coppie all thy living lies in me;
Laxfield did never see me raise my due:
I will infeofe faire Marg[a]ret in all,
So she will take her to a lustie squire.
Keeper. Now, courteous gent[i]ls, if the keepers girle
Hath pleasd the liking fancie of you both,
And with her beutie hath subdued your thoughts,
Tis doubtfull to decide the question.
It joyes me that such men of great esteeme
Should lay their liking on this base estate,
And that her state should grow so fortunate
To be a wife to meaner men than you:
But sith such squires will stoop to keepers fee,[7]
I will, to avoid displeasure of you both,
Call Margret forth, and she shall make her choise. *Exit.*

[1] W. alters to 'of.'
[2] Q 1, *Serlby*.
[3] pitchers of wine, 'blacke pots.'
[4] Six miles N. E. of Framlingham.
[5] jointure or jointress. Wagner.
[6] Q 3 and eds. Q 1, *lanslord*.
[7] estate.

Lambert. Content,[1] — Keeper; send her unto us.
Why, Serlsby, is thy wife so lately dead,
Are all thy loves so lightly passed over,
As thou canst wed before the yeare be[2] out?
Serlsby. I live not, Lambert, to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her:
The grave[3] ends and begins a maried state.

Enter MARGRET.

Lambert. Peggie, the lovelie flower of all townes,
Suffolks fair Hellen, and rich Englands star,
Whose beautie, tempered with her huswiferie,
Maks England talke of merry Frisingfield!
Serlsby. I cannot tricke it up with poesies,
Nor paint my passions with comparisons,
Nor tell a tale[4] of Phebus and his loves:
But this beleve me, — Laxfield here is mine,
Of auncient rent seven hundred pounds a yeare,
And if thou canst but love a countrie squire,
I will infeoffe thee, Marg[a]ret, in all:
I cannot flatter; trie me, if thou please.
Mar. Brave neighbouring squires, the stay of Suffolks clime,
A keepers daughter is too base in gree[5]
To match with men accoumpted of such worth:
But might I not displease, I would reply.
Lambert. Say, Peggy; nought shall make us discontent.
Mar. Then, gentils, note that love hath little stay,
Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire
Be kindled but by fancies motion:
Then pardon, gentils, if a maids reply
Be doubtful, while I have debated with my selfe
Who, or of whome, love shall constraine me like.

[1] G. 'Content *thee*,' by analogy with ix. 237, x. 73. But the meaning is "We are satisfied." Malone on the margin of his 1630 quarto (Bodl.) suggests 'good' after 'Content.' See Appendix *C*, 1 *b* for retention of Q 1, as above.
[2] W. reads 'is.' [3] Q 1, *graves.* [4] Q 1, *tall.*
[5] So Do., Dy., W., and G. — Q 1, *daughters.*

Serlsby. Let it be me; and trust me, Marg[a]ret,
The meads invironed with the silver streames,
Whose batling pastures fatneth[1] all my flockes,
Yeelding forth fleeces stapled[2] with such woole
As Lempster cannot yeelde more finer stuffe,
And fortie kine with faire and burnisht[3] heads,
With strouting[4] duggs, that paggle[5] to the ground,
Shall serve thy da[i]ry, if thou wed with me.
Lambert. Let passe the countrie wealth, as flocks and kine,
And lands that wave with *Ceres* golden sheves,
Filling my barnes with plentie of the fieldes;
But, Peggie, if thou wed thy selfe to me,
Thou shalt have garments of imbrodred silke,
Lawnes, and rich networks for thy head attyre:
Costlie shalbe thy fa[i]re abiliments,
If thou wilt be but Lamberts loving wife.
Margret. Content you, gentles, you have proferd faire,
And more than fits a countrie maids degree:
But give me leave to counsaile me a time,
For fancie bloomes not at the first assault;
Give me . . . [6] but ten days' respite, and I will replye,
Which or to whom my selfe affectionats.
Serlsby. Lambert, I tell thee, thourt importunate;
Such beautie fits not such a base esquire:
It is for Serlsby to have Marg[a]ret.
Lamb. Thinkst thou with wealth to over reach me?
Serlsby, I scorne to brooke thy country braves:
I dare thee, coward, to maintaine this wrong,
At dint of rapier, single in the field.
Serlsby. Ile aunswere, Lambert, what I have avoucht. —
Margret, farewel; another time shall serve. *Exit* Serlsby.
Lambert. Ile follow. — Peggie, farewell to thy selfe;
Listen how well Ile answer for thy love. *Exit* Lambert.

[1] Q 1 retained. Do., Dy. object to this common form of the plural.
[2] Consisting of wool fit for the market, such as Leominster (in Herefordshire) cannot excel.
[3] So Qtos. But Do., 'furnish'd.' [4] protuberant. [5] hang swaying; perhaps by a telescoping of 'paddle' and 'waggle.' Ward suggests fusion of 'paddle' and 'bag.'
[6] She pauses to think. Dy. would omit 'Give me.' But see Appendix *D*, 3 *a*.

Margeret. How fortune tempers lucky happes with frowns,
And wrongs[1] me with the sweets of my delight!
Love is my blisse, and love is now my bale.
Shall I be Hellen in my forward[2] fates,
As I am Hellen in my matchles hue,
And set rich Suffolke with my face afire?
If lovely Lacie were but with his Peggy?
The cloudie darckenesse of his bitter frowne
Would check the pride of those aspiring squires.
Before the terme of ten dayes be expired,
When as they looke for aunswere of their loves,
My lord will come to merry Frisingfield,
And end their fancies and their follies both. —
Til when, Peggie, be blith and of good cheere.

Enter a Post *with a letter and a bag of gold.*

Post. Fair lovely damsell, which way leads this path?
How might I post me unto Frisingfield?
Which footpath leadeth to the keepers lodge?

Margeret. Your way is ready, and this path is right:
My selfe doe dwell hereby in Frisingfield;
And if the keeper be the man you seeke,
I am his daughter: may I know the cause?

Post. Lovely, and once beloved of my lord, —
No mervaile if his eye was lodgd so low,
When brighter bewtie is not in the heavens:
The Lincolne earle hath sent you letters here,
And, with them, just an hundred pounds in gold.
Sweete, bonny wench, read them, and make reply.

Margret. The scrowls that Jove sent Danae,
Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnisht gold,
Were not more welcome than these lines to me.
Tell me, whilst that I doe unrip the seales,
Lives Lacie well? how fares my lovely lord?

Post. Well, if that wealth may make men to live well.

[1] Dy. queries 'wrings.' No.

[2] So Qtos.; but eds. read 'froward,' which Qtos. have in l. 142; but 'forward' was common in this sense. Cf. *Selimus*, ll. 184, 271, 1292, 1548.

The letter and MARGRET *reads it.*

The bloomes of the Almond tree grow in a night, and vanish in a morne; the flies hæmere,[1] *(faire Peggie), take life with the Sun, and die with the dew; fancie that slippeth in with a gase, goeth out with a winke; and too timely loves have ever the shortest length. I write this as thy grefe, and my folly, who at Frisingfield lovd that which time hath taught me to be but meane dainties: eyes are dissemblers, and fancie is but queasie; therefore know, Margret, I have chosen a Spanish Ladie to be my wife, cheefe waighting woman to the Princesse Ellinour; a Lady faire, and no lesse faire than thy selfe, honorable and wealthy. In that I forsake thee, I leave thee to thine own liking; and for thy dowrie I have sent thee an hundred pounds; and ever assure thee of my favour, which shall availe thee and thine much. Farewell.*

Not thine, nor his owne,

EDWARD LACIE.

Fond Atæ, doomer of bad boading fates,
That wrappes[2] proud Fortune in thy snaky locks,
Didst thou inchaunt my byrth-day with such stars
As lightned mischeefe from their infancie?
If heavens had vowd, if stars had made decree,
To shew on me their froward influence,
If Lacie had but lovd, heavens, hell, and all,
Could not have wrongd the patience of my minde.
Post. It grieves me, damsell; but the earle is forst
To love the lady by the kings command.
Margret. The wealth combinde within the English shelves,[3]
Europes commaunder, nor the English king,
Should not have movde the love of Peggie from her lord.[4]
Post. What answere shall I returne to my lord?
Margret. First, for thou cam'st from Lacie whom I lovd, —
Ah, give me leave to sigh at every[5] thought! —

[1] For 'haemerae' = ephemerae.
[2] A common form. But Dy., silently, 'wrapp'st'; and so W.
[3] Cliffs. So, also, *Selimus*, 1710.
[4] Dy., "ll. 147–148, corrupted." Not in the least. In l. 149 Dy., qy. 'from *him*'; but see Appendix *D*, 3 *b*.
[5] Dy., W., 'very.' But M. sighs at each thought as it is enumerated; hence the *lacunae* in l. 156. Appendix *C*, 2 *b*.

Take thou, my freind, the hundred pound he sent;
For Margrets resolution craves no dower:
The world shalbe to her as vanitie;
Wealth, trash; love, hate; pleasure, dispaire:
For I will straight to stately Fremingham,
And in the abby there be shorne a nun,
And yeld my loves and libertie to God.
Fellow, I give thee this, not for the newes,
For those be hatefull unto Marg[a]ret,
But for thart Lacies man, once Margrets love.
Post. What I have heard, what passions I have seene,
Ile make report of them unto the Earle. [*Exit* Post.]
Margret. Say that she joyes his fancies be at rest,
And praies that his misfortune[1] may be hers. *Exit.*

[Scene Eleventh. *Frier Bacons cell.*]

Enter Frier Bacon *drawing the courtaines with a white stick, a booke in his hand, and a lampe lighted by him; and the* Brasen Head, *and* Miles *with weapons by him.*

Bacon. Miles, where are you?
Miles. Here, sir.
Bacon. How chaunce you tarry so long?
Miles. Thinke you that the watching of the Brazen Head craves no furniture? I warrant you, sir, I have so armed my selfe[2] that if all your devills come, I will not feare them an inch.
Bacon. Miles, thou knowst that I have dived into hell,
And sought the darkest pallaces of fiendes;
That with my magic spels great Belcephon
Hath left his lodge and kneeled at my cell;
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-formd Luna hid her silver looks,
Trembling upon her concave contenent,[3]
When Bacon red upon his magick booke.
With seven years tossing nigromanticke charmes,

[1] Dy. 'misfortunes.' No. [2] G., "with food"? [3] hollow sphere. — Ward

Poring upon darke Hecats principles,
I have framd out a monstrous head of brasse,
That, by the inchaunting forces of the devil,
Shall tell out strange and uncoth Aphorismes,
And girt faire England with a wall of brasse.
Bungay and I have watcht these threescore dayes,
And now our vitall spirites crave some rest:
If Argos[1] livd, and had his hundred eyes,
They could not overwatch Phobeters[2] night.
Now, Miles, in thee rests Frier Bacons weale;
The honour and renowne of all his life
Hangs in the watching of this Brazen-Head;
Therefore I charge thee by the immortall God,
That holds the soules of men within his fist,[3]
This night thou watch; for ere the morning star
Sends out his glorious glister on the north,
The head will speake: then, Miles, upon thy life,
Wake me; for then by magick art Ile worke
To end my seven yeares taske with excellence.
If that a winke[4] but shut thy watchfull eye,
Then farewell Bacons glory and his fame!
Draw closse the courtaines, Miles: now, for thy life,
Be watchfull, and — *Here he falleth asleepe.*

Miles. So; I thought you would talke your selfe a sleepe anon; and 'tis no mervaile, for Bungay on the dayes, and he on the nights, have watcht just these ten and fifty dayes: now this is the night, and tis my taske, and no more. Now, Jesus blesse me, what a goodly head it is! and a nose! you talke of *nos autem glorificare*;[5] but heres a nose that I warrant may be cald *nos autem popelare*[6] for the people of the parish. Well, I am furnished with weapons: now, sir, I will set me downe by a post, and make it as good as a

[1] Argus.
[2] Phobetor, son of Morpheus: Ov. *Met.* xi. 640. The *φόβητρον* (terror) of the Septuagint.
[3] *Fist* "klingt unpassend" to Wagner, but not to Greene (*O. F.* l. 25), nor Shak. (3 *H. VI.* II. i. 154), nor Stanyhurst (*Aeneis*, l. 28). Wagner's 'fee' is unnecessary.
[4] Q 1, *awinke.*
[5] From the *Nos autem gloriari* (Rom. Liturgy). Ward. — Adam (*Lkgl.* l. 224) makes the same joke.
[6] Milesian for *populare.* — Q 3: *popelares.*

watch-man to wake me, if I chaunce to slumber. I thought, Goodman Head, I would call you out of your *memento*[1] . . .[2] Passion a God, I have almost broke my pate![3] Up, Miles, to your taske; take your browne bill[4] in your hand; heeres some of your maister's hobgoblins abroad. 51

With this a great noise. The HEAD *speakes.*

Head. Time is.

Miles. Time is! Why, Master Brazenhead, you have such a capitall nose, and answer you with sillables, 'Time is'? Is this my all[5] maister's cunning, to spend seven years studie about 'Time is'? Well, sir, it may be we shall have some better orations of it anon: well, Ile watch you as narrowly as ever you were watcht, and Ile play with you as the nightingale with the slowworme;[6] Ile set a pricke against my brest. Now rest there, Miles. . . . Lord have mercy upon me, I have almost killd my selfe.[7] Up, Miles; list how they rumble. 61

Head. Time was.

Miles. Well, Frier Bacon, you spent[8] your seven yeares studie well, that can make your Head speake but two wordes at once, 'Time was.' Yea, marie, time was when my maister was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brasen-head. You shall lie while your arce ake, and your Head speake no better. Well, I will watch, and walke up and downe, and be a perepatetian and a philosopher of Aristotles stampe. What, a freshe noise? Take thy pistols in hand, Miles. 70

Heere the HEAD *speakes; and a lightning flasheth forth, and a hand appeares that breaketh down the* HEAD *with a hammer.*

Head. Time is past.[9]

Miles. Maister, maister, up! hels broken loose; your Head speakes; and theres such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant

[1] *Sc.: mori*, as on a Death's head. Ward.
[2] [*Nods, knocks his head against the post.*] Grosart.
[3] In ll. 49, 60, 69 : [*a great noise*]. Dy., and W. But that would have awakened Bacon earlier. Beside l. 49, Q. 1, are letters *wn and your* — residue of stage direction.
[4] pike. [5] Do., Dy 'all *my*'; W. omits. But Q 1 is intelligible.
[6] the snake that strikes. Ward. [7] Against his pike. [8] Q 3 '*have* spent.'
[9] Dy. and W. place above the stage direction.

all Oxford is up in armes. Out of your bed, and take a browne bill in your hand; the latter day is come.

Bacon. Miles, I come.[1] Oh, passing warily watcht!
Bacon will make thee next himselfe in love.
When spake the Head?

Miles. When spake the Head! did not you say that hee should tell strange principles of philosophie? Why, sir, it speaks but two wordes at a time.

Bacon. Why, villaine, hath it spoken oft?

Miles. Oft! I, marie, hath it, thrice; but in all those three times it hath uttered but seven wordes.

Bacon. As how?

Miles. Marrie, sir, the first time he said 'Time is,' as if Fabius Cumentator[2] should have pronounst a sentence; [the second time[3]] he said, 'Time was'; and the third time, with thunder and lightning, as in great choller, he said, 'Time is past.'

Bacon. 'Tis past indeed. A[h], villaine, time is past:
My life, my fame, my glorie, all[4] are past! —
Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are ruind downe,
Thy seven yeares studie lieth in the dust;
Thy Brazen-head lies broken through a slave,
That watcht, and would not when the Head did will. —
What said the Head first?

Miles. Even, sir, 'Time is.'

Bacon. Villain, if thou had'st cald to Bacon then,
If thou hadst watcht, and wakte the sleepie frier,
The Brazen-head had uttered aphorismes,
And England had been circled round with brasse:
But proud Astmeroth,[5] ruler of the north,
And Demegorgon,[6] maister of the fates,
Grudge that a mortall man should worke so much.

[1] Dy. and W. insert [*Rises and comes forward*]. G. rightly disapproves. Bacon is half asleep and does not behold the mischief until after 'love.'

[2] Qtos, W., and G. — Do., Dy., 'Commentator.' But, as G. explains, Miles is struggling with a reminiscence of 'Cunctator.'

[3] Inserted by Do., and other eds. But why systematize Miles?

[4] W., 'are all.' No.

[5] Asmenoth.

[6] Demogorgon: *O. F.* 1287. Mysterious nether deity mentioned as early as the fifth century; and by Boccaccio, Ariosto, Spenser. (See *N.E.D.*)

Hell trembled at my deepe commanding spels,
Fiendes frownd to see a man their overmatch;
Bacon might bost more than a man might boast;
But now the braves of Bacon hath an end,
Europes conceit of Bacon hath an end,
His seven yeares practise sorteth to ill end.
And, villaine, sith my glorie hath an end,
I will appoint thee fatal[1] to some end.
Villaine, avoid! get thee from Bacons sight!
Vagrant, go rome and range about the world,
And perish as a vagabond on earth!

Miles. Why, then, sir, you forbid me your service?

Bacon. My service, villaine, with a fatall curse,
That direfull plagues and mischiefe fall on thee.

Miles. Tis no matter, I am against you with the old proverb,— The more the fox is curst,[2] the better he fares. God be with you, sir: Ile take but a booke in my hand, a wide sleeved gowne on my backe, and a crowned cap[3] on my head, and see if I can want promotion.

Bacon. Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy wearie steps,
Untill they doe transport thee quicke to hell:
For Bacon shall have never merrie day,
To loose the fame and honour of his Head. *Exit.*

[Scene Twelfth. *At Court.*]

Enter EMPEROUR, CASTILE, HENRIE, ELLINOR, EDWARD, LACIE, RAPHE.

Emper. Now, lovely Prince, the prince[4] of Albions wealth,
How fares the Lady Ellinor and you?
What, have you courted and found Castile fit
To answer England in equivolence?
Wilt be a match twixt bonny Nell and thee?

Edw. Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,
And not lie fetter'd in faire Hellen's lookes?

[1] Dy. 'to some fatal end,' and so G., W.
[2] Obsolete for 'coursed.' Miles's pun.
[3] Corner cap. Ward.
[4] Dy., W. 'prime.' Prob.

Or Phœbus scape those piercing amorits
That Daphne glaunsed at his deitie?
Can Edward, then, sit by a flame and freeze,
Whose heat puts Hellen and faire Daphne downe?
Now, Monarcks, aske the ladie if we gree.

Hen. What, madam, hath my son found grace or no?

Ellinor. Seeing, my lord, his lovely counterfeit,
And hearing how his minde and shape agreed,
I come[1] not, troopt with all this warlike traine,
Doubting of love, but so effectionat
As[2] Edward hath in England what he wonne in Spaine.

Castile. A match, my lord; these wantons needes must love:
Men must have wives, and women will be wed:
Lets hast the day to honour up the rites.

Raphe. Sirha Harry, shall Ned marry Nell?

Henry. I, Raphe; how then?

Raphe. Marrie, Harrie, follow my counsaile: send for Frier Bacon to marrie them, for heele so conjure him and her with his nigromancie, that they shall love togither like pigge and lambe whilest they live.

Castile. But hearst thou, Raphe, art thou content to have Ellinor to thy ladie?

Raphe. I, so she will promise me two things.

Castile. Whats that, Raphe?

Raphe. That shee will never scold with Ned, nor fight with me. — Sirha Harry, I have put her downe with a thing unpossible.

Henry. Whats that, Raphe?

Raphe. Why, Harrie, didst thou ever see that a woman could both hold her tongue and her handes? No: but when egge-pies growes on apple-trees, then will thy gray mare proove a bag-piper.

Emperour. What saies[3] the Lord of Castile and the Earle of Lincolne, that they are in such earnest and secret talke?

Castile. I stand, my lord, amazed at his talke,
How he discourseth of the constancie

[1] Possible; but Dy., W. 'came.'
[2] that. Dy. "line corrupted." No. Appendix *D*, 3 *b*.
[3] Probable; but Do., Dy., W., 'say.'

Of one surnam'd, for beauties excellence,
The Faire Maid of merrie Fresingfield.
Henrie. Tis true, my lord, tis wondrous for to heare;
Her beautie passing Marces[1] parramour,
Her virgins right[2] as rich as Vestas was:
Lacie and Ned hath told me miracles.
Castile. What saies Lord Lacie? shall she be his wife?
Lacie. Or els Lord Lacie is unfit to live.—
May it please your highnesse give me leave to post
To Fresingfield, Ile fetch the bonny girle,
And proove, in true apparance at the court,
What I have vouched often with my tongue.
Henrie. Lacie, go to the quirie[3] of my stable,
And take such coursers as shall fit thy turne:
Hie thee to Fresingfield, and bring home the lasse,[4]
And, for her fame flies through the English coast,
If it may please the Ladie Ellinor,
One day shall match your excellence and her.
Ellinor. We Castile ladies are not very coy;
Your highnesse may command a greater boone:
And glad were I to grace the Lincolne earl
With being partner of his marriage day.
Edward. Gramercie, Nell, for I do love the lord,
As he thats second to my selfe[5] in love.
Raphe. You love her? — Madam Nell, never beleeve him you though he sweares he loves you.
Ellinor. Why, Raphe?
Raphe. Why, his love is like unto a tapsters glasse that is broke with every tuch; for he loved the faire maid of Fresingfield onc out of all hoe.[6] — Nay, Ned, never wincke upon me: I care not,
Henrie. Raphe tels all; you shall have a good secretarie him. —

[1] For 'Mars's' — so eds. [2] Dy., 'rite,' needlessly. Perfectly clear.
[3] For querry (equerry); so eds. But Q 3 'quiry.' [4] Appendix *A*, 1.
[5] Dy., W., 'thyself.' G., as above, for Edw. means "I love Lacie because he lov Margaret almost as well as I love you."
[6] Beyond recall, "out of cry." Cf. the American slang "out of sight," = in excess. is that a corruption of *ausgezeichnet*?

But, Lacie, haste thee post to Fresingfield;
For ere thou hast fitted all things for her state,
The solemne marriage day will be at hand.
Lacie. I go, my Lord. *Exit Lacie.*
Emperour. How shall we passe this day, my lord?
Henrie. To horse, my lord; the day is passing faire,
Weele flie the partridge, or go rouse the deere.
Follow, my lords; you shall not want for sport.
Exeunt.

[Scene Thirteenth. *Frier Bacons cell.*]

Enter FRIER BACON *with* FRIER BUNGAY *to his cell.*

Bungay. What meanes the frier that frolickt it of late,
To sit as melancholie in his cell[1]
As if he had neither lost nor wonne to-day?
Bacon. Ah, Bungay,[2] . . . my Brazen-head is spo[i]l'd,
My glorie gone, my seven yeares studie lost!
The fame of Bacon, bru[i]ted through the world,
Shall end and perish with this deepe disgrace.
Bun. Bacon hath built foundation of[3] his fame
So surely on the wings of true report,
With acting strange and uncoth miracles,
As this cannot infringe what he deserves.
Bacon. Bungay, sit down, for by prospective skill
I find this day shall fall out ominous:
Some deadly act shall tide me ere I sleep;
But what and wherein little can I gesse,
My minde is heavy, what so ere shall hap.[4]

Enter two Schollers, *sonnes to* LAMBERT *and* SERLBY. *Knocke.*

Whose that knocks?
Bungay. Two schollers that desires to speake with you.

[1] Q 1 repeats the line. [2] Appendix *C*, 1 *b*. [3] Q 1 *on*.
[4] So G. and W.—Qtos, Do., Dy. give the line to Bungay.—After 'hap,' Dy., and W. [*Knocking within*]; and after 'come in' [*Enter two Scholars*]. But I think with G. that Q 1 may be right for, "the stage may have been divided into two compartments."

Bacon. Bid them come in. —
Now, my youths, what would you have?
1 Scholler. Sir, we are Suffolkemen and neighbouring friends;
Our fathers in their countries lustie squires;
Their lands adjoyne: in Crackfield[1] mine doth dwell,
And his in Laxfield. We are colledge-mates,
Sworne brothers, as our fathers live as friendes.
Bacon. To what end is all this?
2 Scholler. Hearing your worship kept within your cell
A glasse prospective, wherin men might see
What so their thoughts or hearts desire could wish,
We come to know how that our fathers fare.
Bacon. My glasse is free for every honest man.
Sit downe, and you shall see ere long,[2]
How or in what state your friendly fathers live.[3]
Meane while, tell me your names.
Lambert. Mine Lambert.
2 Scholler. And mine Serlsbie.
Bacon. Bungay, I smell there will be[4] a tragedie.

Enter[5] LAMBERT *and* SERLSBIE *with rapiers and daggers.*

Lambert. Serlsby, thou hast[4] kept thine houre[4] like a man;
Th'art worthie of the title of a squire,
That durst, for proofe of thy affection
And for thy mistresse favour, prize[6] thy bloud.
Thou knowst what words did passe at Fresingfield,
Such shamelesse braves as manhood cannot brooke:
I,[7] for I skorne to beare such piercing taunts,—
Prepare thee, Serlsbie; one of us will die.
Serlsbie. Thou seest I single [meet] thee [in] the field,[8]
And what I spake, Ile maintaine with my sword:
Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out.
And if thou kill me, thinke I have a sonne,

[1] Cratfield. Nine miles from Framl. Ward.
[2] So Qtos, allowing for a foot-pause after 'Sit down.' But if the 4 ft. line is not intentional, W.'s reading is best "ere long; how | Or in," etc. Dy. reads, "ere long, [sirs,] how" | .— G, "ere [it be] long" | .
[3] Q 1, *father lives.*
[4] Appendix *B*, 1 and 2.
[5] In the upper stage.
[6] risk.
[7] ay.
[8] Insertions by Dy. Cf. x. 85.

That lives in Oxford in the Brodgateshall,[1]
Who will revenge his fathers bloud with bloud.
Lambert. And, Serlsbie, I have there a lusty boy,
That dares at weapon buckle with thy sonne,
And lives in Broadgates too, as well as thine:
But draw thy rapier, for weele have a bout.[2]
Bacon. Now, lustie yonkers, looke within the glasse,[3]
And tell me if you can discerne your sires.
1 Scol. Serlsbie, tis hard; thy father offers wrong
To combat with my father in the field.
2 Schol. Lambert, thou liest, my fathers is the abuse,[4]
And thou shalt find it, if my father harme.[5]
Bungay. How goes it, sirs?
1 Scholler. Our fathers are in combat hard by Fresingfield.
Bacon. Sit still, my friendes, and see the event.
Lambert. Why standst thou, Serlsbie? doubtst thou of thy life?
A venie,[6] man! fair Margret craves so much.
Serlsbie. Then this for her.
1 Scholler. Ah, well thrust!
2 Scholler. But marke the ward.

They[7] *fight and kill ech other.*

Lambert. Oh, I am slaine!
Serlsbie. And I, — Lord have mercie on me!
1 *Scholler.* My father slaine! — Serlby, ward that.
2 Scholler. And so is mine![8] — Lambert, Ile quite thee well.

The two Schollers *stab on*[*e*] *another.*

Bungay. O strange strattagem!
Bacon. See, Frier, where the fathers[9] both lie dead! — .
Bacon, thy magicke doth effect this massacre:

[1] Now Pembroke. [2] Q 1, *about.*
[3] Up to this point Bacon has been preparing the glass; after this, the friars know only what the scholars impart. [4] cause of offence.
[5] So Q 1. and Dy. — Q 3 has 'suffers harm.' Q 4 and W. 'have harm.' I have heard 'harm' used intransitively in the west of Ireland.
[6] bout. Shak. *M.W.W.* I. i. 296. [7] The fathers.
[8] G. finds difficulties. But the text is clear: "My . . . slaine" is answered by "And . . . mine"; "Serlby . . . that" by "Lambert . . . well." Appendix *C*, 2 *c*; *D*, 3 *a*.
[9] Dy., G., W. query 'scholars.' No. Bacon has now stepped to the glass, and for the first time sees the catastrophe in Suffolk.

This glasse prospective worketh manie woes;
And therefore seeing these brave lustie Brutes,[1]
These friendly youths, did perish by thine art,
End all thy magicke and thine art at once.
The poniard that did end the[2] fatall[3] lives,
Shall breake the cause efficiat[4] of their woes.
So fade the glasse, and end with it the showes
That nigromancie did infuse the christall with.

He breakes the glass.

Bungay. What means learned Bacon thus to breake his glasse?

Bacon. I tell thee, Bungay, it repents me sore
That ever Bacon meddled in this art.
The houres I have spent in piromanticke spels,
The fearefull tossing in the latest night
Of papers full of nigromanticke charmes,
Conjuring and adjuring divels and fiends,
With stole and albe and strange pentaganon;[5]
The wresting of the holy name of God,
As Sother,[6] Elaim, and Adonaie,[7]
Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragramiton,[8]
With praying to the five-fould[9] powers of heaven,
Are instances that Bacon must be damde
For using divels to countervaile his God. —
Yet, Bacon, cheere thee, drowne not in despaire:
Sinnes have their salves, repentance can do much;[10]
Thinke Mercie sits where Justice holds her seate,
And from those wounds those bloudie Jews did pierce,
Which by thy magicke oft did bleed a fresh,
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,
To wash the wrath of hie Jehovahs ire,
And make thee as a new borne babe from sinne. —

[1] Q 1, 'brutes,' but evidently in the sense of 'braves' or 'Britons.' See *R.D.* I. ii. 124 and *N.E.D.* [2] Dy. and W. 'their.' [3] fated.
[4] W. reads 'efficient'; but it is possible that Greene intended this more heroic formation.
[5] Dy. and W. 'pentageron' in view of ii. 49; but Greene may have written 'pentagonon.'
[6] Σωτήρ. [7] Q 3, 'Eloim and Adonai.'
[8] Q 3, 'Tetragrammaton'; the four-lettered symbol of the ineffable name.
[9] Which of the magical hierarchies is uncertain. See Ward, *O. E. D.* pp. 267, 268.
[10] ll. 100–106. Cf. *Faustus*, xiv. 72 and 77.

Bungay, Ile spend the remnant of my life
In pure devotion, praying to my God
That he would save what Bacon vainly lost. *Exit.*

[Scene Fourteenth. *A Meadow near the Keepers lodge.*]

Enter MARGRET *in nuns apparel,* Keeper, *her father, and their* Friend.

Keep. Margret, be not so headstrong in these vows:
O, burie not such beautie in a cell,
That England hath held famous for the hue!
Thy fathers haire like to the silver bloomes
That beautifie the shrubs of Affrica,
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forgoe his lovely Marg[a]ret.
Margret. A[h], father, when the hermonie of heaven
Soundeth the measures of a lively faith,
The vaine illusions of this flattering world
Seemes odious to the thoughts of Marg[a]ret.
I loved once, — Lord Lacie was my love;
And now I hate my selfe for that I lovd,
And doated more on him than on my God;
For this I scourge my selfe with sharpe repents.
But now the touch of such aspiring sinnes
Tels me all love is lust but love of heavens:
That beautie usde for love is vanitie;
The world containes naught but alluring baites,
Pride,[1] flatterie, and inconstant thoughts.
To shun the pricks of death,[2] I leave the world,
And vow to meditate on heavenly blisse,
To live in Framingham a holy nunne,
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed;
And for to wish all maides to learne of me
To seek heavens joy before earths vanitie.
Friend. And will you, then, Margret, be shorn a nunne, and so leave us all?

[1] Appendix *C*, 1 *a*.

[2] 2 Cor. xv. 56.

Margret. Now farewell world, the engin of all woe!
Farewell to friends and father! Welcome Christ!
Adiew to daintie robes! this base attire
Better befits an humble minde to God
Than all the show of rich abilliments.
Love[1] . . . oh love! — and, with fond love, farewell
Sweet Lacie, whom I loved once so deare!
Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,
Least I offend to think on Lacies love:
But even to that, as to the rest, farewell.

Enter LACIE, WARRAIN, ERMSBIE, *booted and spurd.*

Lacie. Come on, my wags, weere near the keepers lodge.
Heere have I oft walkt in the watrie meades,
And chatted with my lovely Marg[a]ret.
Warraine. Sirha Ned, is not this the keeper?
Lacie. Tis the same.
Ermsbie. The old lecher hath gotten holy mutton to him; a nunne, my lord.
Lacie. Keeper, how farest thou? holla, man, what cheere?
How doth Peggie, thy daughter and my love?
Keeper. Ah, good my lord! O, wo is me for Pegge!
See where she stands clad in her nunnes attire,
Readie for to be shorne in Framingham:
She leaves the world because she left[2] your love.
Oh, good my lord, perswade her if you can!
Lacie. Why, how now, Margret! what, a malecontent?
A nunne? what holy father taught you this,
To taske your selfe to such a tedious life
As die a maid? twere injurie to me,
To smother up such bewtie in a cell.
Margret. Lord Lacie, thinking of thy[3] former[4] misse,
How fond the prime of wanton yeares were spent
In love (Oh, fie upon that fond conceite,

[1] Appendix *C*, 1 *a*.
[2] Wagner emends (?) 'lost.'
[3] Eds. alter to 'my.' But M. may mean "in view of how you failed me" or "in view of your mistaken fancy for me."
[4] Q 3, *forme*.

Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye!),
I leave both love and loves content at once,
Betaking me to him that is true love,
And leaving all the world for love of him.
Lacy. Whence, Peggie, comes this metamorphosis?
What, shorne a nun, and I have from the court
Posted with coursers to convaie thee hence
To Windsore, where our mariage shalbe kept!
Thy wedding robes are in the tailors hands.
Come, Peggy, leave these peremptorie vowes.
Margret. Did not my lord resigne his interest,
And make divorce 'twixt Marg[a]ret and him?
Lacie. Twas but to try sweete Peggies constancie.
But will fair Margret leave her love and lord?
Margret. Is not heavens joy before earths fading blisse,
And life above sweeter than life in love?
Lacy. Why,[1] then, Margret will be shorne a nun?
Marg. Margret hath made a vow which may not be revokt.
Warraine. We cannot stay, my lord;[1] and if she be so strict,
Our leisure graunts us not to woo a fresh.
Ermsby. Choose you, fair damsell, — yet the choise is yours, —
Either a solemne nunnerie or the court,
God or Lord Lacie: which[2] contents you best,
To be a nun or els Lord Lacies wife?
Lacie. A good motion. — Peggie, your answer must be short.
Margret. The flesh is frayle: my lord doth know it well
That when he comes with his inchanting face,
What so ere betyde, I cannot say him nay.
Off goes the habite of a maidens heart,
And, seeing fortune will, faire Fremingham,
And all the shew of holy nuns, farewell!
Lacie, for me, if he wilbe my lord.
Lacie. Peggie, thy lord, thy love, thy husband.[3]
Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the king
Staies for to marry matchles Ellinour,

[1] For metre and text of ll. 77, 79, 99, see respectively Appendix *C*, 1 *a*; B, 2, and *D*, 3 *a*; *C*, 2 *c*. [2] Q 1, *weicb*. [3] G. pronounces 'husseband.' Yes.

Until I bring thee richly to the court,
That one day may both marry her and thee. —
How saist thou, Keeper? art thou glad of this?

Keeper. As if[1] the English king had given
The parke and deere of Frisingfield to me.

Erms. I pray thee, my Lord of Sussex, why art thou in a broune study?

War. To see the nature of women; that be they never so neare God, yet they love to die in a mans armes.

Lacie. What have you fit for breakefast? We have hied
And posted all this night to Frisingfield.[2]

Mar. Butter and cheese, and humbl[e]s[3] of a deere,
Such as poore keepers have within their lodge.[2]

Lacie. And not a bottle of wine?

Margret. Weele find one for my lord.

Lacie. Come, Sussex, . . . lets[4] in: we shall have more,
For she speaks least, to hold her promise sure.[2] [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene Fifteenth. *Frier Bacons cell.*]

Enter a Devill[5] *to seeke* Miles.

Devill. How restles are the ghosts of hellish spirites,
When everie charmer with his magick spels
Cals us from nine-fold trenched Phlegethon,[6]
To scud and over-scoure the earth in post
Upon the speedie wings of swiftest winds!
Now Bacon hath raisd me from the darkest deepe,
To search about the world for Miles his man,
For Miles, and to torment his lasie bones
For careles watching[7] of his Brazen-head.
See where he comes: Oh, he is mine.

Enter Miles *with a gowne and a corner cap.*

Miles. A scholler, quoth you! marry, sir, I would I had bene made a botlemaker when I was made a scholler; for I can get

[1] See note 1, p. 497. [2] Q 1 has lines 105–108, 111–112, as prose. Eds. as above.
[3] entrails. [4] Eds. 'let us.' But see Appendix C, 1 *b*. [5] Q 1: *Deuill.*
[6] Q 1: *Blegiton*; Q 3, Phlegiton. [7] Q 1, *watchidg.* —Q 3 corrects. —G. qy. 'watchadge.'

neither to be a deacon, reader,[1] nor schoolemaister, no, not the clarke of a parish. Some call me dunce; another saith, my head is as full of Latine as an egs full of oatemeale: thus I am tormented, that the devil and Frier Bacon haunts me. — Good Lord, heers one of my maisters devils! Ile goe speake to him. — What, Maister Plutus, how chere you?

Devill. Doost thou know me?

Miles. Know you, sir! why, are not you one of my maisters devils, that were wont to come to my maister, Doctor Bacon, at Brazennose?

Devil. Yes, marry, am I.

Miles. Good Lord, M[aister] Plutus, I have seene you a thousand times at my maisters, and yet I had never the manners to make you drinke. But, sir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to the statute.[2] — I warrant you, hees as yeomanly a man as you shall see: marke you, maisters, heers a plaine honest man, without welt or garde.[2] — But I pray you, sir, do you come lately from hel?

Devil. I, marry: how then?

Miles. Faith, tis a place I have desired long to see: have you not good tipling-houses there? may not a man have a lustie fier there, a pot of good ale, a paire of cardes, a swinging peece of chalke,[3] and a browne toast that will clap a white wastcoat[4] on a cup of good drinke?

Devil. All this you may have there.

Miles. You are for me, freinde, and I am for you. But I pray you, may I not have an office there?

Devil. Yes, a thousand: what wouldst thou be?

Miles. By my troth, sir, in a place where I may profit my selfe. I know hel is a hot place, and men are mervailous drie, and much drinke is spent there; I would be a tapster.

Devil. Thou shalt.

Miles. Theres nothing lets me from going with you, but that tis a long journey, and I have never a horse.

Devil. Thou shalt ride on my backe.[5]

[1] *I.e.* in the church. [2] *I.e.* against facings and trimmings. Mouse in *Mucedorus* uses the same phrase (H. Dods. VII, 213). [3] For his ale-account. But G. qy. 'cheese.' [4] bring it to a froth. [5] So, as late as Newfangle in *L. Will to L.* and Bailiff in *Kn. Kn.*

Miles. Now surely her[e]s a courteous devil, that, for to pleas
ure[1] his friend, will not stick to make a jade of him self. — But
pray you, goodman friend, let me move a question to you.

Dev. Whats that? 5

Miles. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

Dev. An amble.

Miles. Tis well; but take heed it be not a trot; but tis no mat
ter, Ile prevent it. [*Stoops.*

Dev. What doest? 5

Miles. Mary, friend, I put on my spurs; for if I find your pac
either a trot or els uneasie, Ile put you to a false gallop; Ile mak
you feele the benefit of my spurs.

Dev. Get up upon my backe.

Miles. O Lord, here's even a goodly marvel, when a man ride
to hell on the devil's back! *Exeunt:* [*the* Devil] *roaring*

[Scene Sixteenth. *At Court.*]

Enter the Emperour *with a pointlesse sword; next the* King of Castile *car
rying a sword with a point;* Lacy *carrying the globe;* Edward; War
raine *carrying a rod of gold with a dove on it;*[2] Ermsby *with a crown
and sceptre; the* Queene; [Princess Elinor] *with the faire Maide o
Fresingfield on her left hand;* Henry; Bacon; *with other* Lord
attending.

Edward. Great potentates, earth's miracles for state,
Think that Prince Edward humbles at your feet,
And, for these favours, on his martial sword
He vows perpetuall homage to yourselves,
Yeelding these honours unto Ellinour.

Henrie. Gramercies, lordings; old Plantagenet,
That rules and swayes the Albion diademe,
With teares discovers these conceived joyes,
And vows requitall if his men at armes,
The wealth of England, or due honours done 1

[1] Q 1 (B. M.) ends with this word.

[2] The curtana or 'pointless sword' of mercy; the 'pointed sword' of justice; the 'golde
rod' of equity.

To Ellinor, may quite his favourites.[1]
But all this while what say you to the dames
That shine like to the christall lampes of heaven?
Emperour. If but a third were added to these two,
They did surpasse those gorgeous images
That gloried Ida with rich beauties wealth.
Mar. Tis I, my lords, who humbly on my knee
Must yeeld her horisons to mighty Jove
For lifting up his handmaide to this state;
Brought from her homely cottage to the court,
And grasde with kings, princes, and emperours,
To whom (next to the noble Lincolne earle)
I vow obedience, and such humble love
As may a handmaid to such mighty men.
P. Elin. Thou martiall man that wears the Almaine crown,
And you the western potentates of might,
The Albian princesse, English Edwards wife,
Proud that the lovely star of Fresingfield,
Fair Margret, Countess to the Lincoln earle,
Attends on Ellinour, — gramercies, lord, for her, —
Tis I give thankes for Margret, to you all,
And rest for her due bounden to your selves.
Henrie. Seeing the marriage is solemnized,[2]
Lets march in triumph to the royall feast. —
But why stands Frier Bacon here so mute?
Bacon. Repentant for the follies of my youth,
That magicks secret mysteries misled,
And joyfull that this royall marriage
Portends such blisse unto this matchless realme.
Hen. Why, Bacon, what strange event shall happen to this land?
Or what shall grow from Edward and his queene?
Bacon. I find by deep praescience[3] of mine art,
Which once I tempred in my secret cell,
That here where Brute did build his Troynovant,
From forth the royall garden of a king

[1] Dy., G. qy. 'favourers.'
[2] solémnizèd.
[3] The sequel is the compliment to Queen Elizabeth.

Shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud,
Whose brightnesse shall deface proud Phœbus' flowre,
And over-shadow Albion with her leaves.
Till then Mars shall be master of the field,
But then the stormy threats of war shall cease:
The horse shall stamp as carelesse of the pike,
Drums shall be turn'd to timbrels of delight;
With wealthy favours plenty shall enrich
The strond that gladded wandring Brute to see,
And peace from heaven shall harbour in these leaves
That gorgeous beautifies this matchlesse flower:
Apollos helletropian[1] then shall stoope,
And Venus hyacinth shall vaile[2] her top;
Juno shall shut her gilliflowers up,
And Pallas bay shall bash her brightest greene;
Ceres carnation, in consort with those,
Shall stoope and wonder at Dianas rose.

Henrie. This prophecie is mysticall.—
But, glorious commanders[3] of Europas love,
That make faire England like that wealthy ile
Circled with Gihen and swift[4] Euphrates,
In royallizing Henries Albion
With presence of your princely mightinesse,—
Lets[5] march: the tables all are spred,
And viandes, such as Englands wealth affords,
Are ready set to furnish out the bords.
You shall have welcome, mighty potentates:
It rests to furnish up this royall feast,
Only your hearts be frolicke; for the time
Craves that we taste of naught but jouissance.
Thus glories England over all the west. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

[1] Q 3, 'hellitropian'; *Never too Late* 'helitropion.' Any kind of heliotrope or turn-sol.
[2] In *G-a-Greene* "vail staff"; in *O.F.* "vail thy plumes."
[3] Dy., some corruption; suggests 'comrades.' But x. 148 confirms the text. See also Appendix *D*, 3 *a*.
[4] So Dy., citing *O. F.* ll. 40–41, "swift Eúphrates." Q 1, *first*.
[5] Appendix *C*, 2 *c*.

APPENDIX

Some Alleged Irregularities in the Versification of Friar Bacon

If we take the first quarto of *Friar Bacon* as we find it, we shall see that some of the peculiarities in verse structure are mannerisms with which every student of contemporary drama is familiar, and that others may be justified as intended for rhythmical and dramatic expressiveness. These considerations convince me that it is best to leave the versification — and consequently most of the text — as it was in 1594.

A. Accent. — 1. Greene makes frequent use of the *stress-syllable opening*. — Sometimes for emphasis as in

ii. 49. Bów to the fórce of hís pentágerón ; and in vi. 28, 35, 45, 58.

Sometimes for the tripping effect, as in many of the lines assigned to Margaret, *e.g.* iii. 10, 13, 15, 21, 30, 31 ; and in lines expressive of the blithe, or the beautiful, such as i. 14, 15, 56, 60, 75, 81. Such stress-syllable openings are frequently counterbalanced by an anapæstic second or third foot ; occasionally by two anapæsts, as in

vi. 58. Lácie, love mákes no excéption of a fríend ;
xii. 56. Híe thee to Frésingfield and bring hóme the lásse.

2. The stress syllable is used also to open the verse-section after the pause, *e.g.* : —

i. 78. She túrned her smócke | óver her lílly ármes ; and in iii. 7.

But 'over,' 'safely,' might be read with the hovering accent. So xvi. 21 ('princès'). Methods (1) and (2) appear to be combined in

iii. 79. Máke but a stép | ínto the keépers lódge ; and in iii. 81, iv. 5, vi. 138.

3. The extra syllable is adroitly used before the verse-section (the *epic cæsura*) as a compensation for the stress-syllable opening : —

ii. 156. Maíster Búrd*en* | whèn shàll we sée you at Hénley ?
xiv. 47. (Péggi*e* | thy daúghter, etc.), and vi. 58 as above (Láci*e* | lòve màkes).

4. The *hovering accent* is evident in such lines as

viii. 149. I práy | Gòd Ì | like hèr | as I lóv|ed theé.

It emphasizes the reluctant utterance. Ignoring this, Dy. and G. change text and rhythm to : —

' Pray Gód | I líke | her ás | I lóv|ed thee.

B. Quantity. — 1. A syllable is broken into a dissyllable, or prolonged by way of emphasis, in such cases as i. 168 (your̈ heart's), ii. 18 (of āll ∧ this), ii. 170 (Ā-men), ix. 116 (haile, or hāile), vi. 17, xii. 43 (faire), xiii. 38 (houre). In names like Marg(a)ret, Erm(e)sbie, diæresis or dialysis often occurs. For Elizabethan usage, see Schipper, *Neuengl. Metrik*, 1 : § 53, and Knaut, *Metrik R. Greene's* (Halle, 1890).

2. In vi. 4, 171, vii. 25, etc., such words as *devil, spirit*, are contracted by synæresis or slurring. In x. 55, xiii. 3, xiii. 38 (while I've ; he'd ; thou'st), we find elision or apocope, as, also, in xiv. 79, vi. 162, xiii. 37 ('n if she bé ; 'n if your hónour ; there'll bé). In *vig'r, El'nor, fri'r, pow'r, fi'ry*, syncope. In vi. 135, ix 129 (To⁀avoid ; no⁀unlesse), synalœpha. Evidently the dramatist has in mind the spoken sentence, in which slurring and rapid pronunciation are more likely to occur than omission of syllables.

C. Lacking Syllables. — 1. *Compensation for one syllable* is made by a rhetorical pause, or by lengthening or emphasizing the next syllable, *e.g.*, (*a*) In the first foot, for an absent thesis : —

vi. 17. ∧ Thát this faí-r̈ coúrteous coúntrie swaíne ;
vi. 130. ∧ Máde me thínke the shádows súbstàncès ;

unless we read with hovering accent, *sc.* " Màde mè ∧ thínke," which would accumulate the emphasis upon ' thinke.' Do., Dy., W., gratuitously insert ' to ' before ' thinke.'

vi. 161. ∧ Whý stànds frìer Búngay só amázed ?

Another acephalous line. The suppression of the light syllable accentuates the arsis ' Why.' For similar suppression in questions see i. 20, ii. 156.

xiv. 77. ∧ Whý, — then Màrgret wíll be shórne a nún ?

Accumulated emphasis of surprise. So, in iii. 4 : (∧ Thómas, maíds when they cóme), etc. ; and in

xiv. 34. ∧ Lóve . . . oh, Lóve ! — and wíth fond Lóve, farewéll.

Dy., G., W., " Farewell, oh Love " for first two feet. But why should Margaret repeat a verb which she has used twice already in this speech ? As for

Greene, he was not writing a primer of prosody for school recitations. Margaret has said farewell to world, friends, father, and dainty robes, then with a sigh or sob, for which Greene allows by the lacuna, she bids adieu to the dearest — "∧ Lóve . . . oh Lóve." The pause before *Love* heightens the explosion. A similar effect is produced by the suppression at the beginning of

xiv. 20. ∧ Príde, | flàttèr|iè ànd | incónstant thoúghts
or perhaps ∧ Príde | ∧ flát|terie ánd.

Dy. says this line is mutilated, and G. inserts 'vanitie' after 'Pride.' But the line is all right. See also *C*, 2 *b*, below.

ix. 171. ∧ Grátious ás the mórning stárre of heáven.

I prefer this to Ward's emendation (approved by Wagner) 'Gratious as *is*,' because the Q is less sibilant and, owing to the pause, more deliberate and forcible. Greene may have written 'As gracious'; for compare *Looking-Glasse*, l. 14, 'As glorious,' etc.

ix. 257. ∧ Pérsia, dówne *hèr* Vòlga bý canóws.

The rhetorical emphasis on 'her' compensates (with the hovering accent) for the aposiopesis before 'Persia.' Greene's metrical effects don't always count upon the fingers, but they are often rhythmically delightful.

(*b*) For a lacking thesis in the second foot, a similar rhetorical pause, sometimes also an anapæstic third foot, may compensate, as in

i. 11. And nów ∧ chángde to a mélanchólie dúmpe.

The 'a' is in Q 1. Wagner's emendation (*Anglia*, p. 523; 1879), "*he's* chang'd to melancholy dump," is futile.

ii. 62. Carved oút ∧ like to the pórtall óf the súnne.

Pause for reflection. The ear is satisfied by the spondaic first foot and the anapæstic third. (With i. 11 and ii. 62 cf. *A* 2 above.)

vii. 3. For hé ∧ troópt with áll the wésterne kíngs.

The rhythmical aposiopesis represents a rhetorical pause for which the strongly accented 'troopt' and 'all' compensate. Do., Dy., G., W., read 'troopèd,'—but I don't think Greene did.

x. 27. Contént ∧ keéper; sénd her únto ús.

I have inserted a dash for the pause of decision after 'content': Lambert accepts the proposition and acts. No metrical stop-gap is necessary.

Sometimes the arsis is lacking, and is supplied by a pause or gesture : —

xiii. 4. Ah, Búngay, ⊼ my Brázen-heád is spoíled.

A second 'ah' suggests itself, and Dy. and W. print it. But I have no doubt Greene intended the speaker to draw breath for a sigh indicative of despair.

xiv. 111. Come, Sússex, ⊼ let's ín we sháll have móre.

The missing arsis is supplied by the pause that succeeds a command. With different punctuation we have 'Λ Cóme ! | Sússex, let's ín,' which is as good. The editors keep Lacie talking.

(*c*) In the third foot, lacking thesis : —

ix. 229. And gíve us cátes Λ fit for coúntrey swáines.

If the emperor did not pause for language suitable to the emergency, it was because he pronounced 'cates' as a dissyllable. Cf. Marlowe's *Faustus* (Dyce ed. 1850, p. 211), "Pardon me *sweét*, Λ Í forgot myself."

ix. 144. How nów, Λ Vándermást ! have you mét with your mátch ?

Pause for surprise. If the pause should fall before 'have' it would indicate the transition to inquiry. In this and the next instance anapæstic compensation is prominent.

ix. 148. Why Vándermást, Λ árt thou óvercóme ?

But it is rhetorically more natural to read : 'Λ Whý Λ Vándermást, art thou óvercóme ?'

(*d*) In the fourth foot, lacking thesis : —

v. 62–64. *Edw.* To whóm speakest thóu ? *Bacon.* To thée. *Edw.* Λ Whó art thóu ?

Pause justified by change of speaker, and the indignant inquiry.

2. *Two or more syllables lacking.* To assume that omissions of this kind are due to carelessness on the part of author, scribe, or printer, is to beg the question. It is more reasonable to premise the genuineness of the lines and consider whether each in turn is not to be justified by its dramatic conditions. The following sixteen exhaust, I think, the more flagrant instances of lacuna in this play. In none would I alter the text of the first quarto.

(*a*) Edward's lines : —

vi. 47. Gogs wóunds Λ Bácon hére comes Lácie ⊼.

Abrupt outcry, in which the less and the more forcible exclamatory pauses are metrically provided for by the lacking thesis and arsis respectively. The

lacking thesis allows also for the transition from surprise to affirmation. This line is paralleled by

vi. 127. Gogs wóunds ∧ Bácon they kísse ! Ile stáb them ⊼.

The former pause for breathless amazement ; the latter for decision and a gesture. He raises his hand to deal the blow.

vi. 146. Helpe, Bácon ⊼ ! ∧ stóp the márriage nów !

Dyce, "some word or words wanting." Others would supply "Helpe! and" and so reduce the line to mediocrity. The omission is intentional. The exclamatory pause after 'Bacon' is metrically equivalent to an accented syllable. The pause before 'stop' is for Edward's quandary — as if he should for a moment cast about for an appropriate request. The line might of course be interpreted so as to require one lacking thesis before 'Helpe' and one before 'Bacon.'

vi. 108. ∧ Hów famíliar they bé, Bàcòn, ∧ ⊼.

First pause, the gasp before an interrogatory exclamation. Second pause for Bacon's 'Sit still,' which as a convertible foot is the last of this line and the first of the next.

vi. 176. The foot pause before 'Flees' may allow for a burst of laughter. Wagner suggests '*very* fear,' which no compatriot of Greene, if he read the line aloud, can tolerate. Until English is a dead language it will hardly be judicious to encourage foreign emendations of our masterpieces.

(*b*) Margaret's lines.

iii. 46. Suppression of the first two feet in rapid dialogue. The words 'sent this rich purse' might have been set down before 'To me?' but with what advantage save to fill the pentameter? For the clause has occurred once and the verb twice already in the last six lines. The suppression intensifies the dialogue, and accentuates the mingled surprise and impatience of the speaker.

viii. 132. A rhetorical pause occupies the first foot or the last. Like the preceding instance in so far as the aposiopesis indicates question and surprise. Dy., G., insert 'indeed' before 'mean' : easy but needless.

x. 156. Dy. queries 'shall be' after 'wealth.' But the words 'shall be' are implied from the preceding line, and so intentionally omitted. An additional rhetorical emphasis falls upon *trash* : —

Wealth, ⊼ ∧ trăsh ; love, háte ; pleàsùre, dispaíre.

xiv. 20. Impassioned soliloquy within an address, like x. 158. The light syllables of the first and second feet are suppressed to increase the effect of the accented syllables : ∧ Príde ∧ flátterie and —.

(*c*) Lines of other characters.

ii. 157. The infuriate Burden occupies the first foot with a stifled 'Henly!' or something unreverend.

ix. 120. An interrogatory pause for the first foot or an exclamatory for the last; unless we combine the lines thus: —

Van. What art thóu that quéstionst thús? *Bacon.* Men cáll me Bácon.

ix. 162. Whý, ∧ Bácon, whíther dost thóu send hím.

As in vi. 161, and ix. 148, the lacunæ correspond with moments of breathless surprise; and emphasis is accumulated upon the syllables respectively succeeding. If we scan without pauses, the lacunæ will occupy the fifth foot which might naturally be reserved for Bacon's echo-question [send him?]. 'Whither,' probably contracted 'whe'r.'

x. 150. What ánswere shall Í retúrne to my lórd? [*Marg.* Retúrne?]

Another echo-foot. Unless we pronounce 'réturne' for which there is authority, as in iv. 56, 'prógress,' ix. 242, 'éxceed.' See Schipper, *Neuengl. Metr.*, p. 153.

xiii. 72. My fáther slaíne! ∧ ⊼ Sèrlbỳ, ward thát.

The thesis of the third foot allows for the recoil of horror; the arsis for the transition to revenge — the drawing of the rapier.

xiv. 99. Echo of the previous idea, unuttered because dramatically understood; ['*As glád*] as íf,' etc. Dy. suggests insertion 'As *glad as* if,' and G. adopts. ∧ ⊼ No.

xvi. 69. Let's márch: ∧ ⊻ the tábles áll are spréad.

The silent foot allows for the rhetorical pause between command and affirmation. Cf. vi. 146. Dy.'s 'Let *us* march *hence*,' and G.'s 'Let *us* march *on*,' will do well enough if we must keep somebody talking all the time.

D. Additional Syllables. — Like the foregoing apparently deficient lines it will be found that, properly read, most of the so-called hypermetric lines conform to the pentameter. The dozen or so that do not are warranted by historic, if not by rhetorical, conditions. At any rate they are much more likely to be the lines that Greene wrote than are the 'procrustitutes' which we might suggest.

1. Readers should allow for *feminine endings*, as

ix. 111. To thém of Síen, Flórence ánd Belógna;

or *Bolónia*, gliding ending.

ii. 156. ∧ Maíster Búrden whèn shàll we sée you at Hénly ?

Of feminine endings Knaut counts ten, and about four gliding.

2. They should allow also for the anapæst in itself (as ix. 231) or by way of compensation for a missing syllable in an adjoining foot. Two such give the appearance of a senarius. Occasionally, as in vi. 163 ('gay straightwáy,' or 'way from Frés —'), the foot is awkward. Even so, I do not think that the emendation 'straight' (Dy., W.) for this 'straightway' is necessary.

3. *Senarii.* (*a*) The following are such in appearance only. They should be read as pentameters in which the anapæst, slurring, or elision, is employed. In

i. 156. Send létters speéd'ly | to Óxford óf the néwes,

we have the epic cæsura. So also vi. 94, cæsura after 'Beckles'; and so

x. 77. Give mè . . . but tén days' réspite | and Íle replý,

and xvi. 30. Atténds on Él'nor | gramércies, lórd, for hér.

In ix. 191. ∧ Mártiall Plantágenet | Hénries highmínded sónne,

we have the lyric cæsura; so also in

xiii. 67. Then thís for her | Áh, well thrúst. But márke, the wárd.

Cf. Schipper *Neuengl. Metr.*, p. 25 *n.*

In iii. 51. For we've líttle leísure tó debáte of thát,
vi. 131–132. 'Twere a lóng poinárd, my lórd, to reách betweéne
∧ Óxford and Frésingfiéld, but sit stíll and see móre,
vi. 162. I've stroók him dúm my lórd | 'n if your hónor pleáse,
ix. 31. Of éleméntal éssence, térra's but thóught,
ix. 45. Ànd òf the víg'r of the géomantic fiends,
xiv. 79. We cánnot stáy my lórd | 'n if she bé so stríct,—

anapæstic readings with natural apocope or syncope preserve the pentameter. Dy's 'you' for 'your honor' in vi. 162, and omission of 'my lord' in xiv. 79, are therefore unnecessary.

xvi. 64 appears to have six feet; but if it is taken in sequence with the preceding line the effect is of two five-foot lines.

(*b*) The following senarii of Q 1 are real, and should be preserved, though Dyce and Ward generally place the first foot in a line by itself. The Marlowan reform had not yet completed the rout of the Alexandrine, — and even if it had Greene would have remained unrouted. He uses the Alexandrine, sometimes unconsciously, sometimes for variety. Perhaps a few of these senarii, i. 10, 83; ii. 112, 148; iii. 26; vi. 77; ix. 185; x. 149; xi. 7, 92; xii. 18; xiv. 78; xvi. 40, are accidental, but most of them are

intended to be impressive, and the additional foot generally indicates the person most concerned.

E. Other Debated Lines.

iv. 11. Ward retains the senarius. Dyce thinks 'corrupted,' and queries, 'As Agenor's damsel did,' for 'through the deep' is almost a repetition of 'through the seas.' — Wagner: 'like Europa through the deep.' — Perhaps (says Palgrave acc. to Ward) the dramatist pronounced the name *Ágenor*. We might then scan: —

And vénture as Ágenor's dámsel thróugh the deép.

But it is quite as likely that Greene intended, or let slip, a senarius.

ix. 112. The quartos are right, and we should scan thus: —

Reìmès, Lovaín, and faí-r Rótherdám.

For 'fayer,' etc., see *B* 1, above. By altering to 'Rheims,' Do., Dy., G., and W. miss the metre. G., for instance, reads 'Rheims [and]'; Elze (*Notes on Elizab. Dramatists*, Halle, 1886, cxcix): 'Of Rheims, of Loúvain ánd fair Rótterdám'; Knaut: 'Rheims, Loúvain, Páris ánd.' But if we preserve the spelling of the quartos the scansion is simple.

A Few Conclusions. — Greene was sensitive to dramatic niceties of utterance. Hence most of the metrical idiosyncrasies which are improperly called irregularities. An induction from the instances cited under *C* above shows that the following were the conditions of utterance to which he accorded special elocutionary recognition: the pause before a question or a response and the increase of emphasis upon the syllable succeeding the silence; the pause for reflection, and the pause before deliberate utterance; decision attending a command; the pause of speechless anger; the stoppage due to sighing, sobbing, horror, or any recoil of emotion; the period of, or after, a gesture, an inarticulate cry, a burst of laughter, an exclamatory remark; the pause during the suppression of the self-explanatory. The examination of his practice in *Friar Bacon* shows that in order to represent these conditions in dramatic blank verse Greene availed himself of silent beats with a uniformity that might be called system, were it the outcome of anything less spontaneous than the rhetorical instinct and the feeling for rhythm. Subordinating these to his knowledge of stage 'business,' Greene seems, then, to have developed a metrical use of the lacuna somewhat like this: —

Before an important affirmation, the name of one addressed in exclamation, an inquiry, an imperative request, a command;

At the transition from one form of utterance to another, the suppression of word or words understood, the gulp of rage, the burst of laughter;

After an outcry.

These conclusions are confirmed by an examination of the other plays in which the text is fairly authentic. The dramatist naturally and, in that sense, intentionally suited his 'lines' to the histrionic emergency : an achievement not difficult for one of his rhetorical quality, who was also familiar with the practice of the stage. On similar grounds and with a regard likewise for the conditions of verse at the time, his senarii are to be retained and defended.

Most of the attempts to reduce his dramatic blank verse to anything like measured uniformity are, therefore, in my opinion academic and superfluous. They are indeed worse, for not only do they ignore the personal equation, they tend to pervert the data from which the history of English metres must be derived. There may, of course, be lines, like vi. 17 and ix. 47 of this play, where dramatist or intermediary has unwittingly omitted something, or actor wantonly added, but they are few; and unless the sense calls out for orthopædic assistance, no literary, historical, or philological interest is subserved by doctoring the text.

Henry Porter

THE PLEASANT HISTORY OF THE TWO ANGRY WOMEN OF ABINGTON

Edited with Critical Essay and Notes by Charles Mills Gayley, LL.D., Professor in the University of California.

CRITICAL ESSAY

The Facts of Porter's Life. — *The Two Angry Women of Abington* is the only extant production of Henry Porter. In 1841 Mr. Collier, who was then editing Henslowe's *Diary*, supplied Mr. Dyce with what purported to be all the materials in that journal relative to this dramatist; and these, with the exception of one of August 23, 1597, connecting him with Nashe, which has been shown to be a forgery, are copied from Dyce's Percy Society edition of the *Two Angrie Women* by Mr. H. Ellis for the preface to the Mermaid edition of the play. The statement is there made that "the foregoing extracts — extending over the brief period of a single year . . . contain all the definite information which has reached us concerning Henry Porter." An examination of Collier's Henslowe's *Diary* will show, however, that Mr. Ellis omits about a dozen entries[1] affecting our poet which, though inaccessible to Dyce in 1841, have been available since 1845. A complete list of such notices in their chronological order has not been set before the public. I, therefore, subjoin the following, inserting an additional memorandum (No. 8) of January 17, 1598–9, from another source, and eliminating the suspicious Henslowe entries which Mr. George F. Warner[2] has branded as Collier forgeries. The references are to the first volume of the *Diary*.

1. P. 77. Dd unto Mr Porter, the 16 of desembr 1596 . . . . . v^li^
2. P. 77. Lent unto Mr Porter, the 7 of march 1597 . . . . . iiij^li^
3. P. 124. Lent unto the Company, the 30 of maye 1598, to bye a boocke called love prevented, the some of fower pownds, dd to THOMAS DOWTON. Mr Porter[3] } iiij^li^
4. P. 126. Lent unto Cheattell, the 26 of June 1598, in earnest of a boocke called the 2 pte of blacke Battman of the north; and Mr Harey Porter hath geven me his worde for the performance of the same, and allso for my money } xx^s^
5. P. 131. Lent unto the company, the 18 of Aguste 1598, to bye a Boocke called hoote anger sone cowld of Mr Porter, M^r^ cheattell, and bengemen Johnson, in fulle payment, the some of . . . . . } vj^li^

[1] Nos. 1, 2, 4, 7, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 22.

[2] *Catalogue of the MSS. and Muniments of Alleyn's College of God's Gift at Dulwich*, Lond.: 1881, pp. 157–162. See also H. B. Wheatley, *John Payne Collier*; Lond.: 1884, p. 61.

[3] Collier says this name was added "in a different hand to indicate" the author.

6. P. 141. Lent unto thomas Dowton, the 22 of desembr 1598, to bye a boocke of harey Poorter called the 2 pte of the 2 angrey wemen of abengton } vli

7. P. 144. Lent unto harey Porter, the 17 of Janewary, 1598[–9] at the request of Richard Alleyn and Wm Birde the some of . . . . . } xx^s^

8. An acknowledgment of the transaction (No. 7) in the Bodleian. See note prefixed to Malone's copy (Malone, 184): as follows,

"An acknowledgement of a debt of 20*s.* owing to Philip Henslowe, dated Jan. 17th, 1598[–9], and bearing the autograph signature of Henry Porter, formerly lying loose in this volume is now to be found in MS. Eng. Hist. C. 4, fol. 15. (Signed) W. H. A., June 8, 1885."

9. P. 143. Lent unto Thomas Dowton, the 31 of Janewary 1598[–9], to bye tafetie for ij womones gownes, for the ij angrey wemen of abengton, the some of . . . . . } ix^li^

10. P. 145. Lent unto Thomas Downton, the 12 of febreary 1598[–9], to paye Mr Poorter, in fulle payment for his boocke called the 2 pte of the angry wemen of abington, the some of. . . . . } ij^li^

11. P. 145. Lent unto Thomas Downton, the 12 of febreary 1598[–9], to bye divers thinges for the playe called the 2 pte of the angrey wemen of abington . . . . . } ij^li^

12. P. 146. Lent unto harey porter, at the Requeste of the company, in earneste of his boocke called ij mery wemen of abenton the sume of forty shellings; and for the Resayte of that money he gave me his fayth-full promysse that I shold have all the boockes which he writte, ether him selfe or with any other, which some was dd the 28 of febreary, 1598[–9]. I saye . . . . . Thomas Downton, Robert Shawe[1] } xxxx^s^

13. P. 146. Lent unto Harey Cheattell, the 4 of marche 1598[–9], in earneste of his boocke, which harey Porter and he is a writinge, the some of, called the Spencers . . . . . } x^s^

14. P. 146. Lent unto Robart Shawe, the 22 of marche 1598[–9], to paye unto M^r^ porter, in full paymente of his playe called the Spensers the some of . . . . . } v^li^ x^s^

15. P. 147. Lent unto Harey Porter, at the apoyntment of Thomas Downton, the 7 of aprell 1599, the some of . . . . . } xx^s^

16. P. 151. [A note for the same in Porter's handwriting]—Borrowed of phillip Henchlowe, xx^s^, the vij^th^ of Aprill, anno. dom. 1599. (Signed) Henry Porter

17. P. 148. Lent unto Thomas Downton, the 9 of Aprell 1599, to bye dyvers thinges, as 4 clothe clockes, and macke up a womones gowne, the some of — For the Spencers . . . . . } x^li^

18. P. 94.[2] Lent Harey Porter, the 11 of aprill 1599 the some of . . . . . ij^s^ vj^d^

19. P. 148. Lent unto Thomas Downton, the 14 of Aprell 1599, to macke divers thinges for the playe of the Spencers, the some of . . . . . } xvli

20. P. 148. Delyvered unto Thomas Downton boye, Thomas parsones, to bye divers thinges for the playe of the Spencers, the 16 of aprell 1599, the some of[3] . . . . . } v^li^

[1] Witnesses.

[2] Nos. 18, 21, 23, 24 are consecutive on p. 94, and in Henslowe's writing, but with Porter's signature after 24.

[3] After this follows an item, p. 149, to the effect that the "boocke of the spencers" had helped Chettle to pay off "x^s^ of a debt with the companye."

21. P. 94. Lent Harey Porter, the 16 of aprell, 1599, the some of . . . . xijd

22. P. 261. Harey Porter tocke a somsete of me, Phillipe Henslowe, the 16 of Aprell 1599, upon this condition, that yf I would geve him xij^{d} at that instant, for that xij^{d} he bound hime seallfe unto me in x^{li} of corant Inglishe mony, for this cawse to paye unto me the next daye folowinge all the money which he oweth unto me, or els to ferfette for that xijd tenn powndes; which deate wase unto me xxv^{s}, which he hath not payd acordinge to his bonde, and so hath forfetted unto me: wittnes to this a sumsette,

JOHN HASLETT, Va[ul]ter
MR KYNGMAN, the Elder.

[This entry which seems to refer to No. 21, would naturally be made on the 18th of April, 1599, but in the *Diary* it occurs at the end of a confused sequence running March 25, 1598, November 16, 1599, August 9, 1598, September 18, 1602, September 19, 1602. Between it and the next entry, undated but probably of February, 1601–2, leaves are missing or mutilated. According to Dyce, whose information came from Collier, the entry on p. 94 "is struck through, the money having been repaid." But Collier does not record the payment of the xijd in his edition of the *Diary*; nor, according to p. 261, was Porter released from the "deate of xxv^{s}" or the "forfette of xli."]

23. P. 94. Lent Harey Porter, the 5 of may 1599 the some of. . . . . ij^{s} 6^{d}

24. P. 94. Lent Harey Porter, the 15 of maye 1599, the some of . . . . ij^{s} 6^{d}
(Signed) HENRY PORTER

25. P. 94. Be it knowne unto all men, that I, Henry Porter, do owe unto Phillip Henchlowe the some of x^{s}, of lawfull money of England, wch I did borrowe of hym the 26 of maye, a^{o} dom. 1599.
HENRY PORTER[1]

Other Early Notices. — Meres, in the *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, names our dramatist as one of the best for comedy among us, and places him in good company: Lyly, Lodge, Gascoigne, Greene, Shakespeare, Nashe, Thomas Heywood, Munday, Chapman, Wilson, Hathaway, and Chettle. It is perhaps worthy of remark that, beginning with Nashe, all these playwrights were at the time Porter's associates in the employ of Henslowe and the Admiral's company, and that in this list our poet rubs shoulders with Chapman and Wilson. Much less flattering are the references in Richard West's *Court of Conscience or Dick Whipper's Sessions*, 1607,[2] to "ruffianly Dick Coomes" (Poem to *Prophane Swearers*) and "Nimble-tongued Nicholas as the Proverbe saith" (Address to *Liers*), which are undoubtedly allusions to our play[3]: for although Porter's Nicholas is not a liar, his Coomes is, in the extreme, ruffianly and profane. The context of *The Court of Conscience* would indicate, however, that West was availing himself, to some extent, of nicknames proverbial among the vulgar, such as Suckblood, Tom

[1] The whole of this acknowledgment is in Porter's handwriting.
[2] British Museum, C. 39, b. 21. [3] Heber (Bibl. Heber), Pt. IV., No. 2872, in B. M.

Taylor, Money Monger, and Nicholas Newfangle. That Porter's play was still in circulation as late as 1661 is shown by its inclusion in Kirkman's Catalogue of that date.

Conjectural Identity. — Malone, Collier, and Dyce give no clue; in fact they do not exhaust the materials in Henslowe. Langbaine mentions only the printed play. Hunter, in his *Chorus Vatum Anglicanorum*[1] says "it can hardly be doubted that this is the same Henry Porter of Christ Church who was made Bachelor of Music in July, 1600 (*Alumn. Oxon.* III. 1182). Wood says that he had seen some of his compositions, but thinks none were extant when he wrote. This Henry Porter was father of Walter Porter, Master of the Choristers at Westminster, who had friends in Sir Edward Spencer and Edward Laurence. He was related to Dr. John Wilson." Foster in the *Alumni Oxonienses*, tells us, in addition, that Walter became gentleman of the Chapel Royal of Charles I. This information is all traceable to Wood's *Fasti*,[2] but Wood does not attempt to identify Henry Porter the dramatist with Henry Porter the musical composer. Of the latter we learn, from the *Register of the University of Oxford*,[3] that he had studied music for twelve years and had "composed" before he took his degree, July 4, 1600. There is no record of a degree in arts, nor of matriculation, at Christ Church; this musical activity would seem, however, to have occupied the career of the future bachelor of music from a date eight years before Porter the dramatist appeared in Henslowe's employ to a date after our poet had borrowed his last half-crown from that employer. "The statutable conditions for the degree of Mus. Bac." at that time, say Boase and Clark,[4] "were that the candidate should have been seven years *in re musica*, and that he should compose and cause to be sung in the university a *centicum quinque partium*, giving three days' notice of the performance of this exercise." That a student like Porter of Christ Church, who had proceeded leisurely through his course in music, taking twelve years instead of the seven prescribed, and who, meanwhile, was composing canticles on elevated and, probably, sacred themes, should be a man of maturity and acknowledged worth is only natural to suppose. And such was the esteem in which Porter of Christ Church was held by an Oxford undergraduate of that day, who addresses him in the following verses, published in 1599:[5] —

[1] British Museum: Add. MS., 24487–92, Vol. II. 302. [2] *Fasti*, I. 284.
[3] Boase and Clark, Vol. II., Pt. 1, p. 147. [4] As above, p. 145.
[5] Douce, in a note in the unique copy in the Bodleian, says that according to the date of the print by Cecill, Weever was twenty-three in 1599. The epigram in which Weever says that he is not yet twenty may therefore have been written as early as 1596.

"AD HENRICUM PORTER

Porter I durst not mell with sacred writ,
Nor woe the mistris fore I win the maide;
For my yong yeres are taskt; its yet unfitte,
For youth as eld is never halfe so staid.
Thy selfe which hath the summe of Art and Wit
Thus much I know unto me would have said;
Thy silver bell could not so sweetly sing
If that too soone thou hadst begun her ring."

The Porter thus apostrophized by John Weever has set sacred writ to music, but only after careful discipline leading to the musical art; and his wisdom has been proved by the result: "Thy silver bell" of music, says his admirer, "could not so sweetly sing, If that too soon thou hadst begun her ring." Mr. Havelock Ellis,[1] to whom these verses were communicated by Mr. Bullen, understands them to refer to Porter the dramatist, and concludes therefrom, that he was "at the period of his *dramatic activity* a man of mature age."

But there is nothing in Weever's verses applicable to the dramatist as we know that personage: his extant play is anything but sacred, it presents no particular evidence of mature authorship, betrays no interest in musical affairs, yields no bell-tones of style or verse. While Weever was writing his *Epigrams*, 1596 to 1599, the dramatist was pursuing anything but a staid and silvern course at the Rose Theatre on the Bankside. The slowly matured composer of canticles, on the other hand, was completing a leisurely discipline at Christ Church, and to such a student Weever's eulogy admirably applies.[2] In all probability the composer stuck to his *metier*. He was of a musical family: his son obtained recognition from Court for his musical attainments; and a kinsman, Dr. John Wilson, "a very eminent musician of whom there is a long notice in Wood," was professor of music at Oxford in 1656.[3]

The familiarity with Oxford and its surroundings displayed in the drama of the two angry women who meet in the neighboring village of Abington is, however, indicative of Oxonian authorship, and we are again driven to the registers of the university in search of some available Henry Porter. There is, I find, but one capable, in point of chronology, of fulfilling the conditions:

"Matriculations: 19 June, 1589, Brazenose, Porter, Henry; Lond., *gen. f.* 16."[4]

[1] Mermaid Series, *Porter*, p. 90.
[2] With this opinion I find that Mr. Bayne agrees, *D. N. B.* Art., *Porter*.
[3] Hunter, II, 300, and *Hist. Reg. Univ. Oxford*, 1888.
[4] Boase and Clark, Vol. II., Pt. 2, p. 170.

Concerning the academic career of this Henry Porter there is no information to be gathered from the records of university or college — why he was not admitted B.A., or why or when he left his college. I am apprised, however, by Mr. C. B. Heberden, the Principal of Brasenose, who at my request kindly instituted the requisite search, that such absence of information is not unusual, for the College Register was very imperfectly kept in the sixteenth century. If this was our Henry Porter, the author of the *Pleasant History of the Two Angry Women*, he was born in 1573, the son of a gentleman of London, he kept an uneventful term or so at Brasenose, and was perhaps still there in 1592 when his future associate in Henslowe's employ, John Marston, was matriculated. After his return to London he must have taken speedily to play-writing, for he was not more than twenty-three years of age when we find him selling his dramas to the Admiral's company for distinctly reputable sums. A modest straw in favour of the supposition that this was our dramatist is the explicit statement in both editions of our play to the effect that its author was Henry Porter, *Gent.* We have no proof that the Porter of Christ Church, who took his only degree after our play was printed, had any right in 1599 to sign himself Gentleman.

Dramatic Career. — Although, as I have said, only one of Porter's plays is extant, the entries in Henslowe, and their context, enable us to form some conception of his relation to the contemporary drama. They indicate that between December 16, 1596, and May 26, 1599, he was associated as a writer of plays with the Admiral, the Earl of Nottingham's company of actors, and that after February 28, 1599, his services were pledged to that company alone. It is possible that he had also acquaintance among the Earl of Pembroke's men, who were acting at The Rose for a short time during October and November, 1597, in partnership with the Admiral's company; but of this we cannot be certain, for we have no record of Porter's actions between March 7, 1597, and May 30 of the ensuing year.

The payment of December 16, 1596, is not in loan nor "in earnest of a boocke," but *delivered* as for a play then completed; and the sum, even if it were not a final instalment, would in itself indicate a play of some promise, for £6 or £7 was as much as Henslowe usually gave for a production even by an author already distinguished. If the payment was for a completed "boocke," the play would, according to the procedure of the Admiral's men, have

been ready for presentation within a period of ten days to six weeks after the date of purchase. The following were the new plays presented by this company during that period: *That Will Be Shall Be*, December 30, 1596; *Alexander and Lodowick*, January 14, and *Woman Hard to Please*, January 27, 1597. Of these *Alexander* was the most successful, and *That Will Be* next.[1] It is possible that the third play was the work of Heywood who had been recently paid 30 *s.* — for a "boocke."[2] As to *Alexander*, it is mentioned two years later as the property of Martin Slater,[3] and there is reason to conjecture that it was written by him. But, even if these attributions were conclusive, we should not he justified in assuming — that the book remaining unassigned, *That Will Be Shall Be*, was the property for which Porter was paid on December 16, 1596. It is not, however, impossible that his first production was one of the three most popular plays put upon the boards at The Rose that season. That Henslowe's loan to Porter on the following March 7 had any connection with a play of December 16, 1596, is most unlikely. Henslowe was not by way of disbursing £9 for one "boocke." The date is also too remote from May 30, 1598, to permit of our connecting this loan with the payment for *Love Prevented*, there mentioned, let alone the objection that if the entries of March 7, 1597, and May 30, 1598, refer to the same play, the author was paid the unusually high sum of £8. But though we cannot prove that Porter made much out of Henslowe and the Admiral's men, it would seem that they made a good deal out of him. For after certain purchases from Porter and during the period within which the first performances of his plays must naturally have occurred, the theatre receipts increased appreciably. The play of May 30, 1598, for instance, would, according to custom, have been presented some time between June 10 and June 30. The only other new play that could during those weeks have assisted to swell the profits of the theatre was the First Part of *Blacke Battman of the North*, by distinguished authors, to be sure, but not extant.

[1] *Alex.* was acted fifteen times during the next six months, *That Will Be* twelve times. The *Woman* ran for four months and was acted ten times. *Alex.* brought in almost as much as the others combined.

[2] Henslowe, p. 78. Fleay conjecturally identifies it with the *Challenge for Beauty*.

[3] Henslowe, pp. 123, 128; May 16, and July 18, 1598.

Henslowe's weekly receipts from "my Lord Admerall's mean" during the month before June 10 had averaged £3 16*s.* 3*d.*; during the period between June 10 and June 30 they rose to an average of £5 4*s.* 4*d.*; the week after June 30 they fell again to £2 11*s.* 6*d.*[1] That Porter was at that time held in respect by Henslowe is shown by the transaction of June 26, when the crafty manager took his surety for the performance of a literary and pecuniary obligation by Chettle, than whom no one could have been habitually more in arrears. And that Porter's plays were worth having is proved by Henslowe's engaging, in February of the next year, everything that he might write, whether in partnership or alone. That this appreciation of his plays was shared also by the company appears from the unusual sums which they expended for the apparel and properties necessary to their presentation.[2]

Of the playwrights at that time attached to the Admiral's company, the most intimately associated with Porter would appear to have been Chettle; and, through him, our poet must have been brought into close relations with Robert Wilson, who was Chettle's colleague in that *Second Part of Blacke Battman*, for the completion of which Porter went surety, — also with Dekker and Drayton, who had assisted in the writing of the First Part, and were, maybe, interested in the Second. In fact, Chettle, Dekker, Drayton, Wilson were boon companions in productivity and the 'marshallsey': to go bail for one of them was presumably to pay for all. With Ben Jonson, who was just then coming into notice as a dramatist, Henry Porter must have drained many a flagon. In August, 1598, these two have just finished writing a play in company with Chettle, *Hot Anger Soon Cold*, and are paid a fair price for it by Henslowe, who seems to regard Porter, however, as the principal author, for he enters his name first in the record. But if the returns from this play are included in Henslowe's receipts of the next two months, it cannot have been more than an ordinarily successful production.[3]

During the latter part of 1598 our dramatist is engaged upon a play called by Henslowe the *2 Pte of the 2 angrey women of abengton.*

[1] Henslowe, p. 101.

[2] *Two A. W. A.*, Pt. II., £18 5*s.*; *The Spencers*, £30 10*s.* Properties rarely cost more than £15.

[3] Henslowe, p. 129, August 26, October 28.

This was rehearsed during January and February, 1599, and by February 12, the day on which final payment was made to Porter, £11[1] had been expended on properties for the performance. It was probably ready for presentation at that time, and its success may have assisted the sudden leap in Henslowe's share of the receipts from £7 10*s.*, for the week ending February 18, to £15 3*s.*, for the ten days ending February 29,[2] 1599. This play paid Porter £7, a higher figure than *Hot Anger* had brought. Some two weeks later he is under contract to produce a sequel, the *ij mery wemen of abenton*, and only four days later still, March 11, he is engaged in a new partnership with Chettle to produce a play entitled *The Spencers*, or *Despencers*, a magnificent and tragic subject perhaps suggested by the reprinting of Marlowe's *Edward II.* during the preceding year.[3] *The Spencers* was finished by the 22d of the same month. That it was looked upon as a play of great promise appears from the large amounts which, as already stated, were expended in its preparation for the stage. It was first acted some time after April 14. On the 16th Henslowe enters a final small disbursement for properties, of which perhaps the need was perceived during the first performance. His receipts for the week ending April 15 rise to £13 7*s.*, four times as much as for the week before; while the entry, £13 16*s.*, for the week next ensuing, during which the play was surely on the stage, is, with the exception of those of February 29, already mentioned, and of June 3,[4] the largest that year. Perhaps by April 22 the novelty of *The Spencers* had begun to wear off, for there is again a drop in Henslowe's receipts, to £11 5*s.*, the week ending April 29.[5] This partnership with Chettle existed, by the way, in the year when

[1] £18 5*s.*, if we may assume (as Mr. Fleay does) that the entries, pp. 143–144, of January 26 and February 1, refer to this play.

[2] *Sic.*: Henslowe, p. 130.

[3] Not the other way around as Collier thinks (Henslowe, p. 146, *n.*) for *Edw. II.* had been in print since 1594.

[4] Henslowe, pp. 130, 146. Cf. the advance from £10 8*s.* on May 27, 1599, to £16 12*s.* on June 3, the day after Dekker and Chettle's *Agamemnon* was licensed and probably first acted; and the advance from £3 14*s.* on October 27, 1599, to £8 16*s.*, the week ending November 3 (Henslowe, p. 152), during which the successful *Sr John Oldcastell* had "ferste" been played.

[5] But, of course, we cannot with certainty attribute the increase of April 16 to *The Spencers* alone. It may have proceeded, in part, from the revival of *Alex. and Lodowick*, for the properties required by which Henslowe had, on March 31, advanced £5 to Juby. Henslowe had, moreover, obtained license during March for the *4 Kynges*, *Brute Grenshillde*, and "four other plays" (pp. 146, 147).

Every Man in his Humour was in course of composition, and it ended just about a month before 'Bengemen' passed a rapier through Gabriel Spenser in Hoxton Fields.

Beside the playwrights already mentioned, Porter must have known in varying degrees of intimacy Heywood, Haughton, Day, Munday, Chapman, Hathaway, and, perhaps, Rankins, who were then writing for the company; also Samuel Rowley and Martin Slater, who appear to have been serving as actor-dramatists. With the players Downton, Richard Alleyn, Robert Shaw, and the polyonymous William Bird, Porter was associated in various business negotiations. Of course he knew the above-mentioned Gabriel Spenser, and Henslowe's son-in-law, Edward Alleyn, and the two Jeffes, and Towne and Singer, and the other active members of the company.

Most of the playwrights in Henslowe's pay lived in hand-to-mouth style; but in art of cozening groats from the manager who in turn squeezed angels from the dramatist, none excelled 'Harey' Chettle. It is instructive to note that, from the period of close intimacy with Chettle, Porter sinks ever deeper in Henslowe's debt. On January 17, 1599, he had borrowed a pound of Henslowe. He was then, still, in the heyday of his success; but only six weeks later, February 28, we find Henslowe, under cover of a further beggarly advance, acquiring a lien on all his productivity. A few days after that the two 'Hareys,' doubtless with a hope of release from the moneylender's grip, are sweating out *The Spencers* for him; and Chettle, with or without Porter's knowledge, is borrowing another half-sovereign in earnest of its completion. When, on March 22, the joint production is finished, the dramatists are paid less for it than *The Second Part of the Two Angry Women* had brought to Porter alone; and before it is acted Porter has given his note of hand to Henslowe for another pound; and so proceeds the declension of 'Harey' Porter. Between December 16, 1596, and June 26, 1598, he had been Henslowe's 'Mr. Porter'; as soon as he begins to borrow, January 17, 1599, he is 'Harey' with a rare reversion to the ancient style; after April 7 there is no reversion. The loans, too, which at first were of a dignified amount, suddenly fall to 2 *s.* 6 *d.* Familiarity has bred as usual; and, by April 16,

'Harey,' who at this time owes the manager 25 *s.*, is compelled in consideration of 1 *s.* to clear his debt on the morrow or forfeit £10. Next day Shylock has him, but for some reason continues to dribble out the sixpences until May 26. Then 'Harey' signs the last I. O. U. of which we have record, and drops out of history and Henslowe with as little warning as he had entered.

Date of the Extant Play. — Porter wrote two plays and engaged to write a third on the *Women of Abington*. Of a First Part of the *Two Angry Women*, there is no record in Henslowe, at least under that name. But of the Second Part the entries of December 22, 1598, and February 12, 1599, make explicit mention; and an intervening note of January 31, 1599, which records an outlay for the play without specification of the part is by date and position evidently a reference to this same Second Part. According to the entries of February 12, the sum of £2 was on that day expended in a concluding purchase of properties for the performance, and an equal amount was given to Porter in final payment for the "boocke" entitled *the 2 pte. of the angry wemen of abington*. So closes all record of that second part. The payment of £2, two weeks later, February 28, is the usual advance "in earneste of" a "boocke" not yet finished; but the title of it was *the ij mery women of abenton*, and it was undoubtedly intended to be a continuation of the general theme. There is, however, no record of final payment (of £4 or £5) as in other cases, and no proof that the play was completed. I have no doubt that the play of which the text is here given, *The Pleasant History of the Two Angry Women of Abington*, is the unrecorded First Part, above mentioned. Our drama was twice printed in 1599 "as it was lately playde by . . . the . . . Admirall his servants," and it had, in all probability, been in the possession of the company for some time before publication; whereas the Second Part was only first acted in that year, and would not, with the consent of the company, have been turned over to printers. For it was to the player's interest to restrict his dramatic stock-in-trade, while it was novel, to the play-house. That the non-extant play of December 22, 1598–February 12, 1599, which is explicitly called the Second Part, was preceded by *The Pleasant History* is, moreover, confirmed by the title-page of *The Pleasant History*, which

is unconscious of predecessor and sequel alike. By how long a period, then, did our play precede the missing Second Part? The words "as it was lately playde" on the title-pages of both editions may or may not be advertisement. But there is, at any rate, no likelihood that the first performance antedated May 14, 1594, when the Admiral's men began their long engagement with Henslowe; nor that it fell between that date and December 16, 1596, for it does not appear (nor any name that suggests it) in Henslowe's consecutive list of plays performed by the Admiral's men during that period. And since Henslowe observed his method of entry by days and plays until November 5, 1597, the *Pleasant History* would have been specified in that part of the diary [1] if the first payment to Porter, December 16, 1596, or the loan of the succeeding March 7, had been for a play bearing that name. Since there is no mention of a *Pleasant History of the Two Angry Women of Abington* before the close of Henslowe's daily register, nor of a *First Part of the Two Angry Women* between that date and December 22, 1598, when negotiations are in progress for a Second Part, it would seem that, whether our play came into existence before or after November 5, 1597, it must have first passed under some other name.

In the former alternative not even the wildest conjecture can identify it with any title recorded by Henslowe before March 7, 1597, except *Woman Hard to Please*, and that is more suitable to the subject of Heywood's *Challenge for Beauty* than of our *Pleasant History*. It is not until two months after the loan of March 7 — four pounds to Porter — that one comes upon the first performance of the only play of that period that can at all correspond with the *Pleasant History*. This is the successful but as yet unidentified *Comodey of Umers*, for the writing of which Henslowe records no payment, although he marks it "new" and makes entries which show that it was acted no less than twelve times at his "howsse" between May 11 and October 11 of that year, and that it supplanted *Alexander* and *That Will Be* in the favour of the public. It has been held, to be sure, that this anonymous *Comodey* was *Every Man in his Humour*; but that is impossible, for Ben Jonson himself states that *Every Man* was brought out during the next year, 1598, and not by the

[1] pp. 82–91.

Admiral's, but by the Lord Chamberlain's servants,[1] while Henslowe includes *The* (*Comodey of*) *Umers* even the year after it had been acted by the Admiral's company in his "Note of all such bookes as belong to the Stocke [of that same company], and such as I have bought since the 3d of Marche, 1598."[2] Mr. Fleay thinks that the *Comodey* was Chapman's *Humerous Dayes Mirth*, and Dr. Ward inclines to accept the conjecture; but I think that Mr. Fleay's plea in favour of Chapman's play will apply as well to Porter's *Pleasant History*, the subtitle of which advertises "the humorous mirth of Dick Coomes and Nicholas Proverbes," while the scenes develop "humours," which are much more natural than those of Chapman's play, and fall but little short, indeed, of the quality that characterizes B. J.'s *Every Man in his Humour*. As far as plot goes I cannot for a moment believe that the ineptitudes of the *Humerous Dayes Mirth* can have commanded the popularity which was achieved by the *Comodey of Umers*.

If, however, according to the latter alternative, the *Pleasant History* came into existence between November 5, 1597, and December 22, 1598, the attempt to identify it with the *Comodey of Umers* falls to the ground. But another possibility at once presents itself: for the only mention by Henslowe of a play produced in the interim by Porter alone is of "a boocke called *Love Prevented*."[3] For this a payment of £4 is made on May 30, 1598; and until *Love Prevented* turns up, and turns out to be other than our play, it will be open to conjecture whether under this title we have not the earliest record of the *Pleasant History of the Two Angry Women*. For not only is this the sole title assigned to Porter alone during the period under consideration, it is also a title fairly descriptive of the central movement of the *Pleasant History*.[4] The date of payment, moreover, would accord with the assertion of recent performance which appears upon the title-page of our play as printed; it would also allow for a reasonable lapse of time before the publication, which was not by license and was probably of a printed copy. If this conjecture be

[1] Title-page of *E. M. i. H.*, edited by B. J., 1616. [2] *Diary*, p. 276. [3] p. 124.

[4] Notice the résumé of the action in the speeches of Goursey and Sir Raph, Sc. xiv., ll. 277–289, the "crossing of true love." I am pleased to find that in this conjecture, which I had imagined to be new, I have been anticipated by Mr. Fleay, *Chron. Engl. Drama*. 2, 163.

correct, the date of our play is May 30, 1598; and we have an explanation, in part, of Henslowe's increased receipts during the month following. If, on the other hand, our play be the *Comodey of Umers*, the date of its first presentation is May 11, 1597. Whether these identifications be correct or not, the play may be dated between December 16, 1596, and December 22, 1598, and it was probably known to Meres when during the latter year he included Porter among the writers of comedy.[1]

Dramatic Qualities: Construction. — Of the plot we may cry with Goursey, "Here's adoe about a thing of nothing." Not this, but occasional situations and the subconscious qualities of humour and verisimilitude lend distinction to the play. The *Pleasant History* has atmosphere and therefore entity. It is a creation. Its characters stand out. Porter knew their ways and words before he knew their history. He had met them out Cumnor way or Hinksey, by Bagley, Abington, and Milton on many a cross-country stroll. What basis there was for Mrs. Barnes's jealousy, whether Master Barnes had too often gone to Milton "a-hunting or such ordinary sports," and, once too often, "chatted with" Mrs. Goursey "all day till night," we are not explicitly informed. Nor is the dramatist. That Mrs. Goursey has given no cause for offence goes without saying. But there is trouble in the air. The wives are angered: after a dissension sufficiently prolonged to afford us an insight into them and their surroundings, their wrath shall be appeased. How, we know not; nor does the dramatist, but it seems to him natural, if not novel, that the son and daughter of these foes should with their marriage "bury their parents' strife." That end he pursues, carrying all with him except those whom he most would carry. When the hour is nigh and we are expectant, and the star-crossed lovers have made for Carfax to be wed, they lose each other and everybody else in a midsummer night's "cunny greene," where, whence, and whither, darkling, the dramatic persons play blind-man's buff with the plot till, frustrate of discovery, they despair. Then in steps Sir Raph Smith, *ex tenebris et machina*, to find the heroine, and prophesy solution and "the lanthorne of the day" and

[1] Halliwell-Phillips assigns *Palladis Tamia* to the early part of 1598, but there are no notes in the *S. R.* to aid us in the investigation. Mr. Fleay assigns it to November, 1598.

lend our hopes a fillip, but straight to lose us worse than ever in the devious night. Beholders and beheld all now despair. And Porter might still be spasmodically rounding his rabbits into the "cunny greene" and out again, had not the quarrelsome wives happened each on other, and on them in turn their husbands happened, who simulating mortal combat succeed at last in terrifying their women into peace. Only after the characters most concerned have thus by chance taken the solution into their own hands and effected the reconciliation, does the peacemaker intended by the dramatist drop in with the lost sweetheart on his arm; and the union of the young lovers, which had been designed to promote the union of their mothers, proceeds on its own merits, superfluous, like the second tail on the proverbial toad. The plot, therefore, is not the "thing." Not only does it pursue half a dozen possibilities, each of which it drops halfway; it starts another half-dozen, which it never pursues. But the auditor, unforewarned, pricks to each wild-goose chase in turn. The complication of the angry women and the subplot of the lovers, with its pretence of a solution, move rapidly through the first, third, sixth, and eighth scenes; but in the second and fourth the farcical element retards the pace; in the seventh a new and futile start is made, and in the ninth the *platt* itself slides into a kind of *commedia all' improviso.* From this it is rescued at the beginning of Scene xii. by Master Barnes's "pollicie." But although his "drift device" is of the utmost importance to the audience, I have my doubts whether any hearer has caught the hint, and I am sure that to most readers the sham combat between the husbands in Scene xiv. comes as something impromptu and secondary. Consequently a luxury of anticipation has been forfeited. The "pollicie" is in itself a capital ruse for curing shrewishness, and it has been frequently used of later years, as, for instance, in Gillette's *Because She Loved Him So;* but in 1597 it had the additional charm of novelty, and deserved a better handling. The situation in Scene vi., where Mrs. Goursey snatches and restores her husband's letter, is, conversely, well prepared, but lacks all consequent. The marksman draws his bow to the top of its bent, then gradually relaxes the tension — because he has forgot his arrow. But, though Porter is

guilty of imperfect devices, few English comedies before his time can boast of scenes more realistic and humorous than the game at tables, the burlesque wooing of Mall at her window, and the comic irony of the climax between the disputatious mothers under whose beaks the debated chickens are eloping. In fact, with all crudities, the plot develops an interesting individuality, for which the author does not seem to be at all responsible; none the less interesting if "a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet."

Portrayal of Character. — When we turn to the "persons" and their "humours" we realize the architectonics of the play. There is something at once natural and masterly in the ease with which Porter introduces the condition of "neighbour amitie," wherewith the masters delude themselves, while their spouses blow upon the coals of hatred: the hostess, teeming with innuendo, — "malice embowelled in her tongue," — the lady of Milton read in Æsop's fables, quick to conjecture, and "every day as good as Barnes's wife," whether to divert a moral or direct a curse. And as the women promise they develop: Mrs. Barnes, a "jealous, slandering, spiteful queane"; Mrs. Goursey, subtler and fairer spoken, but incapable of backgammon "if standers by doe talke," — patently obedient, but impatient of rebuke, soothing her husband with soft words, but, inward, fuming at his "Peace, be quiet, wife"; easily his better, bidding him "grow to the housetop with your anger, Sir," and then humouring his pleasure, not because of his "incensement," but his "health." The opprobrious epithets of Barnes's wife Mistress Goursey returns into her teeth; damns her as "mankind"; takes up the quarrel last and is last to lay it down. In fact, as Mistress Goursey is the more independent of the twain, she is also historically the more original. Mrs. Barnes, on the other hand, is an amalgam of stock shrews, gossips, and jealous wives: a descendant of Tom Tyler's more strenuous half, a kinswoman of Dame Chat, a Kitely in petticoats, the remote grandmother of Colman's Mrs. Oakly.

Barnes and Goursey are henpecked husbands of the remordent variety. Barnes, the more experienced in domestic infelicity, is correspondingly the more given to moral tags and pregnant sentences. He sometimes rises almost to poetry, as when he tells his wife: —

> "Rough, wrathful words
> Are bastards got by rashness in the thoughts;"

from bathos he is just saved by a sense of the incongruous: "O doe not" begs he of the virago whom he styles "sweete,"

> "O, doe not set the organ of thy voice
> On such a grunting tone of discontent!
> Doe not deforme the beautie of thy tongue
> With such mishapen answeres."

It is appropriate that upon him who has given rise to the brief unpleasantness by inviting guests without his wife's consent, should rest the *onus* of devising the effective "pollicie" of reconciliation.

From him Goursey is well differenced. Possessed of a finer wife and a quicker temper, when the former, contrary to expectation, crosses the latter he well-nigh falls into an apoplexy. Oaths he abhors, but in the access of his rage swears horribly and apologizes to the Almighty between breaths.

That the morals of the sons reproduce those of the sires in their salad days, I reluctantly suspect. It is the recital of young Frank's licentiousness that convinces young Philip that here is just the husband for Sister Mall. And — considering that Mall is frankly and squarely what her mother calls her, a "lustie guts" and "vile girl," in fact her mother's daughter, fit to "floute the devill and make blush the boldest face of man that ere man saw" a swearing wench whose only claim to morals is unmorality — Philip's judgment is correct. There is, in my opinion, no coarser-minded girl in Elizabethan comedy; and at the same time there obtains no dramatic portrayal of the animal more observantly conceived or more faithfully executed. That she is, as Mr. Ellis says, less sophisticated than Congreve's Prue, is not exactly to her credit. Nor need I make her out "a wholesome, robust English girl . . . with a brave openness, loving and sincere," in order to justify my appreciation of Porter's skill in creating her. She is, indeed, robust and Elizabethan, seventeen and upward; but within she is a mate for Caliban; no relation to Prue, — rather a link between Wapull's Wilful Wanton and Vanbrugh's Hoyden. It is hardly

necessary to point out the literary and dramatic affinities of Sir Raph and his wife: the buck-hunting squire and the lady tender-hearted and "pitous."

The foregoing are characters of broad outline; but each has, as well, his quirk of conduct, manners, or of style. The jealous wife with her "stopt compares"; "Mistresse Would-Have," who has "let restrainèd fancy lose," and sworn to lead no apes in hell; her brother, a poet at second-hand, and "sick discourser" of his sister's wit; Nan Lawson's lover of "quick invention" and "pleasure-aiming mind,"—these and others of the major movement are as palpably in their "humours" as Mrs. Otter, Doll Common, Master Stephen, or Kitely, or Truewit. And when we turn to the secondary group we find the "humours" not only advertised upon the title-page but specified in the text. Dick Coomes is "humord bluntly" to brag and swear and drink and quarrel and talk bawdy. "I see, by this dearth of good swords, that dearth of sword-and-buckler fight begins to grow out; I am sorry for it," complains this swashbuckler serving-man. With "Sbloud!" he comes upon the stage, and there's little left of God unhallowed when Coomes subsides beneath his buckler in the dark. "Why, what a swearing keeps this drunken asse," exclaims Francis. "Peace, do not marre his *humour*," Phil replies. "Away, bawdie man," cries Hodge, and even the Boy must say, "Here him no more, maister; he doth bedawbe ye with his durty speche." He has a "merrie *humour*," too, this Coomes, of punning, and has brought "the apparell of his wit . . . into fashion of an honor." A Thraso of the servants' hall, he'll outswear any 'Pharaoh's foot' of a tailor's shop. He can dispute precedence with Ancient Pistol as "the foul-mouthedst rogue in England"; and when he's in his "quarreling *humour*," not Pistol, nor Bobadil, nor the 'humorous' Nim could swagger to Dawson's close or out of a horse-pond with a more humorous grace. It is to be noted that, in his first lines, Coomes animadverts upon "the humour of those young springals," his masters, who "will spend all their fathers' good at gaming"; also that Philip's serving-man has his humour both of manners and of style: "a spruce slave," cross-gartered like Malvolio, "a nosegay bound with laces in his hat," "all proverbes in his speech . . . because he would

speak truth," a dramatic Camden or Ray, who quotes Latin withal, and is as marked in his "humour" as Coomes and Franke's Boy, and Mall and Mrs. Barnes in theirs.

Place in the History of Comedy. — It would, therefore, be of no small importance to determine whether this *Pleasant History* is Henslowe's *Comodey of Umers* of May 11, 1597; for if it be, this play of characteristics precedes *Every Man in his Humour*, and disputes the "place peculiar to itself in our dramatic literature" which most critics have assigned to that masterpiece of Ben Jonson. But even if it be not the play of May 11, 1597, our drama was certainly written before December 22, 1598, probably by May 30 of that year; and consequently to Porter, as an influential associate of Chapman and Jonson, must be given something of the credit of blazing the path toward the comedy of characteristic. The fun of the play has at once a Chaucerian shrewdness and a something of the careless guffaw of W. Wager. Its realism throws back to *Mak*, and *Johan*, *Tom Tyler* and *Gammer Gurton*. As a comedy of unadulterated native flavour, breathing rural life and manners and the modern spirit, constructed with knowledge of the stage, and without affectation or constraint, it has no foregoing analogue except perhaps *The Pinner of Wakefield*. No play preceding or contemporary yields an easier conversational prose, not even the *Merry Wives*.

We must not close this study without remarking certain resemblances to Shakespeare. In the matter of situations and language traces of the *Romeo and Juliet* of 1592, and the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* of 1594–1595, appear. The fanciful reader might, indeed, suspect something like a good-natured burlesque of the balcony scene in the conversation between Frank and Mall "at her window"; perhaps even of the *motif* of Shakespeare's tragedy, in the loves of the children of the inimical wives of Abington: "How, sir? your wife!" says Mrs. Barnes to Francis: —

> "Wouldst thou my daughter have?
> Ile rather have her married to her grave."

Even so had spoken Lady Capulet. And Romeo seems to be muttering in his sleep through Philip's soliloquy: —

> "The skie . . .
> Is in three houres become an Ethiope . . .
> She will not have one of those pearlèd starres
> To blab her sable metamorphosis."

If anything further were needed to illustrate Philip's taste in plays, it would be furnished by the hazy reminiscence of "the imperial votaress" and "the nun, for aye . . . in shady cloister mewed." Indeed, if Porter did not have in mind the quadrilateral wanderings of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* when Frank and Mall missed the way to Carfax, I am much surprised. That Dick Coomes, when he stood between his mistress and the angel to be tempted, was not thinking of Gobbo, is, of course, possible, but it is not possible that Dick Coomes's creator was not familiar with the *Merchant of Venice*. There is also, as I have already implied, a quality in Dick's sword-and-buckler voice that rings contemporaneous with the *Henry IV., Pts. I. and II.* To trace a connection between the well-known lines of *Hamlet* in 1602 and Porter's

> "How loathsome is this beast man's shape to me
> This mould of reason so unreasonable"

(1597–98), would, I fear, be fanciful. The resemblance, faint as it is, may be due to mere coincidence or to derivation from a common source.

Previous Editions and the Present Text. — Two editions of this play were published in 1599: one for Joseph Hunt and William Ferbrand; the other for Ferbrand alone (in same place of business). From the variations in spelling and text which characterize the Ferbrand quarto and are evidently intended for improvements, and from the fact that Ferbrand was still alone when, in 1600, he published another play, *Look About You*, I conclude that the edition printed during the period of partnership was the earlier of the two. It will be indicated in the notes to the present text as Q 1. Of Q 1 a copy is to be found in the British Museum (162. d. 55). Of Q 2, published by Ferbrand alone, there are two copies in the Bodleian, one formerly owned by Malone, the other by Douce. Q 2 furnishes the more careful text. That it was made, however, not from manuscript, but from Q 1, is evidenced by the retention

of occasional printers' errors and oddities characteristic of the earlier edition. Dyce, in his edition (Dy.) for the Percy Society, 1841, followed Q 1, with occasional readings from Q 2 and silent emendations. This edition, with modernized spelling, is included in Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, Vol. VII. (H.). Mr. Havelock Ellis's edition of the play (E.), with acts, scenes, and modernized spelling, for the Mermaid Series (*Nero and Other Plays*, 1888), appears to be based upon H. The present text is that of Q 2 (Bodl. Malone 184), with such substitutes from Q 1 as are indicated in the footnotes.

Charles Mills Gayley.

THE

PLEASANT HISTORY OF

the two angry women

of Abington.

With the humorous mirth of *Dicke Coomes* and *Nicholas Prouerbes*, two Seruingmen.

As it was lately playde by the right Honorable the Earle of Nottingham, Lord high Admirall his ſeruants

By *Henry Porter* Gent.

VIGNETTE

Imprinted at London for William Ferbrand, and are to be ſolde at his ſhop at the corner of Colman ſtreete neere Loathbury.

1599.

The Names of the Speakers[1]

M. Goursey.
Mist. Goursey.
M. Barnes.
Mist. Barnes.
Franke Goursey.
Phillip [Barnes]
Boy.
Mall Barnes.
Dick Coomes.
Hodge.
Nicholas Proverbs.
Sir Raph Smith.
[Lady Smith.]
Will, *Sir Raphes man.*

[1] First in Q 2.

The Prologue

Gentlemen, I come to yee like one that lackes and would borrow, but was loath to aske least hee should be denied: I would aske, but I would aske to obtaine; O would I knewe that manner of asking! To beg were base, and to cooche low and to carry an humble shew of entreatie were too dog-like, that fawnes on his maister to get a bone from his trencher: out, curre! I cannot abide it to put on the shape and habit of this new worlds new found beggars, mistermed souldiers, as thus; 'Sweet gentlemen, let a poore scholler implore and exorate[1] that you would make him rich in the possession of a mite of your favours, to keep him a true man in wit, and to pay for his lodging among the Muses! so God him helpe, he is driven to a most low estate: tis not unknowne what service of words he hath been at; hee lost his lims in a late conflict of floute; a brave repulse and a hot assault it was, he doth protest, as ever he saw since hee knewe what the report of a volley of jestes were; he shall therefore desire you'— A plague upon it, each beadle disdained would whip him from your companie. Well, gentlemen, I cannot tell howe to get your favours better then by desert: then the worse lucke, or the worse wit, or some what, for I shall not now deserve it. Welcome[2] then, I commit my selfe to my fortunes, and your contents; contented to dye, if your severe judgements shall judge me to be stung to death with the adders hisse.

[1] Qtos., *exerate.* [2] Q 1, 'Well.'

The pleasant Comedy of the *two angry Women of* Abington

[Scene First. *Abington. Near Master Barneses House: The Orchard*[1]]

Enter MASTER GOURSEY *and his wife, and* MASTER BARNES *and his wife, with their two sonnes, and their two servants.*

Maister Goursey. Good maister Barnes, this entertaine of yours,
So full of courtesie and rich delight,
Makes me misdoubt my poore ability
In quittance of this friendly courtesie.
M. Bar. O master Goursey, neighbour amitie
Is such a jewell of high reckoned worth,
As for the attaine of it what would not I
Disburse, it is so precious in my thoughts!
M. Gou. Kinde sir, neere dwelling amity indeed
Offers the hearts enquiry better view
Then love thats seated in a farther soyle:
As prospectives[2] the[3] neerer that they be
Yeeld better judgement to the judging eye;
Thinges seene farre off are lessened in the eye,
When their true shape is seene being hard by.

[1] E., Act I. Sc. 1. No division into acts and scenes in Qtos.
[2] Prospects, views. Dyce. [3] Q 1, *be.*

M. Bar. True, sir, tis so; and truely I esteeme
Meere[1] amity, familiar neighbourhood,
The cousen germaine unto wedded love.
M. Gou. I,[2] sir, thers surely some aliance twixt them,
For they have both the off-spring from the heart:
Within the hearts bloud ocean still are found
Jewels of amity and jemmes of love.
M. Bar. I, master Goursey, I have in my time
Seene many shipwracks of true honesty;
But incident such dangers ever are
To them that without compass sayle so farre:
Why, what need men to swim when they may wade?
But leave this talke, enough of this is said:
And, master Goursey, in good faith, sir, wellcome;—
And, mistresse Goursey, I am much in debt
Unto your kindnes that would visit me.
Mi. Gou. O master Barnes, you put me but in minde
Of that which I should say; tis we that are
Indebted to your kindness for this cheere:
Which debt that we may repay, I pray lets have
Sometimes your company at our homely house.
Mi. Bar. That, mistresse Goursey, you shall surely have;
Heele[3] be a bolde guest I warrant ye,
And boulder too with you then I would have him.
Mis. Gou. How doe ye meane he will be bolde with me?
Mi. Bar. Why, he will trouble you at home, forsooth,
Often call in, and aske ye how ye doe;
And sit and chat with you all day till night,
And all night too, if he might have his will.
M. Bar. I, wife, indeed, I thanke her for her kindnes;
She hath made me much good cheere passing that way.
Mi. Bar. Passing well done of her; she is a kinde wench.—
I thanke ye, mistresse Goursey, for my husband;
And if it hap your husband come our way

[1] Absolute, perfect. Dyce.

[2] Ay; so also in l. 23 *et passim*.

[3] Dyce suggests for the metre, 'He will.' But more probably 'Heele' was a monosyllable, and 'bolde' (Q 1, 'bould') a dissyllable. According to the editor of the *Oxford Glossary* "bold" is so pronounced at the present day.

A hunting or such ordinary sportes,
Ile do as much for yours as you for mine.
M. Gou. Pray doe, forsooth. — Gods Lord, what meanes the woman?
She speakes it scornefully: i faith I care not;
Things are well spoken, if they be well taken. — [*Aside.*]
What, mistresse Barnes, is it not time to part?
Mis. Bar. Whats a clocke, sirra?
Nicholas. Tis but new strucke one.
M. Gou. I have some busines in the towne by three.
M. Bar. Till then lets walke into the orchard, sir.
What, can you play at tables?[1]
M. Gou. Yes, I can.
M. Bar. What, shall we have a game?
M. Gou. And if you please.
M. Bar. I faith, content; weele spend an hower so. —
Sirra, fetch the tables.[2]
Nic. I will, sir. *Exit.*
Phil. Sirra Franke, whilst they are playing heere,
Weele to the greene to bowles.
Fra. Phillip, content. — Coomes, come hyther, sirra:
When our fathers part, call us upon the greene. —
Phillip, come, a rubber,[3] and so leave.
Phil. Come on. *Exeunt* [PHILLIP *and* FRANCIS].
Coom. Sbloud, I doe not like the humour of these springals; theil spend all their fathers good at gamming. But let them trowle the bowles upon the greene; Ile trowle the bowles in the buttery by the leave of God and maister Barnes: and his men be good fellows, so it is; if they be not, let them goe snick up.[4] *Exit.*

Enter NICHOLAS *with the tables.*

M. Bar. So, set them downe. —
Mistresse Goursey, how doe you like this game?
Mi. Gou. Well, sir.

[1] Backgammon; cf. Shakesp. *L. L. L.* V., ii. 326.
[2] The audience were to suppose that the stage now represented an orchard; for be it remembered that there was no movable painted scenery in the theatres at the time when this play was produced. Dyce. [3] Q 1, 'rubbers,' as frequently used. [4] Q 1, 'sneik up' — be hanged.

M. Bar. Can ye play at it?
Mis. Gou. A little, sir.
M. Bar. Faith, so can my wife.
M. Gou. Why, then, master Barnes, and if you please,
Our wives shall try the quarrell twixt us two,
And weele looke on.
M. Bar. I am content. — What, woman,[1] will you play?
Mis. Gou. I care not greatly.
Mis. Bar. Nor I, but that I thinke sheele play me false.
M. Gou. Ile see she shall not.
Mis. Bar. Nay, sir, she will be sure you shall not see,
You of all men shall not marke her hand;
She hath such close conveyance in her play.
M. Gou. Is she so cunning growne? Come, come, lets see.
Mis. Gou. Yea, mistris Barnes, will ye not house your jests,
But let them rome abroad so carelesly?
Faith, if your jealious tongue utter another,
Ile crosse ye with a jest, and ye were my mother. — [*Aside.*]
Come, shall we play?
Mis. Bar. I, what shall we play a game?
Mis. Gou. A pound a game.
M. Gou. How, wife?
Mis. Gou. Faith, husband, not a farthing lesse.
M. Gou. It is too much; a shilling were good game.
M[*is*]. *Gou.* No, weell be ill huswives once;
You have oft been ill husbands: lets alone.
M. Bar. Wife, will you play so much?
Mis. Bar. I would be loath to be so franke a gaimster
As mistresse Goursey is; and yet for once
Ile play a pound a game aswell as she.
M. Bar. Go to, youle have your will. *Offer to goe from them.*
Mis. Bar. Come, ther's my stake.
Mis. Gou. And ther's mine.
Mis. Bar. Throw for the dice. Ill luck! they are yours.
M. Bar. Master Goursey, who sayes that gamings bad,

[1] Q 1, 'women;' but Barnes is addressing his wife. Dy. refers to l. 147; and to l. 177, where both Qtos. have 'woman.'

When such good angels[1] walke twixt every cast?
M. Gou. This is not noble sport, but royall play.
M. Bar. It must be so where royals walke so fast.
Mis. Bar. Play right, I pray.
Mi. Gou. Why, so I doe.
Mis. Bar. Where stands your man?
Mis. Gou. In his right place.
Mis. Bar. Good faith, I thinke ye play me foule an ace.
M. Bar. No, wife, she playes ye true.
Mis. Bar. Peace, husband, peace; ile not be judged by you.
Mis. Gou. Husband, master Barnes, pray both goe walke;
We cannot play, if standers by doe talke.
M. Gou. Well, to your game; we will not trouble ye.
[GOURSEY *and* BARNES] *goe from them.*
Mi. Gou. Where stands your man now?
Mi. Bar. Doth he not stand right?
Mi. Gou. It stands betweene the pointes.
Mi. Bar. And thats my spight.
But yet me thinkes the dice runnes much uneven,
That I throw but dewes ase and you eleven.
Mis. Gou. And yet you see that I cast downe the hill.
Mi. Bar. I, I beshrew ye, tis not with my will.
Mis. Gou. Do ye beshrew me?
Mi. Bar. No, I beshrew the dice,
That turne you up more at once then me at twise.
Mi. Gou. Well, you shall see them turne for you anon.
Mi. Bar. But I care not for them when your game is done.
Mi. Gou. My game! what game?
Mi. Bar. Your game, your game at tables.
Mi. Gou. Well, mistresse, well, I have red Æsops fables,
And know your morrals meaning well enough.
Mi. Bar. Loe, you'l be angry now! heres good stuffe.
[*Re-enter* GOURSEY *and* BARNES.]
M. Gour. How now, woman?[2] who hath wonne the game?
Mi. Gou. No body yet.

[1] The angel-noble was a gold coin worth from a third to half a sovereign; the royal or rose-noble, 10*s*.

[2] Q 1, 'women.'

M. Bar. Your wife's the fairest for't.[1]
Mi. Bar. I, in your eye.
Mi. Gou. How do you meane?
Mi. Bar. He holds you fairer for't then I.
Mi. Gou. For what, forsooth?
Mi. Bar. Good gamster, for your game.
M. Bar. Well, try it out; t'is all but in the bearing.[2]
Mi. Bar. Nay, if it come to bearing, shee'l be best.
Mi. Gou. Why you'r as good a bearer as the rest.
Mi. Bar. Nay, thats not so; you beare one man too many.
Mi. Gou. Better doe so then beare not any.
Mi. Ba. Beshrew me, but my wives jestes grow too bitter;
Plainer speeches for her were more [fit]ter:[3]
Malice lyes inbowelled in her tongue,
And new hatcht hate makes every jest a wrong. [*Aside.*]
Mi. Go. Looke ye, mistresse, now I hit yee.
Mi. Bar. Why, I, you never use to misse a blot,[2]
Especially when it stands so faire to hit.
Mi. Gou. How meane ye, mistresse Barnes?
Mi. Ba. That mistresse Gourse's in the hitting vaine.
Mi. Gou. I hot[4] your man.
Mi. Bar. I, I, my man, my man; but, had I knowne,
I would have had my man stood neerer home.
Mi. Gou. Why, had ye kept your man in his right place,
I should not then have hit him with an ase.
Mis. Bar. Right, by the Lord! a plague upon the bones!
Mi. Gou. And a hot mischiefe on the curser too!
M. Bar. How now, wife?
M. Gour. Why, whats the matter, woman?
Mi. Gou. It is no matter: I am ——
Mis. Bar. I, you are ——
Mi. Gou. What am I?
Mis. Bar. Why, thats as you will be ever.
Mis. Gou. That's every day as good as Barneses wife.
Mi. Bar. And better too: then what needs al this trouble?
A single horse is worse then that beares double.

[1] Q 2, *far't.* [2] A term of the game. [3] So Dy. Qtos. *better.* [4] hit.

M. Bar. Wife, go to, have regard to that you say;
Let not your words passe foorth the vierge of reason,
But keep within the bounds of modesty,
For ill report doth like a bayliffe stand,
To pound the straying and the wit-lost tongue,
And makes it forfeit into follies hands.
Well, wife, you know tis[1] no honest part
To entertaine such guests with jestes and wronges:
What will the neighbring country vulgar say,
When as they heare that you fell out at dinner?
Forsooth,[2] they'l call it a pot quarrell straight;
The best they'l name it, is a womans jangling.
Go too, be rulde, be rulde.
Mi. Bar. Gods Lord, be rulde, be rulde!
What, thinke ye I have such a babies wit,
To have a rods correction for my tongue?
Schoole infancie; I am of age to speake,
And I know when to speake: shall I be chid
For such a[3] ——
Mi. Gou. What a? nay, mistresse, speake it out;
I scorne your stopt compares: compare not me
To any but your equals, mistresse Barnes.
M. Gou. Peace, wife, be quiet.
M. Bar. O, perswade, perswade! —
Wife, mistresse Goursey, shall I winne your thoughts
To composition of some kind effects?
Wife, if you love your credit, leave this strife,
And come shake hands with mistresse Goursey heere.
Mi. Ba. Shall I shake hands? let her go shake her heeles;
She gets nor hands, nor friendship at my hands:
And so, sir, while I live I will take heed,
What guests I bid againe unto my house.
M. Bar. Impatient woman, will you be so stiffe
In this absurdnes?[4]

[1] Dyce reads, 'it is'; but probably in prov. pron. 'know' was then, as frequently now, a dissyllable. [2] Q 2, *Forsoorh.* [3] Q 2, 'for such a' appended to line 202.
[4] Q 2, 'in this absurdnes' appended to line 217.

Fran. Good sir, the same.
Boy. And was the same the best that ere you rid on?
Fran. I, was it, sir.
Boy. I faith, it was not, sir.
Fran. No! where had I one so good?
Boy. One of my colour, and a better too.
Fran. One of your colour! I nere remember him;
One of that colour!
Boy. Or of that complexion.
Fran. Whats that ye call complexion in a horse?
Boy. The colour, sir.
Fran. Set me a colour on your jest, or I will —
Boy. Nay, good sir, hold your hands!
Fran. What, shal we have it?
Boy. Why, sir, I cannot paint.
Fran. Well, then, I can;[1]
And I shall find a pensill for ye, sir.
Boy. Then I must finde the table, if you do.
Fran. A whoreson, barren, wicked urchen!
Boy. Looke how you chafe! you would be angry more,
If I should tell it you.
Fran. Go to, Ile anger ye, and if you do not.
Boy. Why, sir, the horse that I do meane
Hath a leg both straight and cleane,
That hath nor spaven, splint, nor flawe,
But is the best that ever ye saw;
A pretie rising knee, O knee!
It is as round as round may be;
The full flanke makes the buttock round:
This palfray standeth on no ground
When as my maister's on her backe,
If that he once do say but, ticke;[2]
And if he pricke her, you shall see
Her gallop amaine, she is so free;

[1] Qtos., ll. 33 and 34 as one.
[2] Dy., qy. 'tacke'? But, of course, the boy uttered the 'tchick' with which one urges a horse.

And if he give her but a nod,
She thinkes it is a riding rod;
And if hee'l have her softly go,
Then she trips it like a doe;
She comes so easie with the raine,
A twine thred turnes her backe againe;
And truly I did nere see yet
A horse play proudlier on the bit:
My maister with good managing
Brought her first unto the ring;[1]
He likewise taught her to corvet,
To runne, and suddainlie to set;
Shee's cunning in the wilde goose race,
Nay, shee's apt to every pace;
And to proove her colour good,
A flea, enamourd of her blood,
Digd for chanels in her neck,
And there made many a crimson speck:
I thinke theres none that use to ride
But can her pleasant trot abide;
She goes so even upon the way,
She will not stumble in a day;
And when my maister —
Fra. What do I?
Boy. Nay, nothing, sir.
Phil. O, fie, Franke, fie!
Nay, nay, your reason hath no justice now,
I must needs say; perswade him first to speake,
Then chide him for it! — Tell me, prettie wag,
Where stands this prawncer, in what inne or stable?
Or, hath thy maister put her out to runne,
Then, in what field, what champion[2] feeds this courser,
This well paste, bonnie steed that thou so praisest?
Boy. Faith, sir, I thinke —

[1] Taught her to *tread the ring*, — to perform various movements in different directions within a ring marked out on a piece of ground. Dyce.
[2] champaign.

Fran. Villaine, what do yee thinke?
Boy. I thinke that you, sir, have bene askt by many,
But yet I never heard that yee tolde any.
Phil. Well, boy, then I will adde one more to many,
And aske thy maister where this jennet feeds. —
Come, Franke, tell me, nay, prethie, tell me, Franke,
My good horse-maister, tell me — by this light,
I will not steale her from thee; if I do,
Let me be held a felone to thy love.
Fran. No, Phillip, no.
Phil. What, wilt thou we[a]re a point[1] but with one tag?
Well, Francis, well, I see you are a wag.

Enter Comes.

Com. Swounds, where be these timber turners, these trowle the bowles, these greene men, these —
Fran. What, what, sir?
Comes. These bowlers, sir.
Fra. Well, sir, what say you to bowlers?
Coo. Why, I say they cannot be saved.
Fra. Your reason, sir?
Coo. Because they throw away their soules at every marke.
Fra. Their soules! how meane ye?
Phi. Sirra, he meanes the soule[2] of our bowle.
Fra. Lord, how his wit holdes bias like a bowle!
Coo. Well, which is the bias?
Fra. This next to you.[3]
Coo. Nay, turne it this way, then the bowle goes true.
Boy. Rub, rub!
Coo. Why rub?
Boy. Why, you overcast the marke, and misse the way.
Coo. Nay, boy, I use to take the fairest of my play.
Phi. Dicke Coomes, me thinkes thou art[4] very pleasant:
When[5] gotst thou this mirrie humor?
Coo. In your fathers seller, the merriest place in th' house.

[1] A tagged lace used to attach the hose or breeches to the doublet. Dyce.
[2] sole, or oblate surface.
[3] Qtos., ll. 110 and 111 as one.
[4] Q 1, 'th'art.'
[5] Dy., qy. 'Wher.'

Phi. Then you have bene carowsing hard?

Coo. Yes, faith, 'tis our custome when your fathers men and we meete.

Phi. Thou art very welcome thether, Dicke.

Coo. By God, I thanke ye, sir, I thanke ye, sir: by God, I have a quart of wine for ye, sir, in any place of the world. There shall not a servingman in Barkeshire fight better for ye then I will do, if you have any quarrell in hand: you shall have the maidenhead of my new sword; I paide a quarters wages for't, by Jesus.

Phi. Oh, this meate failer Dicke!
How well t'as made the apparell of his wit,
And brought it into fashion of an honor! —
Prethe,[1] Dicke Coomes, but tell me how thou doost?

Coo. Faith, sir, like a poore man at service.

Phi. Or servingman.

Coo. Indeede, so called by the vulgar.

Phi. Why, where the devill hadst thou that word?

Coo. Oh, sir, you have the most eloquenst ale in all the[2] world; our blunt soyle affoordes none such.

Fra. Phillip, leave talking with this drunken foole. — Say, sirra, where's my father?

Coo. 'Marrie, I thanke ye for my verie good cheere.' — 'O Lord, it is not so much worth.' — 'You see I am bolde with ye.' — 'Indeed, you are not so bolde as welcome; I pray yee, come oftner.' — 'Truly, I shall trouble ye.' — All these ceremonies are dispatcht betweene them, and they are gone.

Fra. Are they so?

Coo. I, before God, are they.

Fra. And wherefore came not you to call me, then?

Coo. Because I was loth to change my game.

Fra. What game?

Coo. You were at one sort of bowles, as I was at another.

Phi. Sirra, he meanes the buttery bowles of beere.

Coo. By God, sir, we tickled it.

Fra. Why, what a swearing keepes this drunken asse! —
Canst thou not say but sweare at every word?

[1] Q 2, *phethe.* [2] Q 1, 'in the.'

Phi. Peace, do not marre his humour, prethie, Franke.
Coo. Let him alone; hee's a springall, he knowes not what belongs to an oath.
Fra. Sirra, be quiet, or I doe protest —
Coo. Come, come, what doe you protest?
Fra. By heaven, to crack your crowne.
Coo. To crack my crowne! I lay ye a crowne of that,
Lay it downe, and ye dare;
Nay, sbloud, ile venter a quarters wages of that.
Crack my crowne, quotha![1]
Fra. Will[2] ye not yet be quiet? will ye urge me?
Coo. Urge yee, with a pox! who urges ye?
You might have said so much to a clowne,
Or one that had not been ore the sea to see fashions:
I have, I tell ye true; and I know what belongs to a man.
Crack my crowne, and ye can.
Fra. And I can, ye rascall! [*Offers to beat him.*]
Phi. Hold, haire braine, holde! dost thou not see hees drunke?
Coo. Nay, let him come:
Though he be my masters sonne, I am my masters man,
And a man is a man in any ground of England.
Come, and he dares, a comes upon his death:
I will not budge an inche, no, sbloud, will I[3] not.
Fran. Will ye not?
Phi. Stay, prithie, Franke. — Coomes, dost thou heare?
Coo. Heare me no heares:
Stand away, Ile trust none of you all.
If I have my backe against a cart wheele,
I would not care if the devill came.
Phi. Why, ye foole, I am your friend.
Coo. Foole on your face! I have a wife.
Fra. Shees a whore, then.
Coo. Shees as honest as Nan Lawson.
Phi. What she?
Coo. One of his whores.

[1] ll. 162–165, 167–171, 174–176, 181–184, printed as verse in the originals.
[2] Q 2, *Wirl.* [3] Not in Q 1.

Phi. Why, hath he so many?
Coo. I, as many as there be churches in London.
Phil. Why, thats a hundred and nine.
Boy. Faith, he lyes a hundred.
Phi. Then thou art a witnes to nine.
Boy. No, by God, Ile be witnes to none.
Coo. Now doe I stand like the George[1] at Colbrooke.
Boy. No, thou standst like the Bull[1] at S. Albones.
Coo. Boy, ye lye the hornes.[2]
Boy. The bul's bitten; see how he buts!
Phil. Comes, Comes, put up,[3] my friend and thou art friends.
Coo. Ile heare him say so first.
Phil. Franke, prethie doe; be friends, and tell him so.
Fra. Goe to, I am.
Boy. Put up, sir, and ye be a man, put up.
Coom. I am easily perswaded, boye.
Phil. Ah, ye mad slave!
Coomes. Come, come, a couple of whore-masters I found yee, and so I leave yee. *Exit.*
Phil. Loe, Franke, doost thou not see hees drunke,
That twits thee[4] with thy disposition?
Fra. What disposition?
Phil. Nan Lawson, Nan Lawson.
Fran. Nay, then —
Phil. Goe to, ye wag, tis well:
If ever yee get a wife, i faith Ile tell.
Sirra, at home we have a servingman;
Hees[5] not humord bluntly as Coomes is,
Yet his condition[6] makes me often merrie:
Ile tell thee, sirra, hees a fine neate fellow,
A spruce slave; I warrant ye, heele[7] have
His cruell[8] garters crosse about the knee,

[1] Names of taverns. Ellis.
[2] H. and E., "yee lye — the Hornes," as if a tavern name. But Qtos., as above, — "You are lying about the horns, I have none."
[3] your sword.
[4] So Dyce. Qtos., *me*, — *my*.
[5] Dy. suggests 'He is'; but qy. 'Coo-ums'?
[6] quality, humour.
[7] Dy. suggests 'he will.'
[8] crewel.

His woollen hose as white as the driven snowe,
His shooes dry leather neat, and tyed with red ribbins,
A nose-gay bound with laces in his hat,
Bridelaces, sir, in's hat — an all greene hat,[1]
Greene coverlet for such a grasse greene wit.
'The goose that graseth on the greene,' quoth he,
'May I eate on when you shall buried be!'
All proverbes is his speech, hee's proverbs all.

Fra. Why speakes he proverbs?

Phi. Because he would speake truth,
And proverbes, youle confesse, are olde said sooth.

Fra. I like this well, and one day Ile see him:
But shall we part?

Phil. Not yet, Ile bring you somewhat on your way,
And as we goe, betweene your boy and you
Ile know where that [brave] [2] praunser stands at levery.

Fra. Come, come, you shall not.

Phil. I faith, I wil. *Exeunt.*

[Scene Third.[3] *Barneses Garden.*]

Enter MASTER BARNES *and his* WIFE.

M. Bar. Wife, in my minde to day you were too blame,
Although my patience did not blame ye for it:
Me thought the rules of love and neighbourhood
Did not direct your thoughts; all indirect[4]
Were your proceedings in the entertaine
Of them that I invited to my house.
Nay, stay, I doe not chide, but counsell, wife,
And in the mildest manner that I may:
You neede not viewe me with a servants eye,
Whose vassaile[5] sences tremble at the looke
Of his displeased master. O my wife,

[1] The originals run, "Bridelaces sir his hat, and all greene hat"; so Dyce. Ellis, silent "Bridelaces, sir — and his hat all green." It *may* have been written, "Bridelaces, sir. hat? — an all," etc. Coomes parades his wedding trophies.

[2] So Dy. from Q 1; but not in Q 2.

[3] E., Act II. Sc. 1. [4] H. and E., 'indiscreet.' [5] So Dy.; Qtos., 'vassaile

selfe! when selfe sees fault in selfe,
ne obstinate, if selfe amend not:
sawe a fault in thee my selfe,
set a foyle upon thy fame,
foile doth grace the diamond.
What fault, sir, did you see in me to day?
O, doe not set the organ of thy voice
grunting key of discontent!
forme the beautie of thy tongue
mishapen answeres. Rough wrathfull words
s got by rashnes in the thoughts:
anors are vertues nuptiall babes,
ing of the well instructed soule;
n call thee mother, then, my wife!
ot barren of good courtesie.
. So; have ye done?
I, and I had done well,
ld do what I advise for well.
. Whats that?
Which is, that you would be good friendes
esse Goursey.[1]
With mistresse Goursey!
I, sweet wife.
. Not so, sweet husband.
Could you but shew me any grounded cause.
. The grounded cause I ground because I wil not.
Your will hath little reason, then, I thinke.
Yes, sir, my[2] reason equalleth my will.
Lets heare your reason, for your will is great.
Why, for I will not.
Is all your reason 'for I will not,' wife?
y soule, I held yee for more wise,
nd of more temperature in sence,
sullen humour to affect[3]
ns[4] will borne, common, scholler phrase:
heard a timely married girle,

59 85 90 95 100 105 hee. 110 ; 115

[1] 2 as one in Qtos. [2] Q 2, *me*. [3] Q 2, *effect*. [4] Q 1, 'womens.'

His woollen hose as white as the driven snowe,
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Although my patience did not blame ye for it:
Me thought the rules of love and neighbourhood
Did not direct your thoughts; all indirect[4]
Were your proceedings in the entertaine
Of them that I invited to my house.
Nay, stay, I doe not chide, but counsell, wife,
And in the mildest manner that I may:
You neede not viewe me with a servants eye,
Whose vassaile[5] sences tremble at the looke
Of his displeased master. O my wife,

[1] The originals run, "Bridelaces sir his hat, and all greene hat"; so Dyce. Ellis, silently, "Bridelaces, sir — and his hat all green." It *may* have been written, "Bridelaces, sir. His hat? — an all," etc. Coomes parades his wedding trophies.

[2] So Dy. from Q 1; but not in Q 2.

[3] E., Act II. Sc. 1. [4] H. and E., 'indiscreet.' [5] So Dy.; Qtos., 'vassailes.'

...1 are my selfe! when selfe sees fault in selfe,
Sel...e is sinne obstinate, if selfe amend not:
...eede, I sawe a fault in thee my selfe,
...d it hath set a foyle upon thy fame,
...t as the foile doth grace the diamond.
Mi. Bar. What fault, sir, did you see in me to day?
M. Bar. O, doe not set the organ of thy voice
...1 such a grunting key of discontent!
...e not deforme the beautie of thy tongue
With such mishapen answeres. Rough wrathfull words
...re bastards got by rashnes in the thoughts:
...ire demeanors are vertues nuptiall babes,
...e off-spring of the well instructed soule;
..., let them call thee mother, then, my wife!
...seeme not barren of good courtesie.
Mi. Bar. So; have ye done?
M. Bar. I, and I had done well,
If you would do what I advise for well.
Mi. Bar. Whats that?
M. Bar. Which is, that you would be good friendes
With mistresse Goursey.[1]
Mi. Bar. With mistresse Goursey!
M. Bar. I, sweet wife.
Mis. Bar. Not so, sweet husband.
M. Bar. Could you but shew me any grounded cause.
Mis. Bar. The grounded cause I ground because I wil not.
M. Bar. Your will hath little reason, then, I thinke.
Mi. Bar. Yes, sir, my[2] reason equalleth my will.
M. Bar. Lets heare your reason, for your will is great.
Mi. Bar. Why, for I will not.
M. Bar. Is all your reason 'for I will not,' wife?
Now, by my soule, I held yee for more wise,
Discreete, and of more temperature in sence,
Then in a sullen humour to affect[3]
That womans[4] will borne, common, scholler phrase:
Oft have I heard a timely married girle,

[1] ll. 31 and 32 as one in Qtos. [2] Q 2, *me*. [3] Q 2, *effect*. [4] Q 1, 'womens.'

That newly left to call her mother mam,
Her father dad, but yesterday come from
'Thats my good girle, God send thee a good husband!'
And now being taught to speake the name of husband,
Will, when she would be wanton in her will,
If her husband aske her why, say 'for I will.'
Have I chid men for[1] unmanly choyse,
That would not fit their yeares? have I seene thee
Pupell[2] such greene yong things, and with thy counsell
Tutor their wits? and art thou now infected
With this disease of imperfection?
I blush for thee, ashamed at thy shame.

Mi. Bar. A shame on her that makes thee rate me so!

M. Bar. O black mouth'd rage, thy breath is boysterous,
And thou makst vertue shake at this high storme!
Shees[3] of good report; I know thou knowst it.

Mi. Bar. She is not, nor I know not, but I know
That thou dost love her, therefore thinkst her so;
Thou bearst with her, because she beares with thee.
Thou mayst be ashamed to stand in her defence:
She is a strumpet, and thou art no honest man
To stand in her defence against thy wife.
If I catch her in my walke, now, by Cockes[4] bones,
Ile scratch out both her eyes.

M. Bar. O God!

Mi. Bar. Nay, never say 'O God' for the matter:
Thou art the cause; thou badst her to my house,
Onely to bleare the eyes of Goursey, didst not?
But I wil send him word, I warrant thee,
And ere I sleepe to[o]; trust upon it, sir. *Ex*

M. Bar. Me thinkes this is a mighty fault in her;
I could be angry with her: O, if I be so,
I shall but put a linke unto a torche,
And so give greater light to see her fault.
Ile rather smother it in melancholly:
Nay, wisedome bids me shunne that passion;

[1] Qy. 'for *an*.' Dyce. [2] discipline. [3] Read, for the metre, 'She is.' Dyce. [4] Go

Then I will studie for a remedy.
I have a daughter, — now, heaven invocate,
She be not of like spirit as her mother!
If so, sheel be a plague unto her husband,
If that he be not patient and discreet,
For that I hold the ease of all such trouble.
Well, well, I would my daughter had a husband,
For I would see how she could demeane her selfe
In that estate; it may be, ill enough, —
And, so God shall help me, well remembred now!
Franke Goursey is his fathers sonne and heyre,
A youth that in my heart I have good hope on;
My sences say a match, my soule applaudes
The motion: O, but his lands are great,
Hee will looke high; why, I will straine my selfe
To make her dowry equall with his land.
Good faith, and twere a match, twould be a meanes
To make their mothers friends. Ile call my daughter,
To see how shees disposde to marriage. —
Mall, where are yee?

Enter MALL.

Mall. Father, heere I am.
M. Bar. Where is your mother?
Mal. I saw her not, forsooth, since you and she
Went walking both together to the garden.
M. Ba. Dost thou heare me, girle? I must dispute with thee.
Mal. Father, the question, then, must not be hard,
For I am very weake in argument.
M. Bar. Well, this it is; I say tis good to marry.
Mal. And this say I, tis not good to marry.
M. Bar. Were it not good, then all men would not marry;
But now they doe.
Mal. Marry, not all; but it is good to marry.
M. Bar. Is it both good and bad? how can this be?
Mal. Why, it is good to them that marry well;
To them that marry ill, no greater hell.
M. Bar. If thou mightst marry well, wouldst thou agree?

Mall. I cannot tell; heaven must appoint for me.
M. Bar. Wench, I am studying for thy good, indeed.
Mall. My hopes and dutie wish your thoughts good speed.
M. Bar. But tell me, wench, hast thou a minde to marry?
Mall. This question is too hard for bashfulnes;
And, father, now ye pose my modestie.
I am a maide, and when ye aske me thus,
I like a maide must blush, looke pale and wan,
And then looke pale[1] againe; for we change colour
As our thoughts change. With true fac'd passion
Of modest maidenhead I could adorne me,
And to your question make a sober cursie
And with close clipt civilitie be silent;
Or els say 'no, forsooth,' or 'I, forsooth.'
If I said 'no, forsooth,' I lyed, forsooth:
To lye upon my selfe were deadly sinne,
Therefore I will speake truth, and shame the divell.
Father, when first I heard you name a husband,
At that same very name my spirits quickned.
Dispaire before had kild them, they were dead:
Because it was my hap so long to tarry,
I was perswaded I should never marry;
And, sitting sowing, thus upon the ground
I fell in traunce of meditation;
But comming to my selfe, 'O Lord,' said I,
'Shall it be so? must I unmarryed dye?'
And being angry, father, farther said,
'Now, by saint Anne, I will not dye a maide!'
Good faith, before I came to this ripe groath,
I did accuse the labouring time of sloath:
Me thought the yeere did run but slow about,
For I thought each yeare ten I was without.
Being foureteene and toward the other[2] yeare,
Good Lord, thought I, fifteene will nere be heere!
For I have heard my mother say that then
Prittie maides were fit for handsome men:

[1] Dy. suggests 'red'; H. and E. adopt.
[2] Q 1, 'tother yeere.'

Fifteene past, sixeteene, and seventeene too,
What, thought I, will not this husband do?
Will no man marry me? have men forsworne
Such beauty and such youth? shall youth be worne,
As rich mens gownes, more with age then use?
Why, then I let restrained[1] fansie loose,
And bad it gaze for pleasure; then love swore me
To doe what ere my mother did before me;
Yet, in good faith, I was[2] very loath,
But now it lyes in you to save my oath:
If I shall have a husband, get him quickly,
For maides that weares corke[3] shooes may step awry.
M. Bar. Beleeve me, wench, I doe not repprehend[4] thee,
But for this pleasant answere do commend thee.
I must confesse, love doth thee mighty wrong,
But I will see thee have thy right ere long;
I know a young man, whom I holde most fit
To have thee both for living and for wit:
I will goe write about it presentle.
Mall. Good father, do. [*Exit* BARNES.]
O God, me thinkes I should
Wife it as fine as any woman could!
I could carry a porte to be obayde,
Carry a maistering eye upon my maide,
With 'Minion, do your businesse, or Ile make yee,'
And to all house authoritie be take me.
O God, would I were married! be my troth,
But if I be not, I sweare Ile keepe my oath.

Ent. MI. BA.

[*Mi. Ba.*] How now, minion, wher have you bin gadding?
Mall. Forsooth, my father called me forth to him.
Mi. Bar. Your father! and what said he too ye, I pray?
Mall. Nothing, forsooth.
Mi. Bar. Nothing! that cannot be; something he said.

[1] Q 2, *restained.* [2] Dy., H., E. 'have beene.' [3] See p. 464 *n* (*F. B.*, vii. 74).
[4] Qtos., *apprehend*, — but certainly Mall had spoken with sufficient plainness. Dyce.

Mall. I, somthing that as good as nothing was.
Mi. Bar. Come, let me heare that somthing nothing, then.
Mal. Nothing but of a husband for me, mother.
Mi. Bar. A husband! that was something: but what husband?
Mall. Nay, faith, I know not, mother: would I did!
Mis. Bar. I, 'would ye did'! i faith, are ye so hasty?
Mall. Hasty, mother! why, how olde am I?
Mis. Ba. To yong to marry.
Mal. Nay, by the masse, ye lie.
Mother, how olde were you when you did marry?
Mis. Ba. How olde so ere I was, yet you shall tarry.
Mall. Then the worse for me. Hark, mother, harke!
The priest forgets that ere he was a clarke:
When you were at my yeeres, Ile holde my life,
Your minde was to change maidenhead for wife.
Pardon me, mother, I am of your minde,
And, by my troth, I take it but by kinde.[1]
Mis. Bar. Do ye heare, daughter? you shal stay my leasure.
Mall. Do you heare, mother? would you stay fro pleasure
When ye have minde to it? Go to, there's no wrong
Like this, to let maides lye alone so long:
Lying alone they muse but in their beds
How they might loose their long kept maiden heads.
This is the cause there is so many scapes,
For women that are wise will not lead apes
In hell:[2] I tel yee, mother, I say true;—
Therefore, come, husband, maiden head, adew! *Exit.*
Mis. Bar. Well, lustie guts, I meane to make ye stay,
And set some rubbes in your mindes smothest way.[3]

Enter PHILIP.

Phi. Mother—
Mi. Ba. How now, sirra, where have ye bin walking?
Phil. Over the meades, halfe way to Milton,[4] mother,

[1] nature. [2] The fate of old maids; cf. Shakesp. *T. of S.* II. 1. [3] Q 1, *nay*.
[4] Little Milton is about eight miles northeast of Abingdon, across the fields. Great Milton is about a mile farther north.

To beare my friend Franke Goursey company.
Mi. Ba. Wher's your blew coat,[1] your sword and buckler, sir?
Get you such like habite for a servingman,
If you will waight upon the brat of Goursey.
Phil. Mother, that you are moov'd, this maks me wonder,
When I departed I did leave yee friends:
What undigested jarre hath since betided?
Mi. Bar. Such as almost doth choake thy mother, boy,
And stifles her with the conceit of it;
I am abusde, my sonne, by Gourseys wife.
Phil. By mistresse Goursey?
Mi. Bar. Mistresse flurt, yon[2] foule strumpet,
Light a love, short heeles! Mistresse Goursey
Call her againe, and thou wert better no.
Phil. O my deare mother,[3] have some patience!
Mis. Bar. I, sir, have patience, and see your father
To rifle up the treasure of my love,
And play the spend-thrift upon such an harlot!
This same will make me have patience, will it not?
Phili. This same is womens most impatience:
Yet, mother, I have often heard ye say
That you have found my father temperate,
And ever free from such affections.
Mi. Bar. I, till[4] my too much love did glut his thoughts,
And make him seek for change.
Phi. O, change your minde!
My father beares more cordiall love to you.
Mi. B. Thou liest, thou liest, for he loves Gourseys wife,
Not me.
Phil. Now, I sweare, mother, you are much too blame;
I durst be sworne he loves you as his soule.

[1] The common dress of a servingman. Dyce.
[2] Qtos., 'you,' — which, perhaps, is the right reading, some word having dropt out after it. Qy. thus; —

"*Mis. Bar.* Mistresse flurt, you *mean*,
Foule strumpet, light a loue, short heeles! Mistresse Goursey
Call her," etc. Dyce. H. and E., 'yea.'

[3] Q 2, *more.* [4] Q 1, *tell.*

Mi. Bar. Wilt thou be pampered by affection?
Will nature teach thee such vilde[1] perjurie?
Wilt thou be sworne, I, forsworne,[2] carelesse boy?
And if thou swearst, I say he loves me not.
Phil. He loves ye but too well, I sweare,
Unlesse ye knew much better how to use him.
Mi. Bar. Doth he so, sir? thou unnaturall boy!
'Too well,' sayest thou? that word shall cost thee[3] somwhat:
O monstrous! have I brought thee up to this?
'Too well'! O unkinde, wicked, and degenerate,
Hast thou the heart to say so of thy mother?
Well, God will plague thee fort, I warrant thee:
Out on thee, villaine, fie upon thee, wretch!
Out of my sight, out of my sight, I say!
Phil. This ayre is pleasant, and doth please me well,
And here I will stay.
Mi. Bar. Wilt thou, stubborne villaine?

Enter M. Bar.

M. Bar. How now, whats the matter?
Mi. Bar. Thou setst thy sonne to scoffe and mocke at me:
Ist not sufficient I am wrongd of thee,
But he must be an agent to abuse me?
Must I be subject to my cradle too?
O God, O God amend it! [*Exit.*]
M. Ba. Why, how now, Phillip? is this true, my sonne?
Phil. Deare father, she is much impatient:
Nere let that hand assist me in my need,
If I more said then that she thought amisse
To thinke that you were so licentious given;
And thus much more, when she inferd it more,
I swore an oath you lov'd her but too well:
In that as guiltie I do hold my selfe,
Now that I come to more considerate triall:
I know my fault; I should have borne with her:
Blame me for rashnesse, then, not for want of dutie.

[1] vile. [2] Qtos., *forlorne*. [3] Q 1, *the*.

M. Ba. I do absolve thee; and come hether, Phillip:
I have writ a letter unto master Goursey,
And I will tell thee the contents thereof;
But tell me first, thinkst thou Franke Goursey loves thee?
Phil. If that a man devoted to a man,
Loyall, religious in loves hallowed vowes,
If that a man that is soule laboursome
To worke his owne thoughts to his friends delight,
May purchase good opinion with his friend,
Then I may say, I have done this so well,
That I may thinke Franke Goursey loves me well.
M. Ba. Tis well; and I am much deceived in him,
And if he be not sober, wise, and valliant.
Phi. I hope my father takes me for thus wise,
I will not glew my selfe in love to one
That hath not some desert of vertue in him:
What ere you thinke of him, beleeve me, father,
He will be answerable to your thoughts
In any quallity commendable.
M. Bar. Thou chearst my hopes in him; and, in good faith,
Thoust[1] made my love complete unto thy friend:
Phillip, I love him, and I love him so.
I could affoorde him a good wife I know.
Phi. Father, a wife!
M. Bar. Phillip, a wife.
Phil. I lay my life, my sister.
M. Bar. I, in good faith.
Phil. Then, father, he shall have her; he shall, I sweare.
M. Bar. How canst thou say so, knowing not his minde?
Phi. All is one for that; I will goe to him straight.
Father, if you would seeke this seaven yeares day,
You could not[2] finde a fitter match for her;
And he shall have her, I sweare he shall;
He were as good be hang'd as once deny her.
I faith, Ile to him.[3]
M. Bar. Hairebraine, hairebraine, stay!

[1] Q 1, *Thaust* [2] Q 2, *no.* [3] Q 2 appends this to the preceding line.

As yet we do not know his fathers[1] minde:
Why, what will master Goursey say, my sonne,
If we should motion it without his knowledge?
Go to, hees a wise and discreet gentleman,
And that expects[2] from me all honest parts;
Nor shall he faile his expectation;
First I doe meane to make him privy to it:
Phillip, this letter is to that effect.
Phil. Father, for Gods[3] sake send it quickly, then:
Ile call your man. — What, Hugh! wheres Hugh, there, ho?
M. Bar. Phillip, if this would proove a match,
It were the only meanes that could be found
To make thy mother frends with Mist[resse] Gou[rsey].
Phil. How, a match! Ile warrant ye, a match.
My sister's faire, Franke Goursie he is rich;
Her[4] dowrie too will be sufficient;
Franke's yong,[5] and youth is apt to love;
And, by my troth, my sisters maiden head
Standes like a game at tennis, — if the ball
Hit into the hole, or hazard, farewell all!
Ma. Bar. How now, where's Hugh?

[*Enter* Nicholas.]

Phil. Why, what doth this proverbial with us?
Why, where's Hugh?
M. Bar. Peace, peace.
Phil. Where's Hugh, I say?
M. Bar. Be not so hasty, Phillip.
Phil. Father, let me alone,
I doe it but to make my selfe some sport.
This formall foole, your man, speakes naught but proverbs,
And speake men what they can to him, hee'l answere
With some rime,[6] rotten sentence, or olde saying,
Such spokes[7] as the ancient of the parish use,

[1] Q 2, *father.* [2] Q 2, *repects.* [3] Q 1, 'Gads.' [4] Qtos., *His.*
[5] Qy., "Franke he is young"? compare the preceding line but one. Dyce.
[6] Qtos., no comma. Qy., 'rime-rotten.' [7] *sprüche:* rare.

With, 'neighbour, tis an olde proverbe and a true,
Goose giblets are good meate, old sacke better then new';
Then saies another, 'neighbour, that is true';
And when each man hath drunke his gallon round,
A penny pot, for thats the olde mans gallon,
Then doth he licke his lips, and stroke his beard
That's glewed together with his slavering droppes
Of yesty ale, and when he scarce can trim
His gouty fingers, thus hee'l phillip it,
And with a rotten hem say, 'hey, my hearts,
Merry go sorrie! cocke and pye, my heartes!'
But then their saving penny proverbe comes,
And that is this, 'they that will to the wine,
Berlady[1] mistresse, shall lay theyr penny to mine.'
This was one of this penny-fathers[2] bastards,
For, on my lyfe, he was never begot
Without the consent of some great proverb-monger.

M. Bar. O, ye are a wag.

Phil. Well, now unto my busines.
Swounds, will that mouth, thats made of olde sed sawes
And nothing else, say nothing to us now?

Nich. O master Phillip, forbeare; you must not leape over the style before you come at it; haste makes waste; softe fire makes sweete malt; not too fast for falling; there's no hast to hang true men.

Phil. Father, we ha'te, ye see, we ha'te. Now will I see if my memorie will serve for some proverbs too. O,—a painted cloath were as wel worth a shilling as a theefe woorth a halter; well, after my heartie commendations, as I was at the making hereof; so it is, that I hope as you speed, so you're sure; a swift horse will tire, but he that trottes easilie will indure. You have most learnedly proverbde it, commending the vertue of patience or forbearance, but yet, you know, forbearance is no quittance.

Nich. I promise yee, maister Philip, you have spoken as true as steele.

Phil. Father, theres a proverbe well applied.

[1] By our lady. [2] miser.

Nich. And it seemeth unto me, I, it seemes to me, that you, maister Phillip, mocke me: do you not know, *qui mocat mocabitur?* mocke age, and see how it will prosper.

Phil. Why, ye whoresen proverb-booke bound up in follio,
Have yee no other sence to answer me
But every worde a proverbe? no other English?
Well, Ile fulfill a proverb on thee straight.

Nich. What is it, sir?

Phil. Ile fetch my fist from thine eare.

Nich. Beare witnesse he threatens me!

Phil. Father, that same is the cowards common proverbe. —
But come, come, sirra, tell me where Hugh is.

Nich. I may, and I will; I need not except I list; you shall not commaund me, you give me neither meate, drinke, nor wages; I am your fathers man, and a man's a man, and a have but a hose on his head; do not misuse me so, do not; for though he that is bound must obay, yet he that will not tarrie, may[1] runne away, so he may.

M. Bar. Peace, Nicke, Ile see he shall use thee well;
Go to, peace, sirra: here, Nicke, take this letter,
Carrie it to him to whom it is directed.

Nich. To whom is it?

M. Bar. Why, reade it: canst thou read?

Nich. Forsooth, though none of the best, yet meanly.

M. Bar. Why, dost thou not use it?

Nich. Forsooth, as use makes perfectnes, so seldome seene is soone forgotten.

M. Bar. Well said: but goe; it is to master Goursey.

Phil. Now, sir, what proverbe have ye to deliver a letter?

Nich. What need you to care? who speakes to you? you may speake when you are spoken to, and keep your winde to coole your pottage. Well, well, you are my maisters sonne, and you looke for his lande; but they that hope for dead mens shooes, may hap to go barefoote: take heed; as soone goes the yong sheep to the pot as the olde. I pray God save my maysters life, for sildome comes the better!

[1] Q 1, *ma.*

Phil. O, he hath given it me! Farewell, proverbes.
Nich. Farewell, frost.[1]
Phil. Shal I fling an old shoe after ye?
Nich. No; you should say, God send faire weather after me!
Phil. I meane for good lucke.
Nich. A good lucke on ye! *Exit.*
M. Bar. Alas, poore foole, he uses all his wit!
Phillip, in faith[2] this mirth hath cheered thought,
And cussend it of his right play of passion.
Goe after Nick, and, when thou thinkst hees there,
Go in and urge to that which I have writ:
Ile in these meddowes make a cerckling walke,
And in my meditation conjure so,
As that same[3] fend of thought, selfe-eating anger,
Shall by my spels of reason[4] vanish quite:
Away, and let me heare from thee to night.
Phil. To night! yes, that you shall: but harke ye, father;
Looke that you my sister waking keepe,
For Franke I sweare shall kisse her ere I sleepe. *Exeunt.*

[Scene Fourth. *The Court-yard of Master Gourseys House at Milton.*]

Enter FRANKE *and* BOY.

Frank. I am very dry with walking ore the greene. — Butler, some beere! — Sirra, call the butler.

Bo. Nay, faith, sir, we must have some smith to give the butler a drench, or cut him in the forehead, for he hath got a horses desease, namely the staggers; to night hees a good huswife, he reeles al that he wrought to day; and he were good now to play at dice, for he castes[5] excellent well.

Fran. How meanst thou? is he drunke?

[1] As who should say, "Your company is indifferent to me." So in *Mother Bombie*, "Farewell frost, my fortune naught me cost," and Ray's *Proverbs:* "F.f., Nothing got nor nothing lost."
[2] Q 1, *faith in.* [3] Qtos., *some.* [4] Qtos., *treason.* [5] vomits.

Boy. I cannot tell; but I am sure hee hath more liquor in him then a whole dicker[1] of hydes; hees sockt throughly, i faith.

Fran. Well, goe and call him; bid him bring me drinke.

Boy. I will, sir. *Exit.*

Fran. My mother powtes, and will looke merrily
Neither upon my father nor on me:
He saies she fell out with mistresse Barnes to day;
Then I am sure they'l not be quickly friends.
Good Lord, what kinde of creatures women are!
Their love is lightly wonne and lightly lost;
And then their hate is deadly and extreame:
He that doth take a wyfe betakes himselfe
To all the cares and troubles of the world.
Now her disquietnes doth grieve my father,
Greeves me, and troubles all the house besides. —
What, shall I have some drinke? [*Horn sounded within*] — How now? a horne!
Belike the drunken slave[2] is fallen asleepe,
And now the boy doth wake him with his horne.

[*Enter* Boy.]

How now, sirra, wheres the butler?

Boy. Mary, sir, where he was even now, a sleepe; but I wakt him, and when he wakt, he thought he was in mayster Barnses buttery, for he stretcht himselfe thus, and yauning said, 'Nicke, honest Nicke, fill a fresh bowle of ale; stand to it, Nicke, and thou beest a man of Gods making, stand to it'; and then I winded my horne, and hees horne-mad.

Enter Hodge.

Hodg. Boy, hey! ho, boy! and thou beest a man, draw. — O, heres a blessed mooneshine, God be thanked! — Boy, is not this goodly weather for barley?

Boy. Spoken like a right maulster, Hodge: but doost thou heare? thou art not drunke.

Hod. No, I scorne that, i faith.

Boy.[3] But thy fellow Dicke Coomes is mightily drunke.

[1] A quantity of ten: one-twentieth of a last. [2] So Q 2. Dy., etc., 'knave.' [3] Qtos., *But.*

Hod. Drunke! a plague on it, when a man cannot carrie his drinke well! sbloud, Ile stand to it.

Boy. Hold, man; see and thou canst stand first.

Hodge. Drunke! hees a beast, and he be drunke; theres no man that is a sober man will be drunk; hees a boy, and he be drunke.

Boy. No, hees a man as thou art.

Hodge. Thus tis when a man will not be ruled by his friends: I bad him keepe under the lee, but he kept downe the weather two bowes; I tolde him hee would be taken with a plannet,[1] but the wisest of us all may fall.

B. True, Hodge. *Boy trip him.*

Hod. Whope! lend me thy hand, Dicke, I am falne into a wel; lend me thy hand, I shall be drowned else.

Boy. Hold fast by the bucket, Hodge.

Hodg. A rope on it!

Boy. I, there is a rope on it; but where art thou, Hodge?

Hodge. In a well; I prethie, draw up.

Boy. Come, give up thy bodie; wind up, hoyst.

Hodg. I am over head and eares.

Boy. In all, Hodge, in all.

Fran. How loathsome is this beast mans shape to me,
This mould of reason so unreasonable![2]
Sirra, why doost thou trip him downe, seeing hees drunke?

Boy. Because, sir, I would have drunkards cheape.[3]

Fran. How meane ye?

Boy. Why, they say that, when any thing hath a fall it is cheape; and so of drunkards.

Fran. Go to, helpe him up [*Knocking without*]: but, harke, who knockes? [Boy *goes to the gate, and returns.*]

Bo. Sir heeres one of maister Barnsies men with a letter to my olde maister.

Fran. Which of them is it?

Boy. They call him Nicholas, sir.

Fran. Go, call him in. [*Exit* Boy.]

[1] Struck by a tramp vessel?

[2] Cf. *Haml.* I. ii., "A beast that wants discourse of reason," and III. i., "the mould of form."

[3] Q 1, *cehape.*

Enter Coomes.

Coom. By your leave, ho! How now, young maister, how ist?

Fran. Looke ye, sirra, where your fellow lies; 76
Hees in a fine taking, is he not?

Coom. Whope, Hodge! where art thou, man, where art thou?

Hodge. O, in a well.

Co. In a well, man! nay, then, thou art deepe in understanding.

Fran. I, once to day you were almost so, sir. 81

Coom. Who, I! go to, young maister, I do not like this humor in ye, I tell ye true; give every man his due, and give him no more: say I was in such a case! go to, tis the greatest indignation that can be offered to a man; and, but a mans more godlier given, you were able to make him sweare out his heart bloud. What though that honest Hodge have cut his finger heere? or, as some say, cut a feather? what thogh he be mump, misled, blind, or as it were? tis no consequent to me: you know I have drunke all the ale-houses in Abington drie, and laide the tappes on the tables when I had done: sbloud, Ile challenge all the true rob-pots in Europe to leape up to the chinne in a barrell of beere, and if I cannot drinke it down to my foote ere I leave, and then set the tap in the midst of the house, and then turne a good turne on the toe on it, let me be counted nobodie, a pingler,[1] — nay, let me be[2] bound to drinke nothing but small beere seven yeares after; and I had as leefe be hanged. 97

Enter Nicholas.

Fran. Peace, sir, I must speake with one. — Nicholas, I think, your name is.

Nich. True as the skinne betweene your browes. 100

Fran. Well, how doth thy maister?

Nich. Forsooth, live, and the best doth no better.

Fran. Where is the letter he hath sent me?

Nich. *Ecce signum!* heere it is.

Fran. Tis right as Phillip said, tis a fine foole [*Aside*]. — 105
This letter is directed to my father;
Ile carrie it to him. — Dick Coomes, make him drinke. *Exit.*

[1] Perhaps the word squints at two contemporary significations: cart-horse; squeamish eater.
[2] Not in Q 1.

Coom. I, Ile make him drunke,[1] and he will.

Nich. Not so, Richard; it is good to be merrie and wise.

Dick.[2] Well, Nicholas, as thou art Nicholas, welcome; but as thou art Nicholas and a boone companion, ten times welcome. Nicholas, give me thy hand: shall we be merrie? and wee shall, say but we shall, and let the first word stand.

Nich. Indeed, as long lives the merrie man as the sad; an ownce of debt will not pay a pound of care.

Coom. Nay, a pound of care will not pay an ownce of debt.

Nich. Well, tis a good horse never stumbles: but who lies here?

Coom. Tis our Hodge, and I thinke he lies asleep: you made him drunk at your house to day; but Ile pepper some of you fort.

Nic. I, Richard, I know youle put a man over the shooes, and if you can; but hees a foole wil take more then wil do him good.

Coom. Sbloud, ye shall take more then will doe yee good, or Ile make ye clap under the table.

Nich. Nay, I hope, as I have temperance to forbeare drinke, so have I patience to endure drinke: Ile do as company doth; for when a man doth to Rome come, he must do as there is done.

Coomes. Ha, my resolved Nicke, frolagozene![3] Fill the potte, hostesse; swounes, you whore! Harry Hooke's a rascall. Helpe me but carry my fellow Hodge in, and weele crushe it, i faith.

Exeunt.

[Scene Fifth. *In front of Gourseys House.*]

Enter PHILLIP.

Phil. By this, I thinke, the letter is delivered,
And twill be shortly time that I step in,
And wooe their favours for my sisters fortune:
And yet I need not; she may doe as well,
But yet not better, as the case doth stand
Betweene our mothers; it may make them friends;

[1] Q 1, 'drinke.'

[2] Q 1, *Nich.*

[3] Cf. Du., *vrolijk zijn*, 'to be jolly,' and Heywood and Brome, *Lanc. Witches*, "what, all lustick, all froligozene." *New Eng. Dic.* Q 2 reads 'Nicke *Frolagozene*' *sc.* 'Nick *Jovial.*'

Nay, I would sweare that she would doe as well,
Were she a stranger to one quality,
But they are so acquainted, theil nere part.
Why, she will floute the devill, and make blush
The boldest face of man that ever man saw;
He that hath best opinion of his wit,
And hath his braine pan fraught with bitter jestes
Or of his owne, or stolne, or how so ever,
Let him stand nere so high in his owne conceite,
Her wit's a sunne that melts him downe like butter,
And makes him sit at table pancake wise,
Flat, flat, [God knowes] [1] and nere a word to say;
Yet sheele not leave him then, but like a tyrant
Sheele persecute the poore wit-beaten man,
And so bebang him with dry bobs and scoffes,
When he is downe, most cowardly, good faith,
As I have pittied the poore patient.
There came a farmers sonne a wooing to her,
A proper man, well landed too he was,
A man that for his wit need not to aske
What time a yeere twere good to sow his oates
Nor yet his barley, no, nor when to reape,
To plowe his fallowes, or to fell his trees,
Well experienst thus each kinde of way;
After a two monthes labour at the most,
And yet twas well he held it out so long,
He left his love, she had so laste his lips
He could say nothing to her but 'God be with yee'!
Why, she, when men have din'd and call for cheese,
Will straight maintaine jests bitter to disgest;
And then some one will fall to argument,
Who, if he over master her with reason,
Then sheele begin to buffet him with mockes.
Well, I doe doubt Frances hath so much spleene,
Theil nere agree; but I will moderate.
By this time tis time, I thinke, to enter:

[1] Omitted in Q 2.

This is the house; shall I knocke? no; I will not
Waite while[1] one comes out to answere;
Ile in, and let them be as bolde with us. *Exit.*

[Scene Sixth. *A Room in Gourseys House.*]

Enter MASTER GOURSEY, *reading a letter.*

M. Gour. If that they like, her dowry shall be equall
To your sonnes wealth or possibility:
It is a meanes to make our wives good friendes,
And to continue friendship twixt us two.[2]
Tis so, indeed: I like this motion,
And it hath my consent, because my wife[3]
Is sore infected and hart sick with hate;
And I have sought the Galen of advice,
Which oneley tels me this same potion
To be most soveraigne for her sicknes cure.

Enter FRANKE *and* PHILLIP.

Heere comes my sonne, conferring with his friend. —
Fraunces, how do you like your friends discourse?
I know he is persuading to this motion.
Fra. Father, as matter that befits a friend,
But yet not me, that am too young to marry.
M. Gou. Nay, if thy minde be forward with thy yeares,
The time is lost thou tarriest. Trust me, boy,[3]
This match is answerable to thy birth;
Her bloud and portion give each other grace;
These indented lines promise a sum,
And I do like the valew: if it hap

[1] until. — Ought not the passage to stand as follows? —

"no, I will not;
Nor waite while one comes out to answere *me*," Dyce.

[2] Q 2, *to*.

[3] ll. 6–10, printed as prose, Q 2. So also ll. 17–22, save that the initial letter of each line, except 22, is capitalized.

Thy liking to accord to my consent,
It is a match. Wilt thou goe see the maide?
Fra. Nere. Trust me, father, the shape[1] of marriage,
Which I doe see in others, seeme[s][2] so severe,
I dare not put my youngling liberty
Under the awe of that instruction;
And yet I graunt the limmits of free youth
Going astray are often restrainde by that.
But mistresse wedlocke, to my scholler thoughts,
Will be too curst, I feare. O, should she snip
My pleasure ayming minde, I shall be sad,
And sweare, when I did marry, I was mad!
M. Gour. But, boy, let my experience teach thee this —
Yet, in good faith, thou speakst not much amisse; —
When first thy mothers fame to me did come,
Thy grandsire thus then came to me his sonne,
And even my words to thee to me he said,
And as to me thou saist to him I said,
But in a greater huffe and hotter bloud, —
I tell ye, on youthes tip-toes then I stood:
Saies he (good faith, this was his very say),
'When I was yong, I was but reasons foole,
And went to wedding as to wisdomes schoole;
It taught me much, and much I did forget,
But, beaten much, by it I got some wit;
Though I was shackled from an often scoute,[3]
Yet I would wanton it when I was out;
Twas comfort, old acquaintance then to meete,
Restrained liberty attainde is sweet.'
Thus said my father to thy father,[4] sonne,
And thou maist doe this too,[5] as I have done.
Phi. In faith, good counsell, Franke: what saist thou to it?
Fra. Phillip, what should I say?
Phil. Why, eyther I or no.
Fra. O, but which rather?

[1] H. and E, gratuitously, 'shackles.'
[2] Qtos., *seeme.*
[3] excess; cf. Scotch 'scouth'; free swing.
[4] Q 1, *fathers.*
[5] Qtos., *to.*

Phil. Why, that which was persuaded by thy father.
Fra. Thats I, then,[1] I: O, should it fall out ill!
Then I, for I am guilty of that ill, —
Ile not be guilty, no.
Phi. What, backeward gone!
Fra. Phillip, no whit backward; that is, on.
Phi. On, then.
Fra. O, stay!
Phil. Tush, there is no good lucke in this delay:
Come, come, late commers, man, are shent.
Fra. Heigh ho, I feare I shall repent!
Well, which waye, Phillip?[2]
Phi. Why, this way.
Fra. Canst thou tell,
And takest upon thee to be my guide to hell? —
But which way, father?
M. Gour. That way.
Fran. I, you know;
You found the way to sorrow long agoe.
Father, God boye ye:[3] you have sent your sonne
To seeke on earth an earthly day of doome,
Where I shall be adjudged,[4] alacke the ruthe,
To penance for the follies of my youth!
Well, I must goe, but, by my troth, my minde
Is not love capable to[5] that kinde.
O, I have lookt upon this mould of men,
As I have done upon a lyons den!
Praised I have the gallant beast I saw,
Yet wisht me no acquaintance with his pawe:
And must I now be grated with them? well,
Yet I may hap to proove a Daniell;
And, if I doe, sure it would make me laugh,
To be among wilde beastes and yet be safe.
Is there a remedy to abate their rage?
Yes, many catch them, and put them in a cage.
I, but how catch them? marry, in your hand

[1] Q 1, *than.* [2] Qtos., *Franke.* [3] be wi' ye. [4] Q 2, 'judged.' [5] Dy.; qy., 'unto.'

Carrie me foorth a burning fire brand,
For with his sparkling shine, olde rumor saies,
A fire brand the swiftest runner fraies:
This I may doe; but, if it proove not so,
Then man goes out to seeke his adjunct woe.
Phillip, away! and, father, now adew!
In quest of sorrow I am sent by you.
M. Gou. Returne the messenger of joy, my sonne.
Fran. Sildome in this world such a worke is done.
Phi. Nay, nay, make hast, it will be quicklie night.
Fra. Why, is it not good to wooe by candle light?
Phil. But, if we make not haste theile be abed.
Fran. The better, candels out and curtans spred.
Exeunt [Francis *and* Phillip].
M. Gour. I know, though that my sons years be not many,
Yet he hath wit to wooe as well as any.
Here comes my wife: I am glad my boy is gone

Enter Mistresse Goursey.

Ere she came hether. — How now, wife? how ist?
What, are ye yet in charity and love
With mistresse Barnes?
Mi. Gou. With mistris Barnes! why mistris[1] Barnes, I pray?
M. Gou. Because she is your neighbour and ——
Mi. Gou. And what?
And a jealous slandering spitefull queane she is,
One that would blur my reputation
With her approbrious mallice, if she could.
She wrongs her husband, to abuse my fame:
Tis knowne that I have lived in honest name
All my life time, and bin your right true wife.
M. Gour. I entertaine no other thought, my wife,
And my opinion's sound of your behaviour.
Mis. Gou. And my behaviour is as sound as it;
But her ill speeches seekes to rot my credit,
And eate it with the worme of hate and mallice.

[1] Q 1, *maister.*

M. Gou. Why, then, preserve it you by patience.
Mi. Gou. By patience! would ye have me shame my selfe,
And cussen my selfe to beare her injuries?
Not while her eyes be open will I yeelde
A word, a letter, a sillables valew,
But equall and make even her wrongs to me
To her againe.
M. Gou. Then, in good faith, wife, ye are more to blame.
Mi. Gou. Am I too blame, sir? pray, what letters this?
[*Snatches the letter.*]
M. Gou. There is a dearth of manners in ye, wife,
Rudelie to snatch it from me. Give it me.
Mi. Gou. You shall not have it, sir, till I have read it.
M. Gou. Give me it, then, and I will read it to you.
Mi. Gou. No, no, it shall not need: I am a scholler
Good enough to read a letter, sir.
M. Gou. Gods passion, if she knew but the contents,
Sheele seeke to crosse this match! she shall not read it. —[*Aside.*]
Wife, give it me; come, come, give it me.
Mi. Gou. Husband, in very deed, you shall not have it.
M. Gou. What, will you moove me to impatience, then?
Mi. Gou. Tut, tell not me of your impatience;
But since you talke, sir, of impatience,
You shall not have the letter, by this light,
Till I have read it; soule, ile burne it first!
M. Gou. Go to, ye move me, wife; give me the letter;
In troth, I shall growe angry, if you doe not.
Mi. Gou. Grow to the house top with your anger, sir!
Nere tell me, I care not thus much for it.
M. Gour. Well, I can beare enough, but not too much.
Come, give it me; twere best you be persuaded;
By God — ye make me sweare — now God forgive me! —
Give me, I say, and stand not long upon it;
Go to, I am angry at the heart, my very heart.
Mis. Gou. Hart me no hearts, you shall not have it, sir,
No, you shall not; nere looke so big,
I will not be affraide at your great lookes;

You shall not have it, no, you shall not have it.
M. Gou. Shall I not have[1] it? in troth, Ile try that:
Minion, Ile hav'te; shall I not hav'te? — I am loath —
Go too, take pausment, be advisde —
In faith, I will; and stand not long upon it —
A woman of your yeares! I am ashamde
A couple of so long continuance
Should thus — Gods foote — I crye God hartely mercy! —
Go to, ye vex me; and Ile vexe ye for it;
Before I leave ye, I will make ye glad
To tender it on your knees; heare ye, I will, I will.
What, worse and worse stomacke! true, i[2] faith!
Shall I be crost by you in my olde age?
And where I should have greatest comfort to,
A nursse of you? — nursse in the divels name! —
Go to, mistris; by Gods pretious deere,
If ye delaie —
Mi. Gou. Lord, Lord, why, in what a fit
Are you in, husband! so inrag'd, so moov'd,
And for so slight a cause, to read a letter!
Did this letter, love, conteine my death,
Should you denie my sight of it, I would not
Nor see my sorrow nor eschew my danger,
But willinglie yeeld me a patient
Unto the doome that your displeasure gave.
Heere is the letter; not for that your incensment
[*Gives back the letter.*]
Makes me make offer of it, but your health,
Which anger, I doe feare, hath crasd,
And viper like hath suckt away the bloud
That wont was to be cheerefull in this cheeke:
How pale yee looke!
M. Gou. Pale! can yee blame me for it? I tell you true,
An easie matter could not thus have moov'd me.
Well, this resignement, and so foorth — but, woman,
This fortnight shall I not forget yee for it. —

[1] Q 2, *baun.* [2] Q 2, *ye.*

Ha, ha, I see that roughnes can doe somewhat!
I did not thinke, good faith, I could have set
So sower a face upon it, and to her,
My bed embracer, my right bosome friend.
I would not that she should have seene the letter,
As poore a man as I am, by my troth,
For twenty pound: well, I am glad I have it. — [*Aside.*]
Ha, heres adoe about a thing of nothing!
What, stomack, ha! tis happy you come downe. *Exit.*
Mi. Gou. Well, craftie[1] fox, Ile hunt ye, by my troth:
Deale ye so closely? Well, I see his drift:
He would not let me see the letter, least
That I should crosse the match; and I will crosse it. —

Enter COMES.[2]

Dicke Coomes?[2]
Coom. Forsooth.
Mis. Gour. Come hether, Dicke; thou art a man I love,
And one whom I have much in my regarde.
Coo. I thanke ye for it, mistris, I thanke ye for it.
Mi. Gou. Nay, heers my hand, I will do very much
For thee, if ere thou standst in need of me;
Thou shalt not lack, whilst thou hast a day to live,
Money, apparrell ——
Coo. And sword and bucklers?
Mis. Gou. And sword and bucklers too, my gallant Dick,
So thou wilt use but this in my defence.
Coom. This! no, faith, I have no minde to this; breake my head, if this breake not, if we come to any tough play. Nay, mistres, I had a sword, I, the flower of Smithfield for a sword, a right fox,[3] i faith; with that, and a man had come over with a smooth and a sharpe stroke, it would have cried twang, and then, when I had doubled my point, traste my ground, and had carried my buckler before me like a garden but,[4] and then come in with a crosse blowe, and over the picke[5] of his buckler two elles long, it would have

[1] Q 1, *craft.* [2] So Q 2; but Dy., H., E., transpose these lines.
[3] broadsword. [4] H., 'garden-butt.' [5] the sharp point in the centre. Dyce.

cryed twang, twang, mettle, mettle: but a dogge hath his day; tis gone, and there are few good ones made now. I see by this dearth of good swords that [1] dearth of sword and buckler fight begins to grow ont: [2] I am sorrye for it; I shall never see good manhood againe, if it be once gone; this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then; then a man, a tall [3] man, and a good sword and buckler man, will be spitted like a cat or a cunney; then a boy will be as good as a man, unlesse the Lord shewe mercie unto us; well, I had as lieve bee hang'd as live to see that day. Wel, mistres, what shal I do? what shal I do?

Mis. Gour. Why, this, brave Dicke. Thou knowest that Barnses [4] wife
And I am foes: now, man me to her house;
And though it be darke, Dicke, yet weelle have no light,
Least that thy maister should prevent our journey
By seeing our depart. Then, when we come,
And if that she and I do fall to words,
Set in thy foote and quarrell with her men,
Draw, fight, strike, hurt, but do not kill the slaves,
And make as though thou struckst at a man,
And hit her, and thou canst, — a plague upon her! —
She hath misusde me, Dicke: wilt thou do this?

Coom. Yes, mistresse, I will strike her men; but God forbid that ere Dicke Coomes should be seene to strike a woman!

Mi. Gour. Why, she is mankind,[5] therefore thou maist strike her.

Coom. Mankinde! nay, and she have any part of a man, Ile strike her, I warrant.

Mi. Gour. Thats my good Dicke, thats my sweet Dicke!

Coom. Swones, who would not be a man of valour to have such words of a gentlewoman! one of their words are more to me then twentie of these russet coates cheese-cakes and butter makers. Well, I thanke God, I am none of these cowards; well, and a man have any vertue in him, I see he shall be regarded. [*Aside.*]

Mi. Gour. Art thou resolved, Dicke? wilt thou do this for me?
And if thou wilt, here is an earnest penny
Of that rich guerdon I do meane to give thee. [*Gives money.*]

[1] Q 1, *and.* [2] Qtos., *out.* [3] brave. [4] Q 2, *Gourseys.* [5] manlike.

Coom. An angell, mistresse! let me see. Stand you on my left hand, and let the angell lye on my buckler on my right hand, for feare of losing. Now, heere stand I to be tempted.[1] They say, every man hath two spirits attending on him, eyther good or bad; now, I say, a man hath no other spirits but eyther his wealth or his wife: now, which is the better of them? why, that is as they are used; for use neither of them well, and they are both nought. But this is a miracle to me, that golde that is heavie hath the upper, and a woman that is light doth soonest fall, considering that light things aspire, and heavie things soonest go downe: but leave these considerations to sir John,[2] they become a blacke coate better than a blew. Well, mistresse, I had no minde to daye to quarrell; but a woman is made to bee a mans seducer; you say, quarrell.

Mi. Gou. I.

Coom. There speakes an angell: is it good?

Mis. Gou. I.

Coom. Then, I cannot doe amisse; the good angell goes with me.

Exeunt.

[Scene Seventh.[3] *The Forest near Sir Raphs House.*]

Enter Sir Raph Smith, *his* Lady, *and* Will [*and* Attendants].

S. Raph. Come on, my harts: i faith, it is ill lucke,
To hunt all day, and not kill any thing.
What sayest thou, lady? art thou weary yet?

La. I must not say so, sir.

Sir Ra. Although thou art.

Wil. And can you blame her, to be foorth so long,
And see no better sport?

Ra. Good faith, twas very hard.

La. No, twas not ill,
Because, you know, it is not good to kill.

Ra. Yes, venson, ladie.

La. No, indeed, nor them;
Life is as deere in deare as tis in men.

[1] Cf. *M. of V.*, II. ii., dialogue between Gobbo's conscience and the fiend.
[2] the parson.
[3] E., Act III. Sc. 1.

Ra. But they are kild for sport.
Lad. But thats bad play,
When they are made to sport their lives away.
Ra. Tis fine to see them runne.
La. What, out of breath?
They runne but ille that runne themselves to death.
Ra. They might make, then, lesse hast, and keep their winde.
La. Why, then, they see the hounds brings death behinde.
Rap. Then, twere as good for them at first to stay,
As to run long, and run their lives away.
La. I, but the stoutest of you all thats here
Would run from death and nimbly scud for feare.
Now, by my troth, I pittie those poor elfes.[1]
Ra. Well, they have made us but bad sport to day.
La. Yes, twas my sport to see them scape away.
Will. I wish that I had beene at one bucks fall.
La. Out, thou wood-tyrant! thou art worst of all.
Wil. A woodman,[2] ladie, but no tyrant I.
La. Yes, tyrant-like thou lovest to see lives dye.
Ra. Lady, no more: I do not like this lucke,
To hunt all day, and yet not kill a buck.
Well, it is late; but yet I sweare I will
Stay heere all night but I a buck will kill.
La. All night! nay, good sir Raph Smith, do not so.
Ra. Content ye, ladie. — Will, go fetch my bow:
A berrie[3] of faire roes I saw to day
Downe by the groves, and there Ile take my[4] stand,
And shoote at one; God send a luckie hand!
La. Will ye not, then, sir Raph, go home with me?
Ra. No, but my men shall beare thee company. —
Sirs, man her home. — Will, bid the huntsmen couple,
And bid them well reward their hounds to night. —
Ladie, farewell. — Will, hast ye with the bow;
Ile stay for thee heere by the grove below.

[1] A line missing, to rhyme with 'elfes.' Hazlitt.
[2] forester.
[3] A barrow; also a burrow when of rabbits, as in Sc. x, l. 9. Here it is probably a misprint for bevvie = bevy. So E.
[4] Q 1, *me*.

Wil. I will; but twill be darke, I shall not see:
How shall I see ye, then?
Ra. Why, hollo to me, and I wil answer thee.
Wil. Enough, I wil.
Raph. Farewell. *Exit.*
La. How willingly doost thou consent to go
To fetch thy maister that same killing bow!
Wil. Guiltie of death I willing am in this,
Because twas our ill haps to day to misse:
To hunt, and not to kill, is hunters sorrow.
Come, ladie, weell have venson ere to morrow. *Exeunt.*

[Scene Eighth. *In front of Barneses House.*]

Enter PHILIP *and* FRANK [*and* BOY].

Phil. Come, Franke, now we are hard by the[1] house:
But how now, sad?
Fran. No, to studie how to woe thy sister.
Phil. How, man? how to woe her! why, no matter how;
I am sure thou wilt not be ashamed to woe.
Thy cheekes not subject to a childish blush,
Thou hast a better warrant by thy wit;
I know thy oratorie can unfold
Quicke invention, plausible discourse,
And set such painted beautie on thy tongue,
As it shall ravish every maiden sence;
For, Franke, thou art not like the russet youth
I tolde thee of, that went to woe a wench,
And being full stuft up with fallow wit
And meddow matter, askt the pretty maide
How they solde corne last market day with them,
Saying, 'Indeed, twas very deare with them.'
And, do ye heare, ye[2] had not need be[3] so,
For she[4] will, Francis, throwly[5] trie your wit:
Sirra, sheel bow the mettall of your wits,

[1] Q 1, 'th.' [2] Qtos., *be.* [3] Q 2, 'doe.' [4] Q 1, *thee.* [5] Q 1, 'thorowly.'

And, if they cracke, she will not hold ye currant;
Nay, she will way your wits as men way [1] angels,
And, if it [2] lacke a graine, she will not change [3] with ye.
I cannot speake it but in passion,
She is a wicked wench to make a jest;
Aye me, how full of floutes and mockes she is!
Fran. Some *aqua vitæ* reason to recover
This sicke discourser! Sound [4] not, prethy, Philip.
Tush, tush, I do not thinke her as thou saiest:
Perhaps shees opinions darling, Phillip,
Wise in repute, the crowes bird. O my friend,
Some judgements slave themselves to small desart,[5]
And wondernize the birth of common wit,
When their owne [6] straungenes do but make that strange,
And their ill errors do but make that good:
And why should men debase to make that good?
Perhaps such admiration winnes her wit.
Phil. Well, I am glad to heare this bold prepare
For this encounter. Forward, hardy Franke!
Yonders the window with the candle int;
Belike shees putting on her night attire:
I told ye, Franke, twas late. Well, I will call her,
Mary, softly, that my mother may not heare. —
Mall, sister Mall!

Enter MALL *in the window.*

Mal. How now, whose there?
Phil. Tis I.
Mal. Tis I! who I? I, quoth the dogge, or what?
A Christ crosse rowe I? [7]
Phi. No, sweete pinckanie.[8]
Mal. O, ist you, wilde oates?

[1] Q 2, 'may.'
[2] Q 2, *I.*
[3] Q 2, *chanke.*
[4] Q 1, sound, *i.e.* swoon.
[5] bow down before intellects of small merit.
[6] Qtos., *wone.*
[7] An *I* of the Christ-cross row or alphabet.
[8] pigsney. Cent. Dict. But Dyce: a term of endearment, formed, perhaps, from *pink,* to wink, to contract the eyelids.

Phil. I, forsooth, wanton.
Mal. Well said, scape thrift.
Fran. Philip, be these your usuall best salutes?
Phi. This is the harmlesse chiding of that dove.
Fran. Dove! one of those that drawe the queene of love?
Mal. How now? whose that, brother? whose that with ye?
Phil. A gentleman, my friend.
Mal. Beladie, he hath a pure wit.
Fran. How meanes your holy judgement?
Mal. O, well put in, sir!
Fran. Up, you would say.
Mal. Well climde, gentleman!
I pray, sir, tell me, do you carte the queene of love?
Fran. Not cart her, but couch her in your eye,
And a fit place for gentle love to lye.
Mal. I, but me thinkes you speake without the booke,
To place a fower[1] wheele waggon in my looke:
Where will you have roome to have the coachman sit?
Fran. Nay, that were but small manners, and not fit:
His dutie is, before you bare to stand,
Having a lustie whipstocke in his hand.
Ma. The place is voide; will you provide me one?
Fra. And if you please, I will supply the roome.
Mal. But are ye cunning in the carmans lash?
And can ye whistle well?
Fran. Yes, I can well direct the coache of love.
Mal. Ah cruell carter, would you whip a dove?
Phil. Harke ye, sister —
Mal. Nay, but harke ye, brother;
Whose white[2] boy is that same? know ye his mother?
Phil. He is a gentleman of a good house.
Mal. Why, is his house of gold?
Is it not made of lyme and stone like this?
Phil. I meane, hees well descended.
Mal. God be thanked!
Did he descend some steeple or some ladder?

[1] Qtos., *fower*. [2] dear.

Phi. Well, you will still be crosse: I tell ye, sister,
This gentleman by all your friends consent
Must be your husband.
Mal. Nay, not all, some sing another note;
My mother will say no, I hold a groate.
But I thought twas somewhat, he would be a carter;
He hath beene whipping lately some blinde beare,
And now he would ferke [1] the blinde boy heere with us.
Phil. Well, do you heare, you, sister, mistresse Would-Have? [2]
You that do long for somewhat, I know what —
My father tolde me — go to, Ile tell all
If ye be crosse — do ye heare me? I have labourd
A yeares worke in this afternoone for ye:
Come from your cloyster, votarie, chas[t]e nun,[3]
Come downe and kisse Franke Gourseys mothers sonne.
Mal. Kisse him, I pray?
Phi. Go to, stale maidenhead! come downe, I say,
You seveneteene and upward, come, come downe;
You'l stay till twentie else for your wedding gowne.
Mal. Nun, votarie, stale maidenhead, seventeen and upward!
Here be names! what, nothing else?
Fran. Yes, or a faire built steeple without bels.
Mal. Steeple! good people, nay, another cast.
Fran. I, or a well made ship without a mast.
Mal. Fie, not so big, sir, by one part of foure.
Fran. Why, then, ye are a boate without an oare.
Mal. O, well rode,[4] wit! but whats your fare, I pray?
Fran. Your faire selfe must be my fairest pay.
Mal. Nay, and you be so deare, Ile chuse another.
Fran. Why, take your first man, wench, and go no further.
Phi. Peace, Francis. — Harke ye, sister, this I say: [5]
You know my mind; or answer, I or nay.
Wit and judgement hath resolvde his mind,
And he foresees what after he shall finde:
If such discretion, then, shall governe you,

[1] beat, urge. [2] Q 2, 'would have.' [3] Cf. *M.N.D.*, I. i. 70–72; II. ii. 162–163
[4] rowed. [5] Q 2 prints ll. 117–120 as prose, but with initial capitals.

Vow love to him, heele do the like to you.
Mal. Vow love! who would not love such a comely feature,
Nor high nor lowe, but of the middle stature?
A middle man, thats the best syze indeed;
I like him well: love graunt us well to speed!
Fran. And let me see a woman of that tallnesse,
So slender and of such a middle smalnesse,
So olde enough, and in each part so fit,
So faire, so kinde, endued with so much wit,
Of so much wit as it is held a wonder,
Twere pittie to keepe love and her asunder;
Therefore go up, my joy, call downe my blisse;
Bid her come seale the bargaine with a kisse.
Mal. Franke, Franke, I come through dangers, death, and harmes,
To make loves patent[1] with my[2] seale of armes.
Phi. But, sister, softly, least my mother heare.
Mal. Hush, then: mum, mouse in cheese,[3] cat is neere.
Exit MAL.[4]
Fran. Now, in good faith, Philip, this makes me smile,
That I have woed and wonne in so small while.
Phi. Francis, indeed, my sister, I dare say,
Was not determined to say thee nay;
For this same tother thing, calde maiden-head,
Hangs by so small a haire or spiders thred,
And worne so too[5] with time, it must needs fall,
And, like a well lur'de hawke, she knows her call.

[*Enter* MALL.]

Mal. Whist, brother, whist! my mother heard me tread,
And askt, Whose there? I would not answer her;
She calde, A light! and up shees gone to seeke me:
There when she findes me not, sheel hether come;
Therefore dispatch, let it be quickly done.
Francis, my loves lease I do let to thee,
Date of my life and thine: what sayest thou to me?

[1] Qtos. *patient.*
[2] So H. and E.; but Qtos. 'thy.'
[3] Q 1, *cheesse.*
[4] Q 2, After previous line.
[5] Q 1, *to.*

The entring, fine, or income thou must pay,
Are kisses and embrases every day;
And quarterly I must receive my rent;
You know my minde.
Fran. I gesse at thy intent:
Thou shalt not misse a minute of thy time.
Mal. Why, then, sweet Francis, I am onely thine. —
Brother, beare witnesse.
Phi. Do ye deliver this as your deed?
Mul. I do, I do.
Ph. God send ye both good speed! Gods Lord, my mother!
Stand aside, and closely too, least that you be espied.[1]

[*Enter* Mistresse Barnes.]

Mi. Ba. Whose there?
Phi. Mother, tis I.
Mis. Ba. You disobedient ruffen, carlesse wretch,
That said your father lovde me but too well!
Ile thinke on't when thou thinkst I have forgotten[2] it:
Whose with thee else? — How now, minion? you!
With whom? with him! — Why, what make you heere, sir,
And thus late too? what, hath your mother sent ye
To cut my throate, that heere you be in waite? —
Come from him, mistris, and let go his hand. —
Will ye not, sir?
Fra. Stay, mistresse Barnes, or mother, what ye will;
Shees[3] my wife, and here she shall be still.
Mi. Ba. How, sir? your wife! wouldst thou my daughter have?
Ile rather have her married to her grave.[4]

[1] Some word, or words, have dropt out here. The lines ought to be arranged thus: —

"God send ye both good speed! —
Gods Lord, my mother! — *Quickly* stand aside,
And closely too, least that you be espied." Dyce.

The missing foot before 'stand' may indicate the dramatic pause for surprise. See my *Appendix* to *Greene* (Metres).

[2] Dy., H., E., 'forgot.'

[3] Read, for the metre, "Shee is." Dyce.

[4] Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. v. 141.

Go to, be gone, and quickly, or I sweare
Ile have my men beate ye for staying here.
Phi. Beate him, mother! as I am true man,
They were better beate the divell and his dam.
Mi. Bar. What, wilt thou take his part?
Phil. To do him good,
And twere to wade hetherto up in blood.
Fran. God a mercy, Phil![1] — But, mother, heare me.
Mis. Bar. Calst thou me mother? no, thy mothers name
Carryes about with it reproche and shame.
Give me my daughter: ere that she shall wed
A strumpets sonne, and have her so mislead,
Ile marry her to a carter; come, I say,
Give me her from thee.
Fra. Mother,[2] not to day,
Nor yet to morrow, till my lives last morrow
Make me leave that which I with leave did borrow:
Heere I have borrowed love, Ile not denaie[3] it. —
Thy wedding night's my day, then Ile repay it. —
Till then sheel trust me. — Wench, ist[4] not so?
And if it be, say I, if not, say no.
Mal. Mother, good mother, heare me! O good God,
Now we are even, what, would you make us odde?
Now, I beseech ye, for the love of Christ,
To give me leave once to do what I list.
I am as you were when you were a maide;
Gesse by your selfe how long you would have staide,
Might you have had your will: as good begin
At first as last, it saves us from much sinne;
Lying alone, we muse on things and things,
And in our mindes one thought another brings:
This maides life, mother, is an idle life,
Therefore Ile be, I, I will be a wife;
And, mother, doe not mistrust[5] my age or power,
I am sufficient, I lacke nere an houre;

[1] Eds. 'Philip.'
[2] Q 2, *Mather.*
[3] Q 2, 'deny.'
[4] Read, for the metre, "is it." Dyce.
[5] Q 1, *mistrurst.*

I had both wit to graunt when he did woe me,
And strength to beare what ere he can doe to me.
Mi. Bar.[1] Well, bold-face, but I meane to make you stay.
Goe to, come from him, or Ile make ye come:
Will yee not come?
Phi. Mother, I pray forbeare;
This match is for my sister.
Mi. Bar. Villaine, tis not;
Nor she shall not be so matcht now.
Phi. In troth, she shall, and your unruly hate
Shall not rule us; weele end all this debate
By this begun devise.
Mi. Bar. I, end what you begun! Villaines, theeves,
Give me my daughter! will ye rob me of her? —
Help, help! theil rob me heere, theil rob me heere!

Enter Master Barnes *and his men.*

M. Bar. How now? what outcry is here? why, how now, woman?
Mi. Ba. Why, Gourseys sonne, confederates[2] with this boy,
This wretch unnaturall and undutifull,
Seekes hence to steale my daughter: will you suffer it?
Shall he, thats sonne to my arche-enemy,
Enjoy her? have I brought her up to this?
O God, he shall not have her, no, he shall not!
M. Bar. I am sorry she knowes it. [*Aside*]. — Harke ye, wife,
Let reason moderate your rage a little.
If you examine but his birth and living,
His wit and good behaviour, you will say,
Though that ill hate make your opinion bad,
He dooth deserve as good a wife as she.

Enter Mistris Goursey *and* Coomes.[3]

Mi. Bar. Why, will you give consent he shall enjoy her?
M. Bar. I, so that thy minde would agree with mine.
Mi. Bar. My minde shall nere agree to this agreement.

[1] Q. 2, *Mi Gou.*
[2] So Qtos. Eds., 'confederate.' But the plural is idiomatic: as 'he has gone *partners* with Philip.'
[3] Occurs here in Qtos. (to warn the actors to be in readiness for coming on the stage). Dyce.

M. Ba. And yet it shall go forward: — but who's heere?
What, mistris Goursey! how knew she of this?
Phi. Franke, thy mother.
Fra. Swones, where? a plague uppon it!
I thinke the devill is set to crosse this match.
Mi. Go. This is the house, Dick Coomes, and yonders light:
Let us go neere. How now? me thinkes I see
My sonne stand hand in hand with Barnes his daughter. —
Why, how now, sirra? is this time of night
For you to be abroad? what have we heere?
I hope that love hath not thus coupled you.
Fra. Love, by my troth, mother, love: she loves me,
And I love her; then we must needs agree.
Mi. Bar. I, but Ile keep her sure enough from thee.
Mi. Go. It shall not need. Ile keep him safe enough;
Be sure he shal not graft in such a stock.
Mi. Bar. What stock, forsooth? as good a stock as thine:
I doe not meane that he shall graft in mine.
Mi. Gou. Nor shall he, mistris. — Harke, boy; th'art but mad
To love the branch that hath a roote so bad.
Fra. Then, mother, Ile graft a pippin on a crab.
Mi. Gou. It will not proove well.
Fra. But Ile proove my skill.
Mi. Bar. Sir, but you shall not.
Fra. Mothers both, I will.
M. Bar. Harke, Phillip: send away thy sister straight;
Let Francis meete her where thou shalt appoint;
Let them go severall to shun suspition,
And bid them goe to Oxford both this night;
There to morrow say that we will meete them,
And there determine of their marriage. [*Aside.*]
Phi. I will: though it be very late and darke,
My sister will endure it for a husband. [*Aside.*]
M. Ba. Well, then, at [1] Carfolkes,[2] boy, I meane to meet them. [*Aside.*]

[1] Q 2, 'to.'
[2] Carfax (*quadrifurcus*), the centre of Oxford, at the junction of Cornmarket, St. Aldate's, Queen St., and the High.

Phil. Enough. *Exit* [MASTER BARNES].
Would they would begin to chide!
For I would have them brawling, that meane while
They may steale hence, to meete where I appoint[1] it. [*Aside*]. —
What, mother, will you let this match go forward? —
Or, mistresse Goursey, will you first agree?
Mi. Gou. Shall I agree first?
Phi. I, why not? come, come.
Mi. Go. Come from her, sonne, and if thou lov'st thy mother.
Mi. Bar. With the like spell, daughter, I conjure thee.
Mi. G. Francis, by faire means let me win thee from her,
And I will gild my blessing, gentle sonne,
With store of angels. I would not have thee
Check thy good fortune by this cusning choise:
O, doe not thrall thy happie libertie
In such a bondage! if thou'lt be needs bound,
Be, then, to better worth; this worthlesse choise
Is not fit for thee.
Mi. Bar. Ist not fit for him? wherefore ist not fit?
Is he too brave[2] a gentleman, I praie?
No, tis not fit; she shall not fit his turne:
If she were wise, she would be fitter for
Three times his better. — Minion, go in, or Ile make ye;
Ile keep ye safe from him, I warrant ye.
Mi. Gou. Come, Francis, come from her.
Fra. Mothers, with both hands shove I hate from love,
That like an ill companion would infect
The infant minde of our affection[3]:
Within this cradle shall this minutes babe
Be laide to rest; and thus Ile hug[4] my joy.
Mi. Gou. Wilt thou be obstinate, thou selfe wilde[5] boy?
Nay, then, perforce Ile parte ye, since ye will not.
Coom. Doe yee heare, mistresse? praie yee give me leave to talke two or three cold words with my yong master. — Harke ye, sir, yee are my masters sonne, and so foorth; and indeed I beare ye some good will, partlie for his sake, and partly for your own; and I

[1] Q 2, *Oppoint.* [2] fine. [3] Q 2, *offection.* [4] Q 2, *huge.* [5] *Sc.*, self-w'lled.

do hope you do the like to me, — I should be sorry els. I must needs saie, ye are a yong man; and for mine owne part, I have seene the world, and I know what belongs to causes, and the experience that I have, I thanke God I have travelled for it.

Fra. Why, how far have yee travelled for it?

Boy. From my masters house to the ale-house.

Coo. How, sir?

Bo. So, sir.

Coo. Go to. — I praie, correct you boie; twas nere a good world, since a boie would face a man so.

Fra. Go to. — Forward, man.

Coom. Wel, sir, so it is, I would not wish ye to marry without my mistres consent.

Fra. And why?

Coom. Nay, theres nere a why but there is a wherefore; I have known some have done the like, and they have daunst a galliard at Beggers bush[1] for it.

Boy. At Beggers bush! — here him no more, maister; he doth bedawbe[2] ye with his durty speech. — Doe ye heare, sir? how farre stands Beggers bushe from your fathers house, sir? How, thou whorson refuge[3] of a tailor, that wert prentise to a tailor half an age, and because if thou hadst served ten ages thou wouldst proove but a botcher, thou leapst from the shop board to a blew coate,[4] doth it become thee to use thy tearmes so? wel, thou degree above a hackney, and ten degrees under a page, sow up your lubber lips, or tis not your sworde and buckler shall keep my poniard from your brest.

Coo. Do yee heare, sir? this is your boy.

Fran. How then?

Coom. You must breech him for it.

Fran. Must I? how, if I will not?

Coom. Why, then, tis a fine world when boies keep boies, and know not how to use them.

Fra. Boy, ye rascall!

[1] A common proverbial expression: "*Beggars bush*," says Ray, "being a tree notoriously known, on the left hand of the London road from Huntington to Caxton." *Proverbs*, p. 244, ed. 1768. Dyce. [2] Q 2, *be dawbe*. [3] refuse. [4] livery.

Mi. Gour. Strike him, and thou darst.

Coom. Strike me! alas, he were better strike his father! — Sownes, go to, put up your bodkin.[1]

Fran. Mother, stand by; Ile teach that rascall —

Coom. Go to, give me good words, or, by Gods dines,[2] Ile buckle ye for all your bird-spit.

Fran. Will ye so, sir?

Phi. Stay, Franke, this pitch of frensie will defile thee;
Meddle not with it: thy unreprooved vallour
Should be high minded; couch it not so low. —
Dost heare me? take occasion to slip hence,
But secretly, let not thy mother see thee:
At the back side there is a cunny greene;[3]
Stay there for me, and Mall and I will come to thee. [*Aside.*]

Fra. Enough, I will. [*Aside*]. — Mother, you doe me wrong
To be so peremptory in your commaund,
And see that rascall to abuse me so.

Coom. Rascall! take that and take all! Do ye heare, sir? I doe not meane to pocket up this wrong.

Bo. I know why that is.

Coo. Why?

Bo. Because you have nere a pocket.

Co. A whip, sira, a whip! — But, sir, provide your tooles against to morrow morning; tis somewhat darke now, indeed: you know Dawsons close, betweene the hedge and the pond; tis good even ground; Ile meete you there; and I do not, call me cut,[4] and you be a man, shew yourselfe a man; weele have a bout or two; and so weele part for that present.

Fran. Well, sir, well.

Nic. [*approaching.*] Boy, have they appointed to fight?

[1] Common term for a small dagger, but, like 'bird-spit' in the next speech of Coomes, here used in contempt. Dyce.

[2] The origin of this corrupted oath is unknown; Dy., H., and E. *N. E. D.* queries *dignesse* = Goddes dignity. But the poet seems to be thinking of 'dine' = 'dinner'; hence Lord's meal, Lord's Supper. Cf. "God's board" for communion-table (Bk. Com. Prayer, 1549), and "God's bread" for the wafer, *G. G. N.*, p. 219. That Coomes adopts this popular etymology is confirmed by the collocation of 'God's dines' with 'wafer-cake' (for the Eucharist) in Sc. xi. l. 206 of this play. [3] rabbit-warren. [4] horse.

Boy. I, Nicholas; wilt not thou go see the fray?

Nich. No, indeed; even as they brewe, so let them bake. I wil not thrust my hand into the flame, and[1] need not; tis not good to have an oare in another mans boate; little said is soone amended, and in little medling commeth great rest; tis good sleeping in a whole skin; so a man might come home by Weeping Crosse[2]: no, by lady, a friend is not so soone gotten as lost; blessed are the peace-makers; they that strike with the sword, shall be beaten with the scabberd.

Phil. Well said, proverbs: nere another to that purpose?

Nic. Yes, I could have said to you, sir, Take heed is a good reed.[3]

Phil. Why to me, take heede?

Ni. For happy is he whom other mens harms do make to beware.

Phi. O, beware, Franke! — Slip away, Mall. — You know what I told ye. Ile hold our mothers both in talk meanwhile. [*Aside.*] — Mother, and mistris Barnes, me thinkes you should not stand in hatred so hard one with the[4] other.

Mi. Bar. Should I not, sir? should I not hate a harlot,
That robs me of my right, vilde boye?

Mi. Gou. That tytle I returne unto thy teeth,
[*Exeunt* Francis *and* Mall.]
And spit the name of harlot in thy face.

Mi. Bar. Well, tis not time of night to hold out chat
With such a scold as thou art; therefore now
Thinke that I hate thee as I doe the devill.

Mi. Gou. The devill take thee, if thou dost not, wretch!

Mi. Bar. Out upon thee, strumpet!

Mi. Gou. Out upon thee, harlot!

Mis. Bar. Well, I will finde a time to be reveng'd:
Meane time Ile keep my daughter from thy sonne. —
Where are you, minion? how now, are yee gone?

[1] 'an I.'

[2] repent of his behaviour. Cf. Heywood, *If you know not*, etc., ed. 1874, I. 267 (Century). Dyce has "Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) mentions three places which still retain the name, — one between Oxford and Banbury, another close to Stafford, the third near Shrewsbury."

[3] advice.

[4] So Q 2. Eds., 'an.'

Phi. She went in, mother.
Mi. Go. Francis where are ye?
Mi. Ba. He is not heere. O, then, they slipt away,
And both together!
Phi. Ile assure ye, no;
My sister she went in, into the house.
Mi. Ba. But, then, sheele out againe at the backe doore,
And meete with him: but I will search about
All these same fields and paths neere to my house;
They are not far I am sure, if I make haste. *Exit.*
Mi. Go. O God, how went he hence, I did not see him?
It was when Barnses wife did scolde with me;
A plague on[1] her! — Dick, why didst not thou looke to him?
Coo. What should I looke for him? no, no, I looke not for him while[2] to morrow morning.
Mi. Gou. Come, go with me to help to looke him out.
Alas, I have nor light, nor linke, nor torche!
Though it be darke, I will take any paines
To crosse this match. I prethy, Dick, away.
Coo. Mistris, because I brought ye out, Ile bring ye home; but, if I should follow, so hee might have the law on his side.
Mi. Go. Come, tis no matter; prethee, goe with me.
Exeunt [Mistress Goursey *and* Coomes.]
M. Ba. Philip, thy mothers gone to seeke thy sister,
And in a rage, i faith: but who comes heere?
Ph. Olde master Goursey, as I thinke, tis he.
M. Ba. Tis so, indeed.

[*Enter* Master Goursey.]

M. Gour. Whoes there?
M. Bar. A friend of yours.
M. Gou. What, master Barnes! did ye not see my wife?
M. Bar. Yes, sir, I saw her; she was heere even now.
M. Gou. I doubted that; that made me come unto you:
But whether is she gone?
Phil. To seeke your sonne, who slipt away from her

[1] Q 1, 'vpon.' [2] till.

To meete with Mall my sister in a place
Where I appointed; and my mother too
Seeke for my sister; so they both are gone:
My mother hath a torch; mary, your wife
Goes darkling up and downe, and Coomes before her.

M. Gou. I thought that knave was with her; but tis well:
I pray God, they may come by nere a light,
But both be led a darke daunce in the night!

Ho. Why, is my fellow Dick in the dark with my mistres? I pray God, they be honest, for there may be much knaverie in the dark: faith, if I were there, I wold have some knavery with them. [*Aside.*] — Good maister, wil ye carry the torch yourself, and give me leave to play the blind man buffe with my mistris?

Phil. On that condition thou wilt do thy best
To keep thy mistresse and thy fellow Dick
Both from my sister and thy masters sonne,
I will entreate thy master let thee goe.

Hod. O, I, I warrant ye, Ile have fine tricks to cousen them.

M. Gou. Well, sir, then, go your waies; I give you leave.

Hod. O brave! but where about are they?

Phil. About our cunny green they surely are,
If thou canst find them.

Hod. O, let me alone to grope for cunnies.

[*Gives* PHIL. *the torch, and*] *exit.*

Phi. Well, now will I to Franke and to my sister.
Stand you two harkning neere the cunny greene,
But sure your light in you must not be seene;
Or els let Nicholas stand afarre off with it, [*Gives Nich. the torch.*]
And as his life keep it from mistris Goursey.
Shall this be done?

M. Bar. Phillip, it shall.

Phi. God be with ye! Ile be gone. *Exit.*

M. Bar. Come on, master Goursey: this same is a meanes
To make our wives friends, if they resist not.

M. Go. Tut, sir, howsoever it shall go forward.

M. Bar. Come, then, lets do as Phillip hath advisd.

Exeunt [*toward the cunny greene.*]

[Scene Ninth.[1] *The Cunny Greene.*]

Enter MALL.

Mal. Heere is the place where Phillip bid me stay
Till Francis came; but wherefore did my brother[2]
Appoint it heere? why in the cunny borough?
He had some meaning in't, I warrant ye.
Well, heere Ile set me downe under this tree,
And thinke upon the matter all alone.
Good Lord, what pritty things these cunnies are!
How finely they do feed till they be fat,
And then what a sweet meate a cunny is!
And what smooth skins they have, both black and gray!
They say they run more in the night then day:
What is the reason? marke; why, in the light
They see more passengers then in the night;
For harmfull men many a haye[3] do set,
And laugh to see them tumble in the net;
And they put ferrets in the holes,—fie, fie!—
And they go up and downe where conniees lye;
And they lye still, they have so little wit:
I marvell the warriner will suffer it;
Nay, nay, they are so bad, that they themselves
Do give consent to catch these prettie elfes.
How if the warriner should spie me here?
He would take me for a conny I dare sweare.
But when that Francis comes, what will he say?
'Looke, boy, there lyes a conney in my way!'
But, soft, a light! whose that? soule, my mother!
Nay, then, all hid: i faith, she shall not see me;
Ile play bo peepe with her behind this tree.

[*Enter* MISTRESSE BARNES, *with a torch.*]

Mis. Ba. I marvell where this wench doth[4] hide her selfe
So closely; I have searcht in many a bush.

[1] E., Act IV. Sc. 1. [2] Q 2, *bother*.
[3] A kind of net for catching rabbits, —usually stretched before their holes. Dyce.
[4] Q 1, 'do.'

Mal. Belike my mother tooke me for a thrush. [*Aside.*] —
Mis. Bar. Shees hid in this same warren, Ile lay money.
Mal. Close as a rabbet sucker[1] from an olde conney. [*Aside.*]
Mi. Bar. O God, I would to God that I could find her!
I would keepe her from her loves toyes yet.
Mal. I, so you might, if your daughter had no wit. [*Aside.*]
Mi. Ba. What a vilde girle tis, that would hav't so young!
Mal. A murren take that desembling tongue!
Ere your calves teeth were out, you thought it long. [*Aside.*]
Mi. Bar. But, minion, yet Ile keepe you from the man.
Mall. To save a lye, mother, say, if you can. [*Aside.*]
Mi. Bar. Well, now to looke for her.
Mal. I, theres the spight:
What trick shall I now have to scape her light? [*Aside.*]
Mi. Bar. Whose there? what, minion, is it you? —
Beshrew her heart, what a fright she put me to!
But I am glad I found her, though I was afraide. [*Aside.*]
Come on your wayes; you are[2] a handsome maide!
Why [steal] you foorth a doores so late at night?
Why, whether go ye? come, stand still, I say.
Mal. No, indeed, mother; this is my best way.
M. Ba. Tis not the best way; stand by me, I tell yee.
Mall. No; you would catch me, mother, — O, I smell ye!
Mi. Bar. Will ye not stand still?
Mal. No, by ladie, no.
Mis. Bar. But I will make ye.
Mal. Nay, then, trip and goe.
Mi. Bar. Mistresse, Ile make ye wearie ere I have done.
Mal. Faith, mother, then, Ile trie how you can runne.
Mis. Bar. Will ye?
Mal. Yes, faith. *Exeunt.*

Enter [FRANKE *and* BOY.]

Fran. Mal, sweet heart, Mall! what, not a word?
Boy. A little further; call againe.
Fran. Why, Mal! I prethie, speake; why, Mal, I say!

[1] a young rabbit. [2] Q 1, 'you'r.'

I know thou art not farre, if thou wilt not[1] speake;
Why, Mal! —
But now I see shees in her merry vaine,
To make me call, and put me to more paine.
Well, I must beare with her; sheel beare with me:
But I will call, least that it be not so. —
What, Mal! what, Mall, I say! — Boy, are we right?
Have we not mist the way this same darke night?
Boy. Masse, it may be so: as I am true man,
I have not seen a cunny since I came;
Yet at the cunny-borow we should meete.
But, harke! I heare the trampling of some feete.
Fran. It may be so, then; therefore lets lye close.

[*Enter* Mistresse Goursey *and* Coomes.]

Mis. Gou. Where art thou, Dicke?
Coo. Where am I, quoth a! mary, I may be where any body will say I am; eyther in France, or at Rome, or at Jerusalem, they may say I am, for I am not able to disprove them, because I cannot tell where I am.
Mi. Gou. O, what a blindfold walke have we had, Dicke,
To seeke my sonne! and yet I cannot finde him.
Coo. Why, then, mistresse, lets goe home.
Mi. Gou. Why, tis so darke we shall not finde the way.
Fran. I pray God, ye may not, mother, till it be day! [*Aside.*]
Coo. Sbloud, take heed, mistris, heres a tree.
Mis. Go. Lead thou the way, and let me hold by thee.
Bo. Dick Coome, what difference is there between a blind man and he that cannot see?
Fra. Peace, a poxe on thee!
Coo. Swounds, some body spake.
Mi. Gou. Dicke, looke about;
It may be here we may finde them out.
Coo. I see the glimpse[2] of some body heere. —
And ye be a sprite, Ile fraie the bug beare. —
There a goes, mistresse.

[1] Q 1, omits 'not'; but Q 2 is right: "Even if you won't speak I know you are lying in wait for me." [2] Qtos., *glimpes*.

Mi. Gour. O sir, have I spide you?
Fr. A plague on the boy! twas he that descried[1] me. *Exeunt.*

[Scene Tenth. *A Grove in the Fields between the Cunny Greene and the Forest.*]

[*Enter* PHILIP.]

Phi. How like a beauteous lady, maskt in blacke
Lookes that same large circumference of heaven!
The skie, that was so faire three houres agoe,
Is in three houres become an Ethiope;
And being angrie at her beauteous change,
She will not have one of those pearled starres
To blab her sable metamorphesis:[2]
Tis very darke. I did appoint my sister
To meete me at the cunny berrie below,
And Francis too; but neither can I see.
Belike my mother hapned on that place,
And fraide them from it, and they both are now
Wandring about the[3] fields: how shall I finde them?
It is so darke, I scarce can see my hand:
Why, then, Ile hollow for them — no, not so;
So will his voice betray him to our mothers
And if he answere, and bring them where he is.
What shall I, then, do? it must not be so —
Sbloud,[4] it must be so; how else, I pray?
Shall I stand gaping heere all night till day,
And then nere the neere?[5] — So ho, so ho!

[*Enter* WILL.]

Wil. So ho! I come: where are ye? where art thou? here!
Phi. How now, Franke, where hast thou[6] been?
Wil. Franke! what Franke? sbloud, is sir Raph mad? [*Aside*].— Heeres the bow.[7]

[1] exposed. [2] Q 1, *metamorphesie*. For the figure cf. *R. and J.*, I. v., "Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear," etc. [3] Q 1, 'these.' [4] Q 1, *sblould*. [5] nearer. [6] Not in Q 1. [7] The scene is therefore the grove where Sir Raph had engaged to await Will's return, Sc. vii.; not the warren, as E. has it.

Phi. I have not been much private with that voice:
Me thinke Franke Goursey talke and his doth tell me
I am mistaken; especially by his bow;
Franke had no bow. Well, I will leave this fellow,
And hollow somewhat farther in the fields. [*Aside*].—
Doost thou heare, fellow? I perceive by thee
That we are both mistaken: I tooke thee
For one thou art not; likewise thou tookst me
For sir Raph Smith, but sure I am not he:
And so, farewell; I must go seeke my friend.—
So ho! [*Exit.*]

Wil. So ho, so ho! nay, then, sir Raph, so whoore!
For a whore she was sure, if you had her here
So late. Now, you are sir Raphe Smith;
Well do ye counterfeit and change your voyce,
But yet I know ye. But what should be that Francis?
Belike that Francis cussend him of his wench,
And he conceals himselfe to finde her out;
Tis so, upon my life. Well, I will go
And helpe him ring his peale of so ho, so ho! [*Exit.*]

Enter FRANKE.[1]

Fra. A plague on Coomes! a plague upon the boy!
A plague too — not on my mother for an hundreth pound![2]
Twas time to runne; and yet I had not thought
My mother could have followed me so close,
Her legges with age I thought had foundered;
She made me quite runne through a quickset hedge,
Or she had taken me. Well, I may say,
I have runne through the briers for a wenche;
And yet I have her not, — the woorse lucke mine.
Me thought I heard one hollow here about;
I judge it Philip: O, the slave will laugh
When as he heares how that my mother scarde me!

[1] E. mistakenly makes this 'Act. IV. Sc. ii., *Another Part of the Warren*'; but Frank has run from the warren to the grove where Sir Raph is waiting for his bow.

[2] Q 2, *bound*.

Well, heere Ilé stand untill I heare him hollow,
And then Ile answere him; he is not farre.

[*Enter* Sir Raph Smith.]

Ra. My man is hollowing for me up and downe,
And yet I cannot meet with him. — So ho!
Frank. So ho!
Ra. Why, what, a poxe, wert thou so neere me, man,
And wouldst[1] not speake?
Fra. Sbloud, ye are very hot.
Rap. No, sir, I am colde enough with staying here
For such a knave as you.
Fra. Knave! how now, Phillip?
Art mad, art mad?
Ra. Why, art not thou my man
That went to fetch my bowe.[2]
Fra. Indeed, a bowe
Might shoote me ten bowes downe the weather so:
I your man!
Ra. What art thou, then?
Fran. A man: but whats thy name?
Rap. Some call me Raph.
Franke. Then, honest Raph, farewell.[3]
Ra. Well said, familiar Will! plaine Raph, i faith.
[*Hollow within* Phillip *and* Will.[4]]
Fran. There calles my man.
Ra. But there goes mine away;
And yet Ile heare what this next call will say,
[*Goes out toward the fields.*]
And here Ile tarrie till he call againe.

[*Enter* Will.]

Wil. So ho!
Fran. So ho! where art thou, Phillip?
Wil. Sbloud,[5] Philip!
But now he calde[6] me Francis: this is fine. [*Aside.*]

[1] Q 2, *wouldn.* [2] So Q 2. Line wanting in Q 1. [3] Q 2 omits this line.
[4] This stage-direction occurs after l. 75 in Qtos. [5] Qtos., *Sblould.* [6] Q 2, *clade.*

Fran. Why studiest thou? I prethy, tell me, Philip,
Where the wench[1] is.
Wil. Even now he askt me Francis for the wench,
And now he asks[2] me Phillip for the wench. [*Aside*].—
Well, sir Raph, I must needes tell ye now,
Tis not for your[3] credit to be foorth
So late a wenching in this order.
Fran. Whats this? so late a wenching, doth he say? [*Aside*].—
Indeed, tis true I am thus late a wenching,
But I am forc'st to wench without a wench.
Wil. Why, then, you might have tane your bow at first,
And gone and kilde a bucke, and not have been
So long a drabbing, and be nere the neere.
Fran. Swounds, what a pussell am I in this night!
But yet Ile put this fellow farther [off][4] [*Aside*].—
Doost thou heare, man? I am not sir Raph Smith,
As thou doost thinke I am; but I did meete him,
Even as thou saiest, in pursuite of a wench.
I met the wench to, and she[5] askt for thee,
Saying twas thou that wert her love, her deare,
And that sir Raph was not an honest knight
To traine her thether, and to use her so.
Wil. Sbloud, my wench! swounds, were he ten sir Raphs—
Fran. Nay, tis true, looke to it; and so, farewell. *Exit.*
Wil. Indeed, I do love Nan, our darie maide:
And hath he traine[d] her forth to that intent,
Or for another? I carrie his crossebow,
And he doth crosse me, shooting in my bow.
What shall I do? [*Exit.*]

[Scene Eleventh. *The Fields between the Grove and the Forest.*]

Enter PHILLIP.[6]

Phillip. So ho!
Raph. So ho!

[1] Q 1, *whench.* [2] Q 1, *askt*; Q 2, *aske.* [3] Q 1 omits.
[4] Eds. substitute 'question,' evidently without sufficient reason. [5] Q 2 omits.
[6] E. makes no new scene; but see Sc. x. l. 30.

Phil. Frances, art thou there?
Ra. No, heres no Francis. Art thou Will, my man?
Phil. Will foole your man, Will gose[1] your man!
My backe, sir, scornes to weare your liverie.
Raph. Nay, sir, I moov'de but such a question to you,
And[2] it hath not disparegd you, I hope;
Twas but mistaking; such a night as this
May well deceive a man. God boye,[3] sir. [*Exit.*]
Phil. Gods will, tis sir Raph Smith, a vertuous knight!
How gently entertaines he my hard answer!
Rude anger made my tongue unmannerly:
I crie him mercie. Well, but all this while
I cannot finde a Francis. — Francis, ho!

[*Enter* Will.]

Wil. Francis, ho! O, you call Francis now!
How have ye usde my Nan? come, tell me, how.
Phil. Thy Nan! what Nan?
Wil. I, what Nan, now! say, do you not seeke a wench?
Phi. Yes, I do.
Wil. Then, sir, that is she.
Phil. Art not thou [he] I met withall before?
Wil. Yes, sir; and you did counterfeit before,
And said to me you were not sir Raph Smith.
Phil. No more I am not. I met sir Raph Smith;
Even now he askt me if I saw his man.
Wil. O, fine!
Phil. Why, sirra, thou art much deceived in me:
Good faith, I am not he thou thinkst I am.
Wil. What are ye, then?
Phi. Why, one that seekes one Francis and a wench.
Wil. And Francis seekes one Phillip and a wench.
Phil. How canst thou tell?
Wil. I met him seeking Phillip and a wench,
As I was seeking sir Raph and a wench.
Phil. Why, then, I know the matter: we met crosse,

[1] goose. Q 1, *asgoe.* [2] Q 2, *Had.* [3] be wi' ye.

And so we mist; now here we finde our losse.
Well, if thou wilt, we two will keepe togither,
And so we shall meet right with one or other.
Wil. I am content: but, do you heare me, sir?
Did not sir Raph Smith aske yee for a wench?
Phi. No, I promise thee, nor did he looke
For any but thy selfe, as I could gesse.
Wil. Why, this is strange: but, come, sir, lets away;
I feare that we shall walke here till it be day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Boy.[1]

[*Boy.*] O God, I have runne so far into the winde, that I have runne myselfe out of winde! They say a man is neere his end when he lackes breath; and I am at the end of my race, for I can run no farther: then here I be in my breath bed, not in my death bed. [*Exit.*]

Enter Coomes.

Coom. They say men moyle and toile for a poore living; so I moyle and toile, and am living, I thanke God; in good time be it spoken. It had been better for me my mistresse[2] angell had beene light, for then perhaps it had not lead me into this darknesse. Well, the divell never blesses a man better, when he purses up angels by owlight: I ranne through a hedge to take the boy, but I stuck in the ditch, and lost the boy. [*Falls.*] Swounds, a plague on that clod, that mowlhil, that ditch, or what the devil so ere it were, for a man cannot see what it was! Well, I would not for the prize of my sword and buckler any body should see me in this taking, for it would make me but cut off their legges for laughing at me. Well, downe I am, and downe I meane to be, because I am wearie; but to tumble downe thus, it was no parte of my meaning: then, since I am downe, here Ile rest me, and no man shall remoove me.

Enter Hodge.

Hodg. O, I have sport in coney, i faith! I have almost burst myselfe with laughing at mistresse Barnes. She was following of

[1] E. makes this 'Act IV., Sc. iii., *The Open Fields*'; but the present scene began with Philip's entry, forty-five lines earlier.

[2] Of course 'mistress.'

her daughter; and I, hearing her, put on my fellow Dickes sword and buckler voyce and his swounds and sbloud words, and led her such a daunce in the darke as it passes. 'Heere she is,' quoth I. 'Where'? quoth she. 'Here,' quoth I. O, it hath been a brave here and there night! but, O, what a soft natured thing the durt is! how it would endure my hard treading, and kisse my feete for acquaintance! and how courteous and mannerly were the clods[1] to make me stumble onelie of purpose to entreate me lie downe and rest me! But now, and I could find my fellow Dicke, I would play the knave with him honestly, i faith. Well, I will grope in the darke for him, or Ile poke with my staffe, like a blinde man, to prevent a ditch. *He stumbles on* Dick Coomes.[2]

Coom. Whose that, with a poxe?

Hod. Who art thou, with a pestilence?

Coom. Why, I am Dicke Coomes.

Hodg. What, have I found thee, Dicke? nay, then, I am for yee, Dicke. [*Aside.*]—Where are ye, Dicke?

[*Assuming* Mistresse Goursey's *voice.*]

Coom. What can I tell where I am?

Hodg. Can yee not tell? come, come, ye waight on your mistresse well! come on your wayes; I have sought you till I am wearie, and calde ye till I am hoarse: good Lord, what a jaunt I have had this night, hey[3] ho!

Coom. Ist you, mistresse, that came over me? sbloud, twere a good deed to come over you for this nights worke. I cannot affoord all this paines for an angell: I tell ye true; a kisse were not cast away upon a good fellow, that hath deserved more that way then a kisse, if your kindnesse would affoord it him: what, shall I have it, mistresse?

Hodg. Fie, fie, I must not kisse my man.

Coom. Nay, nay, nere stand; shall I, shall I? nobody sees: say but I shall, and Ile smacke yee[4] soundly, i faith.

Hodg. Away, bawdie man! in trueth, Ile tell your maister.

Coom. My master! go to, neere tell me of my maister: he may pray for them that may, he is past it; and for mine own part, I can do somewhat that way, I thanke God; I am not now to learne, and tis your part to have your whole desire.

[1] Q 1, *clowdes.* [2] Not in Q 1. [3] Q 1, 'ho.' [4] Q 1, 'it.'

Hod. Fie, fie, I am ashamed of you: would you tempt your mistresse to lewdnesse?

Coom. To lewdnesse! no, by my troth, thers no such matter in't, it is for kindnesse; and, by my troth, if you like my gentle offer, you shall have what courteously I can affoord ye.

Hod. Shall I indeed, Dicke? I faith, if I thought nobody would see —

Coom. Tush, feare not that; swones, they must have cattes eyes, then.

Hod. Then, kisse me, Dick.

Coom. A kinde wenche, i faith! [*Aside*]. — Where are yee, mistresse?

Hodge. Heere, Dick. O, I am in the darke! Dick, go about.

Coom. Nay, Ile grope[1] sure: where are yee now?[2]

Hodge. Heere.

Coom. A plague on this poast! I would the carpenter had bin hangd that set it up so.[3] — Where are yee now?

Hod. Heere. *Exit.*

Coo. Here! O, I come. [*Exit.*] A plague on it, I am in a pond, mistres!

Hod. [*re-entering.*] Ha, ha! I have led him into a pond. — Where art thou, Dick?

Coomes. [*within.*] Up to the middle in a pond!

Hod. Make a boate of thy buckler, then, and swim out. Are yee so hot, with a pox? would you kisse my mistresse? coole ye there, then, good Dick Coomes. O, when he comes forth, the skirts of his blew coate will dropp like a paint-house![4] O, that I could see, and not be seene, how he would spaniell it, and shake himselfe when he comes out of the pond! But Ile be gone; for now heele fight with a flye, if he but buz[5] in his eare. *Exit.*

[*Re*]*enter* Coomes.

Coom. Heeres so hoing with a plague! so hang, and ye wil, for I have bin almost drownd. A pox of your lips,[6] and ye call this kissing! Yee talke of a drownd rat, but twas time to swim like a

[1] Q 1, *throwe.*
[2] So Q 2. Eds. omit.
[3] So Q 2. Q 1, 'for me.'
[4] pent-house.
[5] Q 1, *buze.*
[6] Q 1, 'stones.'

dog; I had bin served like a drowned cat els. I would he had digd his grave that digd the pond! my feete were foule indeed, but a lesse pale then a pond would have served my turne to wash them. A man shall be served thus alwayes, when he followes any of these females; but tis my kinde heart that makes me thus forward in kindnes unto them: well, God amend them, and make them thankfull to them that would do them pleasure. I am not drunke, I would ye should[1] know it; and yet I have drunke more then will do me good, for I might have had a pumpe set up with as[2] good March beere as this was, and nere set up an alebush for the matter. Well, I am somewhat in wroth, I must needs say; and yet I am not more angrie then wise, nor more wise then angrie but Ile fight with the next man I meete, and it be but for luck sake; and if he love to see him selfe hurt, let him bring light with him; Ile do it by darkling els, by Gods dines. Well, heere will I walke, whoso ever sayes nay. 151

Enter Nicholas [*with a torch*].

Nic. He that worse may, must holde the candle; but my maister is not so wise as God might have made him. He is gone to seeke a hayre in a hennes nest, a needle in a bottle of haye, which is as sildome seene as a black swan: he is gone to seeke my yong mistresse; and I thinke she is better lost then found, for who so ever hath her, hath but a wet eele by the taile. But they may do as they list; the law is in their owne hands; but, and they would be ruld by me, they should set her on the leland,[3] and bid the divell split her; beshrew her fingers, she hath made me watch past mine hower; but Ile watch her a good turne for it. 161

Coom. How, whose that? Nicholas! — So, first come, first servd; I am for him. — How now, proverbe, proverbe? sbloud, howe now, proverbe?

Ni. My name is Nicholas, Richard; and I knowe your meaning, and I hope ye meane no harme: I thanke ye, I am the better for your asking. 167

Coo. Where have you been a whoring thus late, ha?

[1] Q 1, 'should well.' [2] Q 1, "I haue had a Pumpe set vp, as good."
[3] H. and E., 'lee-land.' But the context indicates 'lealand,' the open fields.

Ni. Master Richard, the good wife would not seeke her daughter in the oven unlesse she had been there her selfe: but, good Lord, you are knuckle deep in durt! — I warrant, when he was in, he swore Walsingham,[1] and chaft terrible for the time. — Looke, the water drops from you as fast as hops.

Coom. What needst thou to care, whipper-jenny,[2] tripe-cheekes[3]? out, you fat asse!

Ni. Good words cost nought, ill wordes corrupts good manners, Richard: for a hasty man never wants woe; and I had thought you had bin my friend; but I see al is not gold that glisters; ther's falshood in fellowship; *amicus certus in re certa cernitur;* time and truth tries all; and tis an olde proverbe, and not so old as true, bought wit is[4] best; I can see day at a little hole; I know your minde as well as though I were within you; tis ill halting before a criple: go to, you seek to quarrel; but beware of had I wist[5]; so long goes the pot to the water, at length it comes home broken[6]; I know you are as good a man as ever drew sword, or as was ere girt in a girdle, or as ere went on neats leather, or as one shall see upon a summers day, or as ere lookt man in the face, or as ere trode on Gods earth, or as ere broke bread or drunk drinke; but he is proper that hath proper conditions; but be not you like the cowe, that gives a good sope of milke, and casts it downe with her[7] heeles; I speake plainly, for plaine dealing is a jewel, and he that useth it shal dye a begger; well, that happens in an houre, that happens not in seaven yeeres; a man is not so soone whole as hurt; and you should kill a man, you would kisse his — well, I say little, but I thinke the more. — Yet Ile give him good words; tis good to hold a candle before the devell; yet, by Gods me,[8] Ile take no wrong, if he had a head as big as Brasse,[9] or lookt as high as Poules steeple. [*Aside.*]

Coo. Sirra, thou grashoper, that shalt skip from my sword as from a sith; Ile cut thee out in collops, and egs, in steekes, in sliste beefe, and frye thee with the fire I shall strike from the pike of thy buckler.

Nich. I, Brag's a good dog; threatned folkes live long.

[1] Perhaps he swore by our Lady of Walsingham, — in Norfolk. Dyce.
[2] Whip-her-jenny: a game of cards. H. [3] Q 1, 'tripe-cheeke.' [4] Q 1, 'is *the* best.'
[5] "If I had only known in time!" Cf. *Secunda Pastorum* (Towneley), l. 93.
[6] Cf. *Secunda Pastorum*, l. 318. [7] Q 1, *bis*. [8] So Qtos. H. and E. read 'dines.'
[9] Qy. a proverbial allusion to the famous Brazen-head? Dyce.

Coo. What say ye, sir?

Nic. Why, I say not so much as How do ye?

Coo. Do ye not so, sir?

Nic. No, indeed, what so ere I thinke; and thought is free.

Coo. You whoreson wafer-cake, by Gods dines,[1] Ile crush yee for this!

Ni. Give an inch, and youle take an elle; I wil not put my finger in a hole, I warrant ye: what, man! nere crow so fast, for a blinde man may kill a hare; I have knowne when a plaine fellow hath hurt a fencer, so I have: what! a man may be as slow as a snaile, but as fierce as a lyon and he be mooved; indeed, I am patient, I must needs say, for patience in adversity brings a man to the Three Cranes in the Ventree.[2]

Coo. Do ye heare? set downe your torch; drawe, fight, I am for ye.

Ni. And I am for ye too, though it be from this midnight to the next morne.

Coo. Where be your tooles?

Nic. Within a mile of an oake, sir; hee's a proud horse will not carry his owne provender, I warrant ye.

Coo. Now am I in my quarrelling humor, and now can I say nothing but Sownes, draw! but Ile untrus, and then have to it.

Enter [*severally*] Hodge *and* Boy. [*Aside.*]

Hod. Whose there? boy! honest boy, well met: where hast thou bin?

Boy. O Hodge, Dicke Coomes hath been as good as a crye of hounds, to make a breathd[3] hayre of me! but didst thou see my master?

Hod. I met him even now, and he askt me for thee, and he is gone up and downe, whoing like[4] an owle for thee.

Boy. Owle, ye asse!

Hod. Asse! no, nor glasse, for then it had been Owleglasse[5]: but whose that, boy?

[1] See note, Sc. viii. l. 354. [2] H., 'Vintry.' [3] Q 1, *breatb.* [4] Q 1 omits.

[5] The hero of the popular German jest-book (*Eulenspiegel*), which was translated into English at a very early period; see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, iv. 60, and Nare's *Gloss.* in v. Dyce.

Bo. By the masse, tis our Coomes and Nicolas; and it seemes they are providing to fight.

Hod. Then, we shall have fine sport, i faith. Sirra, lets stand close, and when they have fought a bout or two, weele run away with the torch, and leave them to fight darkling; shall we?

Boy. Content; Ile get the torch: stand close.

Coo. So, now my back hath roome to reach: I doe not love to be lac't[1] in, when I goe to lace[1] a rascall. I pray God, Nicholas proove not a fly:[2] it would do me good to deale with a good man now, that we might have halfe a dozen good smart stroakes. Ha, I have seen the day I could have daunst in my fight, on, two, three, foure, and five, on the head of him; six, seaven, eight, nine, and ten, on the sides of him; and, if I went so far as fifteene, I warrant I shewed[3] him a trick of one and twentie; but I have not fought this foure dayes, and I lacke a little practise of my warde; but I shall make a shift: ha, close [*Aside*]. — Are ye disposed, sir?

Nic. Yes, indeed, I feare no colours:[4] change sides, Richard.

Coo. Change the gallowes! Ile see thee hangd[5] first.

Nich. Well, I see the foole will not leave his bable[6] for the Tower of London.

Coo. Foole, ye roge! nay, then, fall to it.

Nic. Good goose, bite not.

Coo. Sbloud, how pursey I am! Well, I see exercise is all: I must practise my weapons oftner; I must have a goale or two at foote-ball before I come to my right kind [*Aside*]. — Give me thy hand, Nicholas: thou art a better man then I took thee for, and yet thou art not so good a man as I.

Ni. You dwell by ill neighbours, Richard; that makes yee praise your selfe.

Coo. Why, I hope thou wilt say I am a man?

Ni. Yes, Ile say so, if I should see yee[7] hangd.

Coo. Hangd, ye roge! nay, then, have at yee. [*While they fight, exeunt* Hodge, *and* Boy *with the torch.*] Swones,[8] the light is gone!

Ni. O Lord, it is as darke as pitch!

[1] Q 1, 'last': and 'lase.'
[2] Q 1, 'silly.'
[3] Q 1, 'shew.'
[4] Q 2, *coulers.*
[5] Q 2, *bandg.*
[6] By idiom 'bauble'; by sense 'babble.'
[7] Q 2, *yon.*
[8] Q 2, *swoses.*

Coo. Well, heere Ile lye, with my buckler thus, least striking up and downe at randall,[1] the roge might hurt me, for I cannot see to save it, and Ile hold my peace, least my voyce should bring him where I am. [*Lies down and covers himself with his buckler.*]

Nic. Tis good to have a cloake for the raine; a bad shift is better than none at all; Ile sit heere, as if I were as dead as a doore naile.

[Scene Twelfth. *The Grove.*]

Enter M. Barnes *and* M. Goursey.[2]

M. Gou. Harke! theres one holloes.
M. Bar. And theres another.
M. Gour. And every where we come, I heere some hollo,
And yet it is our haps to meete with none.
M. Bar. I marvell where your Hodge is, and my man.
M. Gour. I, and our wives; we cannot meet with them,
Nor with the boye, nor Mall, nor Franke, nor Phillip,
Nor yet with Coomes, and yet we nere stood still.
Well, I am very angry with my wife,
And she shall finde I am not pleasd with her,
If we meete nere so soone: but tis my hope.[3]
She hath had as blind a journey ont[4] as we;
Pray God, she have, and worse, if worse may be!
M. Bar. This is but short liv'de envie,[5] maister Goursey:
But, come, what say yee to my pollicie?[6]
M. Gou. I faith, tis good, and we will practise it;
But, sir, it must be handeled cunningly,
Or all is mard; our wives have subtill heads,
And they will soone perceive a drift devise.

Enter Sir Raphe Smith.

Raph. So ho!
M. Gour. So ho!

[1] random.
[2] From the 'cunny greene' (see Sc. viii., end) having lost Nicholas and the torch *en route*. E. mistakenly includes this in the previous scene.
[3] Qtos, *hap*. [4] Q 2, 'out.' [5] spite. [6] The sham quarrel of Sc. xiv. l. 115.

Raph. Whose there?
M. Bar. Heers on[e] or two.
Raph. Is Will there?
M. Bar. No. Phillip?
M. Gour. Franke?
Raph. No, no.—
Was ever man deluded thus like me?
I thinke some spirit leads me thus amisse,
As I have often heard that some have bin
Thus in the nights.
But yet this mases me; where ere I come,
Some askes me still for Franke or Phillip,
And none of them can tell me where Will is. [*Aside.*]
Wil. So ho!
Phil. So ho!
Hodg. So ho! } *They hollo within.*
Boy. So ho!
Rap. Sownes, now I heere foure hollo at the least!
One had a little voice; then thats the wench
My man hath lost: well, I will answer all. [*Aside.*]
So ho!

[*Enter* Hodge.]

Hodg. Whope, whope!
Raph. Whose there? Will?
Hod. No, sir; honest Hodge: but, I pray yee, sir, did yee not meete with a boye with a torche? he is runne away from me, a plague on him!
Raph. Hey day, from Franke and Phillip to a torche,
And to a boye! nay, sownes, then, hap as twill. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt* Sir Raph *and* Hodge *severally.*]

M. Gour. Who goes there?

[*Enter* Will.]

Wil. Gesse heere.
M. Bar. Phillip?
Wil. Phillip! no, faith; my names Will,—ill will, for I was never worse: I was even now with him, and might have been still,

but that I fell into a ditch and lost him, and now I am going up and downe to seeke him.

M. Gor. What wouldst thou do with him?

Wil. Why, I would have him go with me to my maisters.

M. Gou. Whose thy maister?

Wil. Why, sir Raphe Smith; and thether he promist me he would come; if he keepe his worde, so tis.

M. Ba. What was he[1] doing when thou first found[2] him?

Wil. Why, he holloed for one Francis, and Francis hollod for him; I hallod for my maister, and my maister for me; but we mist still, meeting contrary, Phillip and Francis with me and my maister, and I and my maister with Philip and Franke.

M. Gou. Why, wherefore is sir Raphe so late abroade?

Wil. Why, he ment to kill a buck,—Ile say so to save his honestie, but my Nan was his marke [*Aside*]—and when[3] he sent me for his bow, and when I came, I hollod for him; but I never saw such luck to misse him, it hath almost made me mad.

M. Bar. Well, stay with us; perhaps sir Raphe and he
Will come anon: harke! I do heere one hollo.

Enter PHILLIP [*from the fields.*]

Phil. Is this broad waking in a winters night?
I am broad walking in a winters night,—
Broad indeed, because I am abroad,—
But these broad fields methinks are not so broad
That they may keepe me foorth of narrow ditches.
Heers a hard world!
For I can hardly keep myself upright in it:
I am marvellous dutifull—but, so ho!

Wil. So ho!

Phil. Whose there?

Wil. Heeres Will.

Ph. What, Will! how scapst thou?

Wil. What, sir?

Ph. Nay, not hanging, but drowning: wert thou in a pond or a ditche?

[1] So Q 2. Q 1 'a.' [2] Eds., 'foundst.' [3] Eds. omit.

Wil. A pestilence on it! ist you, Phillip? no, faith, I was but durty a little: but heeres one or two askt for yee.

Phil. Who be they, man?

M. Bar. Philip, tis I and maister Goursey.

Phi. Father, O father, I have heard them say
The dayes of ignorance are past and done;
But I am sure the nights of ignorance
Are not yet past, for this is one of them.
But wheres my sister?

M. Bar. Why, we cannot tell.

Ph. Wheres Francis?

M. Gour. Neither saw we him.

Phi. Why, this is fine.
What, neither he nor I, nor she nor you,
Nor I nor she, nor you and I, till[1] now,
Can meet, could meet, or nere, I thinke, shall meete!
Cal ye this woing? no, tis Christmas sport
Of Hob man blind:[2] all blind, all seek to catch,
All misse, — but who comes heere?[3]

Enter Franke *and his* Boye [*with torch*].

Fra. O, have I catcht yee, sir? it was your dooing
That made me have this pretty daunce to night;
Had not you spoake, my mother had not scard me:
But I will swinge ye for it.

Phil. Keepe the kings peace!

Fran. How! art thou become a constable?
Why, Phillip, where hast thou bin all this while?

Ph. Why, where you were not: but, I pray, whers my sister?

Fran. Why, man, I saw her not; but I have sought her
As I should seeke ——

Phil. A needle, have yee not?
Why, you, man, are the needle that she seekes
To worke withall. Well, Francis, do you heere?

[1] Q 1, *tell.*

[2] Blind-man's-buff.

[3] Q 2 prints l. 105 as of fourteen syllables ending with "Hob man blind," and line 106 as of twelve syllables ending with "heere."

You must not answere so, that you have sought her;
But have yee found her? faith, and if you have,
God give yee joy of that ye found with her!
Fra.[1] I saw her not: how could I finde her?
M. Gou. Why, could yee misse from maister Barnses house
Unto his cunnyberry?
Fran. Whether I could or no, father, I did.
Phil. Father, I did! well, Franke, wilt thou beleeve me,
Thou dost not know how much this same doth greeve me:
Shall it be said thou mist so plaine a way,
When as so faire a wenche did for thee stay?
Fra. Sownes, man!
Phi. Sownes, man! and if thou hadst bin blinde,
The cunny-borow thou needst must finde.
I tell thee, Francis, had it bin my case,
And I had bin a woer in thy place,
I would have laide my head unto the ground,
And sented out my wenches way, like a hound;
I would have crept upon my knees all night,
And have made the flint stones linckes to give me light.
Nay, man, I would ——
Fran. Good Lord, what you would doe!
Well, we shall see one day how you can woe.
M. Gor. Come, come, we see that we have all bin crost;
Therefore lets go, and seeke them we have lost. *Exeunt.*

[Scene Thirteenth. *The Same.*[2]]

Enter MAL.

[*Mal*]. Am I alone? doth not my mother come?
Her torch I see not, which I well might see,
If any way she were comming toward me:
Why, then, belike shees gone some other way;
And may she go till I bid her turne!

[1] So Q 2. Q 1 omits.

[2] E. makes this 'Act v., Sc. 1, *In the Fields*'; but Sir Raph frequents the grove, and Mall takes it in her flight across the fields from the cunny greene.

Farre shall her way be then, and little faire,
For she hath hindered me of my good turne;
God send her wet and wearie ere she turne!
I had beene at Oxenford, and to morrow
Have beene releast from all my maidens sorrow,
And tasted joy, had not my mother bin;
God, I beseech thee, make it her worst sinne!
How many maides this night lyes in their beds,
And dreame that they have lost their maidenheads!
Such dreames, such slumbers I had to[o] enjoyde,
If waking mallice had not them destroide.
A starved man with double death doth dye,
To have the meate might save him in his eye,
And may not have it: so am I tormented,
To starve for joy I see, yet am prevented.
Well, Franke, although thou woedst and quickly wonne,
Yet shall my love to thee be never done;
Ile run through hedge and ditch, through brakes and briers,
To come to thee, sole lord of my desires:
Short woing is the best, an houre, not yeares,
For long debating love is full of feares.
But, hearke! I heare one tread. O, wert my brother,
Or Franke, or any man, but not my mother!

[*Enter* Sir Raph Smith *from the fields.*]

S. Rap. O, when will this same yeare of night have end?
Long lookt for daies sunne, when wilt thou ascend?
Let not this theefe friend, misty vale[1] of night,
Incroach on day, and shadow thy faire light,
Whilst thou com'st tardy from thy Thetes bed,
Blushing foorth, golden haire and glorious red;
O, stay not long, bright lanthorne of the day,
To light my mist way[2] feete to my right way!

Mall. It is a man, his big voice tels me so,
Much am I not acquainted with it tho;
And yet mine eare, sounds true distinguisher,

[1] veil. [2] missed-way.

Boyes [1] that I have been more familiar
With it then now I am: well, I doe judge,
It is not envies fellon, not of grudge [2];
Therefore Ile plead acquaintance, hyer his guiding,
And buy of him some place of close abiding,
Till that my mothers mallice be expired,
And we may joy in that is long desired [*Aside*]. —
Whose there?
Ra. Are ye a maide? — No question this is she
My man doth misse: faith, since she lights on me,
I doe not meane till day to let her goe;
For what [3] she is my mans love I will know [*Aside*]. —
Harke ye, mayde, if mayde, are ye so light
That you can see to wander in the night?
Mal. Harke ye, true man, if true, I tell you, no;
I cannot see at all which way I goe.
Ra. Fayre mayde, ist so? say, had ye nere a fall?
Mal. Fayre man, not so; no, I had none at all.
Ra. Could you not stumble on one man, I pray?
Mal. No, no such blocke till now came in my way.
Ra. Am I that blocke, sweete tripe? then, fall and try.
Ma. The grounds too hard a feather-bed; not I.
Ra. Why, how and you had met with such a stumpe?
Mal. Why, if he had been your height, I meant to jumpe.
Ra. Are ye so nimble?
Mal. Nimble as a doe.
Ra. Backt in a pye.
Mal. Of ye.
Ra. Good meate ye know.
Mall. Ye hunt sometimes?
Ra. I do.
Mal. What take ye?
Ra. Deare.
Mall. You'l nere strike rascall [4]?

[1] (I suppose) Buoys. Dyce.
[2] So Qtos. Dy.: qy. 'fellow?' H. followed by E., "It is no envious fellow, out of grudge."
[3] So Qtos. = 'why.' H. and E. read 'whe'er,' unnecessarily.
[4] a deer lean and out of season. Dyce.

Ra. Yes, when ye are there.
Mal. Will ye strike me?
Rap. Yes: will ye strike againe?[1]
Mall. No, sir; it fits not maides to fight with men.
Ra. I wonder, wench, how I thy name might know.
Mall. Why, you may finde it, sir, in the Christcrosse row.
Rap. Be my schoolemistresse, teach me how to spell it.
Mall. No, faith, I care not greatly if I tell it;
My name is Marie Barnes.
Ra. How, wench? Mall Barnes!
Mal. The verie same.
Rap. Why, this is strange.
Mal. I pray, sir, whats your[2] name?
Raph. Why, sir Raph Smith doth wonder, wench, at this;
Why, whats the cause thou art abroad so late?
Mal. What, sir Raph Smith! nay, then, I will disclose
All the hole cause to him, in him repose
My hopes, my love: God him, I hope, did send
Our loves and both our mothers hates to end. [*Aside*]. —
Gentle sir Raph, if you my blush might see,
You then would say I am ashamed to be
Found, like a wandring stray, by such a knight,
So farre from home at such a time of night:
But my excuse is good; love first by fate
Is crost, controulde,[3] and sundered by fell hate.
Franke Goursey is my love, and he loves me;
But both our mothers hate and disagree;
Our fathers like the match and wish it don;
And so it had, had not our mothers come;
To Oxford we concluded both to go;
Going to meete, they came; we parted so;
My mother followed me, but I ran fast,
Thinking who went from hate had need make hast;
Take me she cannot, though she still persue:
But now, sweet knight, I do repose on you;

[1] It has not seemed necessary to indicate that ll. 64, 65, 66–68, etc., constitute verses; so in nearly every scene. [2] Q 2, *oyure*. [3] See note on *F. B.*, i. 142.

Be you my orator and plead my right,
And get me one good day for this bad night.
Ra. Alas, good heart, I pitty thy hard hap!
And Ile employ all that I may for thee.
Franke Goursey, wench! I do commend thy choyse:
Now I remember I met one Francis,
As I did seeke my man, — then, that was he, —
And Philip too, — belike that was thy brother:
Why, now I find how I did loose myself,
And wander[1] up and down, mistaking so.
Give me thy hand, Mall: I will never leave
Till I have made your mothers friends againe,
And purchast to ye both your hearts delight,
And for this same one bad many a good night.
Twill not be long ere that Aurora will,
Deckt in the glory of a goldon sunne,
Open the christall windowes of the east,
To make the earth enamourde of her[2] face,
When we shall have cleare light to see our way:
Come; night being done, expect a happy day. *Exeunt.*

[Scene Fourteenth. *A Hillside in the Fields.*[3]]

Enter Mistresse Barnes [*with torch*].

Mis. Ba. O, what a race this peevish girle hath led me!
How fast I ran, and now how weary I am!
I am so out of breath I scarce can speake, —
What shall I doe? — and cannot overtake her.
It is[4] late and darke, and I am far from home:
May there not theeves lye watching heere about,
Intending mischiefe unto them they meete?
There may; and I am much affrayde of them,
Being alone without all company.
I doe repent me of my coming foorth;
And yet I do not, — they had else beene married,

[1] Q 1, *wandring*.
[2] So Dy. and other eds. Qtos., 'thy.'
[3] E. includes with preceding scene.
[4] Dy., ''Tis.'

And that I would not for ten times more labour.
But what a winter of colde feare I thole,[1]
Freecing my heart, least danger should betide me!
What shal I do to purchase company?
I heare some hollow here about the fields:
Then here Ile set my torch upon this hill,
Whose light shall beacon-like conduct them to it;
They that have lost theyr way, seeing a light,
For it may be seene farre off in the night,
Will come to it. Well, here Ile lye vnseene,[2]
And looke who comes, and chuse my company:
Perhaps my daughter may first come to it. [*Retires to one side.*]

[*Enter* Mistresse Goursey.]

Mi. Gour. Where am I now? nay, where was I even now?
Nor now, nor then, nor where I shall be, know I.
I thinke I am going home: I may as well
Be[3] going from home; tis so very darke,
I cannot see how to direct a step.
I lost my man, pursuing of my sonne;
My sonne escapt me too: now, all alone,
I am enforst[4] to wander up and downe.
Barnses wife's abroad: pray God, that she
May have as good a daunce, nay, ten times worse!
Oh, but I feare she hath not; she hath light
To see her way. O, that some[5] bridge would breake,
That she might fall into some deep digd ditch,
And eyther breake her bones or drowne her selfe!
I would these mischiefes I could wish to her
Might light on her! — but, soft; I see a light:
I will go neere; tis comfortable,
After this nights sad spirits dulling[6] darknes.
How now? what, is it set to keep it selfe?
Mis. Bar. A plague ont, is she there? [*Aside.*]
Mis. Gou. O, how it cheares and quickens up my thoughts!

[1] So Dy., etc., *i.e.* suffer. Qtos., *stole.*
[2] The order of ll. 20–21 is reversed in Q 2.
[3] Q 1, *Being.*
[4] Q 1, *enforc'st.*
[5] Q 1, *same.*
[6] spirit-dulling.

Mis. Bar. O, that it were the besseliskies fell eye,
To poyson thee! [*Aside.*]
Mi. Gou. I care not if I take it, —
Sure none is here to hinder me, —
And light me home.
Mi. Bar. I had rather she were hangd
Then I should set it there to doe her good. [*Aside.*]
Mis. Go. I faith, I will.
Mi. Ba. I faith, you shall not, mistresse;
Ile venter a burnt finger but Ile have it. [*Aside.*]
Mi. Gou. Yet Barnses wife would chafe, if that she knew
That I had this good lucke to get a light.
Mi. Ba. And so she doth; but praise your[1] lucke at parting.
[*Aside.*]
Mi. Go. O, that it were[2] her light, good faith, that she
Might darkling walke about as well as I!
Mi. Ba. O, how this mads me, that she hath her wish! [*Aside.*]
Mi. Go. How I would laugh to see her trot about!
Mi. Bar. Oh, I could cry for anger and for rage! [*Aside.*]
Mi. Go. But who should set it here, I marvel, a Gods name.
Mi. Bar. One that will hav'te from you, in the devils name.
[*Aside.*]
Mi. Go. Ile lay my life that it was Barnses sonne.
Mi. Ba. No, forsooth, it was Barnses wife.
[*Advancing to seize torch.*]
Mi. Gou. A plague upon her, how she made me start! [*Aside*].—
Mistresse, let go the torch. [*They struggle for it.*]
Mis. Bar. No, but I will not.
Mis. Gou. Ile thrust it in thy face, then.
Mi. Bar. But you shall not.
Mi. Gou. Let go, I say.
Mi. Ba. Let you go, for tis mine.
Mis. Go. But my possession saies, it is none of thine.
Mi. Bar. Nay, I have holde too.
Mi. Gou. Well, let go thy hold,[3] or I will spurn thee.
Mi. Bar. Do; I can spurne thee too.

[1] So Q 1. Q 2, *you.* [2] Q 1, *weere.* [3] Eds. divide line here.

Mi. Go. Canst thou?
Mi. Ba. I, that I can.

Enter Master Goursey *and* Barnes.

M. Gou. Why, how now, woman?[1] how unlike to women
Are ye both now! come, part, come, part, I say.
M. Ba. Why, what immodesty is[2] this in you!
Come, part, I say; fie, fie.
Mi. Ba. Fie, fie! I say, she shall not have my torch. —
Give me thy torch, boy: — I will run a tilt,
And burne out both her eyes in my encounter.
Mi. Go. Give roome, and lets have this hot cariere.[3]
M. Go. I say, ye shall not: wife, go to, tame your thoughts
That are so mad with fury.
M. Ba. And, sweet wife,
Temper your rage with patience; do not be
Subject so much to such misgovernment.
Mi. Bar. Shal I not, sir, when such a strumpet wrongs me?
M. Go. How, strumpet, mistris Barnes! nay, I pray, harke ye:
I oft indeed have heard you call her so,
And I have thought upon it, why ye should
Twit her with name of strumpet; do you know
Any hurt by her, that you terme her so?
M. Ba. No, on my life; rage onely makes her say so.
M. Go. [*with pretended suspicion*]. But I would know whence
this same rage should come;
Whers smoke, theres fire; and my heart misgives
My wives intemperance hath got that name; —
And, mistresse Barnes, I doubt and shrewdly[4] doubt,
And some great cause begets this doubt in me,
Your husband and my wife doth wrong us both.
M. Ba. [*with assumed indignation*]. How! thinke ye so? nay, master Goursey, then,
You run in debt to my opinion,
Because you pay not such advised wisedome
As I thinke due unto my good conceit.

[1] So Q 2. Eds., 'women.' [2] Q 2, *it.* [3] Qtos., *carerie.* [4] Q 1, 'shrowdly.'

M. Go. [*angrily*]. Then still I feare I shall your debter proove.
[*M. Bar.*].[1] Then I arrest you in the name of love;
Not bale, but present answere to my plea;
And in the court of reason we will try
If that good thoughts should beleeve jelousie.
[*They make as if they were fighting.*]

[*Enter* PHILLIP, FRANK, COOMES, *&c.*]

Phil. Why, looke you, mother, this is long of you. —
For Gods sake, father, harke! why, these effects
Come still from womens malice: part, I pray. —
Comes, Wil, and Hodge, come all, and helpe us part them! —
[*They try to part the combatants.*
Father, but heare me speake one word, no more.
Franke. Father, but heare me[2] speake, then use your will.
Phil. Crie peace betweene ye for a little while.
Mi. Gou. [*pulling her husband off*]. Good husband, heare him speake.
Mis. Bar. [*pulling at hers*]. Good husband, heare him.
Coom. [*pulling at* GOURSEY]. Maister, heare him speake; hees a good wise young stripling for his yeeres, I tell ye, and perhaps may speake wiser then an elder body; therefore heare him.
Hod. Master, heare, and make an end; you may kil one another in jest, and be hanged in earnest. [*He parts them.*]
M. Go. Come, let us heare him. — Then, speake quickly, Phillip.
M. Ba. Thou shouldst have done ere this; speak, Phil, speak.
Mis. Bar. O Lord, what haste you make to hurt your selves! —
Good Phillip, use some good perswasions
To make them friends.
Phi. Yes, Ile doe what I can. —
Father, and master Goursey, both attend.
It is presumption in so young a man
To teach where he might learne, or [to][3] derect

[1] So Dyce. Qtos. assign to Goursey. Perhaps Barnes lays his hand on Goursey who shakes it off. A scuffle appears to ensue: cf. ll. 161–163.
[2] So Q 2. But Q 1, 'him,' which Dy., etc., for no sufficient reason prefer.
[3] So Dy. Qtos., *be*.

Where he hath had direction; but in duety
He may perswade as long as his perswase
Is backt with reason and a rightfull sute.
Phisickes first rule is this, as I have learned,
Kill the effect by cutting of the cause:[1]
The same effects of ruffin outrages
Comes by the cause of mallice in your wives;
Had not they two bin foes, you had bin friends,
And we had bin at home, and this same war
In peacefull sleep had nere bin dreamt upon. —
Mother, and mistresse Goursey, to make them friends,
Is to be friends your selves: you are the cause,
And these effects proceed, you know, from you;
Your hates give life unto these killing strifes,
But dye and if that envy dye in you. —
[*The fathers make as if to renew the combat.*]
Fathers, yet stay. — O, speake! — O, stay a while! — [*They desist.*]
Francis, perswade thy mother. — Maister Goursey,
If that my mother will resolve[2] your minde[3]
That tis but meere suspect, not common proofe,
And if my father sweares hees innocent,
As I durst pawne my soule with him he is,
And if your wife vow truth and constancy,
Will you be then perswaded?
M. Gou. Phillip, if thy father will remit
The wounds I gave him, and if these conditions
May be performde, I bannish all my wrath.
M. Bar. And if thy mother will but cleere me, Phillip,
As I am ready to protest I am,
Then master Goursey is my friend againe.
Phi. Harke, mother; now you heare that your desires
May be accomplished; they will both be friends,
If you'l performe these easie[4] articles.
Mi. Ba. Shall I be friends with such an enemy?
Phil. What say you unto my perswase?
Mi. Ba. I say shees my deadly enemie.

[1] Cf. *F.B.*, viii. 75. [2] convince. [3] So Dy. Qtos., *mindes*. [4] So Q 1. Q 2 omits.

Phil. I, but she will be your friend, if you revolt.[1]
Mi. Ba. The words I said! what, shall I eate a truth?
Phi. Why, harke ye, mother.
Fra. Mother, what say you?
Mis. Go. Why, this I say, she slaundered my good name.
Fra. But if she now denie it, tis no defame.
Mi. Go. What, shall I thinke her hate will yeeld so much?
Fra. Why, doubt it not; her spirit may be such.
M. Go. [*Impatient for the reconciliation.*] Why, will it be?
Phi. Yet stay, I have some hope.
Mother, why, mother, why, heare ye.[2]
Give me your hand; it is no more but thus;
Tis easie labour to shake hands with her:
A[3] little breath is spent in speaking of faire words,
When wrath hath violent deliveries.[4]
M. Bar. What, shall we be resolved? [*As if to renew the fray.*]
Mi. Bar. O husband, stay! — [*Stepping between them.*]
Stay, maister Goursey: though your wife doth hate me,
And beares unto me mallice infinite
And endlesse, yet I will respect your safeties;
I would not have you perish by our meanes:
I must confesse that onely suspect,
And no proofe els, hath fed my hate to her.
Mi. Gour. And, husband, I protest by heaven and earth
That her suspect is causles and unjust,
And that I nere had such a vilde intent;
Harme she imaginde, where as none was ment.
Phil. Loe, sir, what would yee more?
M. Bar. Yes, Phillip, this;
That I confirme him in my innocence
By this large universe.
M. Gour. [*with show of continued impatience.*] By that I sweare,
Ile credit none of you, until I heere
Friendship concluded straight betweene them two:

[1] Qy., revoke. Cf. *F. B.*, viii. 144, n.
[2] Dyce thinks something has dropt out here.
[3] Ought probably to be omitted. Dyce.
[4] So Q 2; which is just as intelligible as the 'deliverie' of Q 1 and Eds.

If I see that they willingly will doe,
Then Ile imagine all suspition ends;
I may be then assured, they being friends.
Phil. Mother, make full my wish, and be it so.
Mi. Bar. What, shall I sue for friendship to my foe?
Phil. No: if she yeeld, will you?
Mi. Ba. It may be, I.
Phil. Why, this is well. The other I will trie. —
Come, mistresse Goursey, do you first agree.
Mi. Gour. What, shall I yeeld unto mine enemie?
Phil. Why, if she will, will you?
Mi. Gou. Perhaps I will.
Phil. Nay, then, I finde this goes well forward still.
Mother, give me your hand, — give me yours to[o];
Be not so loath; some good thing I must do;
But lay your torches by. I like not them;
Come, come, deliver them unto your men:
Give me your hands. — So, now, sir, heere I stand,
Holding two angrie women in my hand:
And I must please them both; I could please tone,[1]
But it is hard when there is two to one,
Especially of women; but tis so,
They shall be pleasd whether they will or no. —
Which will come first? what, both give back! ha, neither!
Why, then, yond may helpe that come both together.[2]
So, stand still, stand[3] but a little while,
And see how I your angers will beguile.
Well, yet there is no hurt; why, then, let me
Joyne these two hands, and see how theil agree: [*They kiss.*]
Peace, peace! they crie; looke how they friendly kisse!
Well, all this while there is no harme in this:
Are not these two twins? twins should be both alike,
If tone speakes faire, the tother should not strike:
Jesus, these warriours will not offer blowes!

[1] the one.
[2] H. and E. change, unnecessarily, to "yond help that both may come together."
[3] Qy., *stand* still? Dyce.

Why, then, tis strange that you two should be foes.
O, yes, youle say, your weapons are your tongues;
Touch lip with lip, and they are bound from wrongs:
Go to, imbrace, and say, if you be friends,
That heere the angrie womens quarrels ends. [*They embrace.*]
Mi. Gou. Then heere it ends, if mistres Barnes say so.
Mi. Bar. If you say, I, I list not to say, no.
M. Gou. If they be friends, by promise we agree.
M. Bar. And may this league of friendship ever be!
Phil. What saist thou, Franke? doth not this fall out well?
Fran. Yes, if my Mall were heere, then all were well.

Enter SIR RAPHE SMITH *with* MALL [*who stands aside*].

Raph. Yonder they be, Mall: stay, stand close, and stur not,
Untill I call. — God save yee, gentlemen!
M. Bar. What, sir Raph Smith! you are a welcome man:
We wondred when we heard you were abroad.
Raph. Why, sir, how heard yee that I was abroad?
M. Bar. By your man.
Raph. My man! where is he?
Will. Heere.
Raph. O, yee are a trustie squire!
Nic. It had bin better, and he had said, a sure carde.
Phil. Why, sir?
Nic. Because it is the proverbe.
Phil. Away, yee asse!
Nic. An asse goes a foure legs; I go of two, Christ crosse.
Phi. Hold your tongue.
Nic. And make no more adoe.
M. Gou. Go to, no more adoe. — Gentle sir Raphe,
Your man is not in fault for missing you,
For he mistooke by us, and we by him.
Raph. And I by you; which now I well perceive.
But tell me, gentlemen, what made yee all
Be from your beds this night, and why thus late
Are your wives walking heere about the fields:[1]

[1] Q 1, *fileds.*

Tis strange to see such women of accoumpt
Heere; but I gesse some great occasion.
M. Gour. Faith, this occasion, sir: women will jarre;
And jarre they did to day, and so they parted;
We knowing womens mallice let alone
Will, canker like, eate farther in their hearts,
Did seeke a sodaine cure, and thus it was, —
A match betweene his daughter and my sonne:
No sooner motioned but twas agreed,
And they no sooner saw but wooed and likte:
They have it sought to crosse, and crosse it thus.
Rap. Fye, mistresse Barnes, and mistresse Goursey both;
The greatest sinne wherein your soules may sinne,
I thinke, is this, in crossing of true love:
Let me perswade yee.
Mi. Bar. Sir, we are perswaded,
And I and mistresse Goursey are both friends;
And, if my daughter were but found againe,
Who now is missing, she had my consent
To be disposd off to her owne content.
Raph. I do rejoyce that what I thought to doe,
Ere I begin, I finde already done:
Why, this will please your friends at Abington. —
Franke, if thou seekst that way, there thou shalt finde
Her, whom I holde the comfort of thy minde.
Mall. [*coming forward*]. He shall not seeke me; I will seeke him out,
Since of my mothers graunt I need not doubt.
Mi. Bar. Thy mother graunts, my girle, and she doth pray
To send unto you both a joyfull day!
Hodg. Nay, mistresse Barnes, I wish her better; that those joyfull dayes may be turned to joyfull nights.
Coom. Faith, tis a pretty wench, and tis pitty but she should have him.
Nich. And, mistresse Mary, when yee go to bed, God send you good rest, and a peck a fleas in your nest, every one as big as Francis!

Phil. Well said, wisdome: God send thee wise children!
Nich. And you more money.
Phil. I, so wish I.
Nich. Twill be a good while ere you wish your skin full of ilet holes.
Phil. Franke, harke ye: brother, now your woings doone,
The next thing now you do is for a sonne;
I prithe, for, i faith, I should be glad
To have myselfe cald nunckle, and thou dad. —
Well, sister, if that Francis play the man,
My mother must be grandam, and you mam. —
To it, Francis, — to it, sister! — God send yee joy!
Tis fine to sing, "dansey, my owne sweete boye!"
Fra. Well, sir, jest on.
Phil. Nay, sir,[1] do you jest on.
M. Bar. Well, may she proove a happy wife to him!
M. Gou. And may he proove as happy unto her!
Raph. Well, gentlemen, good hap betide them both!
Since twas my hap thus happily to meete,
To be a witnesse of this sweete contract,
I doe rejoyce; wherefore, to have this joye
Longer present with me, I do request
That all of you will be my promist guests:
This long nights labour dooth desire some rest,
Besides this wished end; therefore, I pray,
Let me deteine yee but a dinner time:
Tell me, I pray, shall I obtaine so much?
M. Bar. Gentle sir Raphe, your courtesie is such
As may impose commaund unto us all;
We will be thankfull bolde at your request.
Phil. I pray, sir Raph, what cheere shall we have?
S. Raph. I faith, countrie fare, mutton and veale,
Perchance a ducke or goose.
Mal. Oh, I am sick!
All. How now, Mall? whats the matter?
Mal. Father and mother, if you needs would know,
He nam'd a goose, which is my stomacks foe.

[1] Q 2, *fie.*

Phil. Come, come, she is with childe of some od jest,
And now shees sicke till that she bring[1] it foorth.
Mal. A jest, quoth you! well, brother, if it be,
I feare twill proove an earnest unto me. —
Goose, said ye, sir? Oh, that same very name
Hath in it much variety of shame!
Of all the birds that ever yet was seene,
I would not have them graze upon this greene;
I hope they will not, for this crop is poore,
And they may pasture upon greater store:
But yet tis pittie that they let them passe,
And like a common bite the Muses grasse.
Yet this I feare; if Franke and I should kisse,
Some creeking goose would chide us with a hisse:
I meane not that goose that sings it knowes not what;[2]
Tis not that hisse when one saies, 'hist, come hither';
Nor that same hisse that setteth dogges together;
Nor that same hisse that by a fire doth stand,
And hisseth T. or F.[3] upon the hand;
But tis a hisse, and Ile unlace my cote,
For I should sound[4] sure, if I heard that note,
And then 'greene ginger for the greene goose' cries,
Serves not the turne, — I turn'd the white of eyes.
The *rosa-solis*[5] yet that makes me live
Is favour[6] that these gentlemen may give;
But if they be displeased, then pleasde am I,
To yeeld my selfe a hissing death to dye:
Yet I hope heeres none consents to kill,
But kindly take the favour of good will.
If any thing be in the pen to blame,
Then here stand I to blush the writers shame:
If this be bad, he promises a better;
Trust him, and he will proove a right true debter. [*Exeunt.*]

[1] Q 1, 'brings.'
[2] A line, which rhymed with this one, has dropt out. Dyce. But H. begins a new line with 'Sings.'
[3] Traitor or Felon. Dyce. [4] Swoon. [5] a cordial. [6] Q 2, 'favours.'

William Shakespeare

AS A COMIC DRAMATIST

A Monograph by Edward Dowden, LL.D., Professor in Trinity College, Dublin.

SHAKESPEARE AS A COMIC DRAMATIST

The Essentials of Shakespearian Comedy. — The Comedies of Shakespeare, which form more than a third part of his dramatic work, belong to every period of his career as a writer, except one. During a few years, soon after the opening of the seventeenth century, he turned away from comedy, or rather he was drawn by some irresistible attraction to explore the tragic depths of life, and for a time its bright or variegated surface was lost to view. The results of his passionate inquisition of evil entered into the spirit of his latest plays, which we might name "romances" rather than "comedies," and hence the study of Shakespeare's lighter and brighter work cannot be wholly dissociated from the study of that in which terror and pity are the presiding powers.

To conceive Shakespearian comedy aright we must disconnect the word "comedy" from the associations derived from its adjectives "comic" and "comical"; we must recognize the fact that, though laughter is one of its incidents, laughter is not its end. Our chief living master of the carte and tierce of wit, Mr. George Meredith, describes folly as the natural prey of the comic spirit, "known to it in all her transformations, in every disguise; and it is with the springing delight of hawk over heron, hound after fox, that it gives her chase, never fretting, never tiring, sure of having her, allowing her no rest." Shakespeare's comedy includes the intellectual delight of chasing down folly and being in at the death, but this is not its main purpose. Nor is he eager to assume the part of the indignant moral satirist. It is not he but Ben Jonson, in the person of Asper, who announces that "with an armèd and resolvèd hand" he will

> "Strip the ragged follies of their time
> Naked as at their birth . . .
> . . . and with a whip of steel
> Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs."

Shakespeare on occasions can wield the whip of steel, but it is when for a time he parts company with the spirit of comedy. Moral truth radiates through all the world of his creation, but he does not suppose that morality is served by being outrageously moral; in writing comedy he has more faith in sunshine as a sanative agent than in lightning and tempest. If he is ever contemptuous, it is because the pitifulness of such a baffled pretender as Parolles, or of such lean-witted conspirators as Antonio and Sebastian, admits of no other feeling. From personal satire he, unlike several of his contemporaries, wholly abstained, unless, indeed, the theory holds good, which finds in *Troilus and Cressida* that purge given by the player Shakespeare — so Kempe tells Burbage in *The Return from Parnassus* — to the pestilent fellow, Ben Jonson.

Perhaps it is impossible to include under any single general conception works which differ from each other as widely as *The Comedy of Errors*, *Measure for Measure*, and *The Tempest;* but if we cannot seize it as a whole, we may see from a little distance this side and that of comedy as understood by Shakespeare. Its vital centre is not an idea, an abstraction, a doctrine, a moral thesis, but something concrete — persons involved in an action. When philosophical critics assure us that the theme of *The Merchant of Venice* is expressed by the words *Summum jus*, *summa injuria*, or that it exhibits "man in relation to money," we admire the motto they discovered in their nut, and prefer the kernel in our own. The persons and the action are placed in some region, which is neither wholly one of fantasy nor yet one encumbered with the dross of actuality. Aery spirits, an earth-born Caliban, Robingoodfellow, the king and queen of Faery, may make their incursion into it, yet it is in the truest sense the haunt and home of "human mortals." The finer spirit of the poet's own age is forever present, but he makes no laborious effort to imitate life in the lower sense of reproducing contemporary manners. He turns away from his own country. Once — by command — Sir John Falstaff makes love to the laughing bourgeois wives of Windsor; but to comply with the necessity Shakespeare's comedy descends from verse to prose. Ben Jonson's invention is at home in Cob's Court and Picthatch, in the aisle of Paul's, or among the booths of Bartholomew Fair; having

disguised the characters of his first important play under Italian names, he rightly christened them anew as Londoners. Shakespeare's imagination, throwing off the burden of the actual, desported itself in the Athenian moonlit wood and on the yellow sands of the enchanted island, under green boughs in Arden, in the garden at Belmont, in the palace of Illyria, at the shepherd's festival in Bohemia.

The action corresponds with the environment. In the great tragedies Shakespeare may on rare occasions demand certain postulates at the outset. These having been granted, the plot evolves itself within the bounds of the credible. In *King Lear* the opening scene puts some strain upon our imaginative belief, but Shakespeare received the legend as it had been handed down to him, and all that follows the opening scene — though the action is vast and monstrous — obeys an order and logic which compel our acquiescence. It is not always so, if we refuse its claims to fancy, in Shakespearian comedy. In a region which borders on the realm of fantasy we must be prepared to accept many happy surprises. Our desire for happiness inclines our hearts to a pleasant credulity; if chance at the right moment intervenes, it comes as our own embodied hope. When all and every one in Arden wood, save Jaques, are on their way to wedlock, like couples coming to the ark, we are not disposed to question the reality of that old religious man upon the borders of the forest who suddenly converts the usurping Duke, and turns back the mighty power which he had set on foot. We are grateful for such hermits and such convertites.

The characters again correspond in comedy with the environment and with the action. In tragedy character is either from the first fully formed and four-square, or, if it is developed by events, it develops in accordance with an internal law. Passion runs its inevitable course, like a great wave driven of the wind, and breaks with thunder upon the shoal of death. The human actors disappear; only the general order of the world and the eternal moral law endure. But in comedy the individual must be preserved, and must at the close enter into possession of happy days; if he has erred through folly or vice, his error has not been mortal; he may in the last scene of the fifth act swiftly change his moral disposition as he

would change his outward garb. The traitor Proteus is suddenly restored to his better mind, and Valentine is generous enough to resign to the repentant traitor all his rights in Silvia. Bertram, who almost to the last entangles himself in a network of dastardly lies, is rescued from his dishonesty and foolish pride by a successful trick, and becomes the loyal husband of Helena. The Duke Orsino transfers his amorous homage from his "fancy's queen" Olivia to his "fancy's queen" Viola with a most convenient facility. Angelo discovers his own baseness in the moment when he perceives it is discovered by the world, and is straightway virtuous enough to bring the happiness required by a fifth act to the wronged Mariana. Even Iachimo — the Iago of a comedy — makes sorrowful confession of his villany, and restores the purloined bracelet and the ill-won ring. Such transformations as these indicate that even as regards character the law of comedy is a law of liberty. When it suits Shakespeare's purpose, the study of character can be profound and veracious; when occasion requires it, incident becomes all-important, and character yields to the requirements of the situation.

In truth, while it may be said that in Shakespearian tragedy character is fate, in Shakespearian comedy, among the contrasts and surprises which form so abundant a source of its vivacity, not the least effective contrast is that of character set over, as it were, against itself, not the least effective surprise is that of character entering upon new phases under the play of circumstance. The unity and logic of character may not in reality be impaired, but the unity is realized in and through diversity. In punning, a word is made to play a double part; it jostles its other self, and laughter ensues. What is so single and indivisible as personality? But if John is mistaken for Thomas, accident seems to triumph over law, and the incongruity arises of a doubled personal identity — the apparent and the real. Antipholus, of Syracuse, like the little woman of the nursery rhyme, whose sense of personality was dependent on the length of her petticoats, is almost persuaded that he is other than himself. If Viola disguises in doublet and hose, she secures by anticipation the victory of Sebastian over Olivia's heart, while in her own heart she endures a woman's hidden love for the Duke. One man in his brief time on Shakespeare's comic stage may play many parts.

The ascetic scholars of Navarre are transformed into the most gallant of lovers and the most ingenious of sonneteers. Katherine the curst becomes more resolute in her wifely submission than she had been in her virgin *sauvagerie*. Signior Benedick, who challenged Cupid at the flight, in due time alters to Benedick, the married man; my dear Lady Disdain, in pity for him, and a little in pity for herself, has yielded upon great persuasion. If, as Montaigne teaches us, man is the most variable of animals, perhaps we learn as important a truth about human nature from Shakespeare's comedies as from his more profound study of the fatality of character and passion in the tragedies.

The essentials of Shakespearian comedy at its best are, after all, simple and obvious enough — a delightful story, conducted, in some romantic region, by gracious and gallant persons, thwarted or aided by the mirthful god, Circumstance, and arriving at a fortunate issue. Such would not serve as a description of the comedies of Ben Jonson. He is pleased to keep us during the greater part of five laborious acts in the company of knaves and gulls, and at the close, poetic justice is satisfied with the detection of folly and a general retribution descending on evil-doers. Shakespeare, in comedy, is no such remorseless justicer. Don John, the bastard, is reserved for punishment, but it shall be upon the morrow, and the punishment shall be such as the mirthful Benedick may devise. Parolles escapes lightly with the laughter of Lafeu, and mockery, qualified by a supper, will not afflict him beyond endurance. Lucio is condemned to marry the mother of his child, which is so dire an evil that all other forfeits are remitted. Sir John Falstaff will join the rest by Mistress Page's country fire in jesting at his own disfiture. Even Shylock is not wholly overwhelmed; he shall have godfathers and a godmother at his baptism, and remain in possession of half his worldly goods. Sebastian may live and discover that he is morally superior to Caliban, the thief, and Stephano, the drunkard. Iachimo kneels and receives the free forgiveness of Posthumus.

But if Shakespeare, in comedy, is niggard of punishment, he is liberal in rewards. And since almost all the stories he chooses for his comic stage are stories of love and lovers, what grand reward

can be reserved for the fifth act so fitting as the reward of love? In the seventeenth century masque amid all its mythological, fantastic, or humorous diversities, one point, or pivot, of the action remained fixed — the incidents must give occasion to a dance of the masquers. So in Shakespearian comedy we may, with almost equal certainty, reckon upon a marriage, or more marriages than one, in act, or in immediate prospect, before the curtain closes. Or, if not a marriage, for the lovers may be wedded lovers at the opening, then, after division, or separation of husband and wife, what we may call a remarriage, with misunderstandings cleared up and faults forgiven. When Shakespeare wrote his earlier plays he was himself young, and his gaze was fixed upon the future; exultant lovers begin their new life, and the song of joy is an epithalamium. When he wrote his latest plays, he was no longer young, and he thought of the blessedness of recovering the happy past, of knitting anew the strained or broken bonds of life, of connecting the former and the latter days in natural piety. Youth still must have its rapture; Florizel must win his royal shepherdess, queen of curds and cream; the nuptials of Ferdinand and Miranda, "these, our dear-beloved," must be duly solemnized at Naples; but Shakespeare's temper is no longer the temper of youth; he is of the company of Hermione and Prospero, and the music of the close is a grave and spiritual harmony.

Between the first scene and the last the path in comedy is beset with obstacles and dangers, past which love must find a way — "the course of true love never did run smooth." These may be either internal — some difficulty arising from character, or external — difference of blood or of rank, the choice of friends, slanderous tongues, rival passions, the spite of fortune. The resolution of the difficulty must be of a corresponding kind; temper, or rash determination, must yield to the predominance of love, or the external obstacles must be removed by well-directed effort, or by a happy turn of events. The young king of Navarre and his fellow-students are immured by their ascetic vow of culture; Isabella is all but ceremonially pledged to the life of religion; Olivia is secluded by her luxury of sentimental sorrow; Beatrice, born to be a lover, is at odds with love through her pride of independence and wilful

mirth; Bertram has the young colt's pleasure in freedom, refuses to be ranged, and suffers from the haughty blindness of youth, which cannot recognize its own chief need and highest gain. All such rebels against love will be subdued in good time. On the other hand, it is her father who has decreed that Hermia shall be parted from Lysander; both father and mother have rival designs for marring the destiny of sweet Nan Page; a false friend and fickle lover separates Valentine and Silvia; a malignant plotter, who would avenge on all happy creatures the wrong of his own base birth, strikes down Hero with the blow of slander as she stands before the altar. But love has on its side gallantry and resource, loyalty and valour, the good powers of nature and the magic of the moonlit faery wood; and so, over the mountains and over the waves, love at last finds out a way.

Love being the central theme of Shakespearian comedy, laughter cannot be its principal end, and cruel or harsh laughter is almost necessarily excluded. But the laughter of joy rings out in the earlier and middle comedies, and a smile, beautiful in its wisdom and serenity, illuminates the comedies of his closing period. If satire is present, it is only on rare occasions a satire of manners; it deals rather with something universal, a satire of the fatuity of self-lovers, of the power which the human heart has of self-deception, or it is a genial mockery of the ineptitude of brainless self-importance, or the little languid lover's amorous endeavours, or the lumbering pace of heavy-witted ignorance, which cannot catch a common meaning, even by the tail; at its average rate of progress the idea whisks too swiftly from the view of such slow gazers.

The dramatis personæ form a large and varied population, ranging in social rank from the king to the tinker and the bellows-mender. Princes, dukes, courtiers, pages, dissolute gallants, soldiers, sailors, shepherds, clowns, city mechanicals, the country justice, the constable and head-borough, the schoolmaster, the parson, the faithful old servant, the lively waiting-maid, roysterers, humourists, light-fingered rogues, foreign fantasticoes, middle-class English husbands and wives, Welshman, Frenchman, Spaniard, Italian, Jew, noble and gracious ladies, country wenches, courtesans, childhood, youth, manhood, old age, the maiden, the wife, the widow — all sorts and

conditions of human mortals occupy the scene, while on this side enters Caliban, bearing his burden of pine-logs, and Ariel flies overhead upon the bat's back, on the other, the offended king of faery frowns upon Titania, and claims his pretty Eastern minion.

The characters are ordinarily ranged, with an excellent effect on dramatic perspective, in three groups or divisions. The lovers and their immediate friends or rivals occupy the middle plane. Above them are persons of influence or authority by virtue of age or rank, on whom in some measure the fortunes of the lovers depend. Below them are the humbler aiders and abettors of their designs, or subordinate figures lightly attached to the central action, yet sometimes playing into the hands of benevolent Chance, and always ready to diversify the scene, to enliven the stage, to afford a breathing-space between passages of high-wrought emotion, to fill an interval with glittering word-play or unconscious humour, to save romance from shrill intensity or too aerial ascension by the contact of reality. Shakespeare in comedy was hardly quite happy until he had found his Duke and his clown; then he had the space in which he could move at ease; love remains his central theme, but it is love which rises out of life; his principal figures are rendered more distinct, are seen more in the round, because they stand out from a rich and various background.

Intrigue; and the Treatment of Materials. — The intrigue of Shakespeare's comedies is seldom of his own creation. He understood by "invention" something finer or rarer than the construction of a plot. The greatest workers in literature — we must perhaps except Dante — have been the *trouvères*, the finders. To form a being out of the clay, and to breathe into its nostrils the breath of life is an act of creation in the finest sense of the word. What is material and mechanical Shakespeare willingly accepts from others; his range of invention is almost without limit, but it is invention in the spiritual world. No sufficient sources have been found for his earliest comedy — *Love's Labour's Lost* — and for what was perhaps his latest — *The Tempest*; it does not follow, however, that in these instances he varied from his customary practice. When Shakespeare dealt with the substantial matter of history, he remained upon his native soil, until through Plutarch he

discovered Rome. No dramatist of his age is more truly an English patriot; no other evocation of the past in poem or play is so truly alive or so truly national as that effected in Shakespeare's series of chronicle histories; and with his English history he has connected his robustest piece of comedy — no romance of love, but a comedy of character, essentially national in its humour, its exultant mirth, its pathos, the chronicle history of King Falstaff on his tavern throne. But breathing the air of the English Renaissance, he turned away in his romantic comedies from his own country to Italy, the land of romance. Once — in *Cymbeline* — he is a debtor to Holinshed, but Holinshed has here to summon Boccaccio to his aid. Even *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, as far as we can trace its sources, is indebted for some of its laughable adventures to the Italian *novelle*. Twice Shakespeare borrowed the plots of comedies from tales by contemporary writers of England, — *As You Like It* is founded upon Lodge's *Rosalynde; The Winter's Tale*, upon Greene's *Pandosto*. But although Lodge's story was in part derived from a poem of rough and humble incidents, characteristically English, it was transformed in his hands into a much-embroidered amorous pastoral of the Renaissance, and Greene's *Pandosto* is equally a product of exotic southern culture.

Boccaccio, Bandello, Cinthio, elder English dramas derived from Italian sources, Spanish pastoral romance — these furnished the booty on which Shakespeare laid hands with the right of a conqueror. He selected, omitted, altered, added, moulding the mass of material with plastic hands, which are gentle because they are strong. Frequently he complicates the intrigue; sometimes he entangles a secondary plot with the primary; sometimes he emends the ethics, or purifies the atmosphere, or saves some cherished character from dishonour; in many instances he creates new personages, who are the interpreters of his own wisdom or humour or gracious temper. Thus in *As You Like It*, though the loves of Orlando and Rosalind are transposed from the languid artificial pastoral of Lodge into the spirited wood-notes of Shakespeare, we look in vain through Lodge's romance for the sentimental-cynical Jaques, dilettante collector of curious experiences, for Touchstone, the courtier-clown, with his logic of nice distinctions, for Audrey, no Dresden-china

shepherdess, but fascinating to her ingenious suitor by virtue of her robust charms and her flattering inferiority of brain. Again, in *Twelfth Night* the character of Malvolio and of the whole group of his tormentors — Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Fabian, Feste, Maria — are added to his originals by Shakespeare. The languorous love-in-idleness of the Duke Orsino, and Olivia's sadness prepense demanded a contrast, and in Shakespeare's imagination sprang up this crew of toper and droll and slender-witted gentlemen, and mischief-loving maid, who seem to take hands and dance around the solemn figure of that deluded magnifico of domestics. To cite but one other example, how would *Much Ado about Nothing* dwindle if Beatrice and Benedick, its brain of wit and pulse of gallantry, were to disappear from the scene! But these, and with them the office-bearing majesty of Dogberry, prince of constables, and the astute intelligence of goodman Verges ("an old man, sir; but honest as the skin between his brows") are engrafted by Shakespeare on the original of Bandello.

Relation to Predecessors and Contemporaries. — From his predecessors and early contemporaries Shakespeare doubtless learnt whatever it was in their power to teach; at the same time he started forth on ways of his own. In Lyly he saw how something of the ideality of the masque could be transferred to comedy; how comedy could escape from the grosser world of the actual to a realm of courtly classical fantasy; how action could be suspended to give scope for the play of sparkling or ingenious dialogue in prose; how dainty song could come to the aid of speech which threatened to grow tedious; how disguises of sex could lead to delicate and diverting confusions. But Shakespeare must have perceived the lack of human interest in Lyly's plays; the deficiency of action, which often causes the progress of the piece to languish or to cease; the slight or colourless characterization; the mechanical artificiality, and monotonous balance of certain elements in Euphuistic prose. What was sprightly and ingenious in Lyly's dialogue he preserved; but of Euphuism in the strict sense we find nothing in Shakespeare's plays, except a passage of mockery, appropriately introduced where Falstaff in the tavern discourses as a moralizing father to that well-bred youth, Prince Hal, — "For

though the camomile the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth the more it is wasted the sooner it wears." Nor, unless it be the passage describing Oberon's vision of Cupid aiming his shaft at the fair vestal throned in the West, does he follow Lyly in mythological allegory, which conceals and betrays contemporary persons and events.

In the comedies of Robert Greene examples already existed of the romantic tale of love and lovers handled in dramatic fashion. Amid the vulgar surroundings of his sorry London life, Greene preserved a certain purity of idyllic imagination. His comely maidens and loyal wives, tried and true, had shown how important and how attractive a part may be borne by women upon the comic stage. He had exhibited with some skill the art of connecting two intrigues — the primary and the subordinate. He had placed comic matter side by side with matter which approximated to tragic. He could pass from verse to prose, and could mingle with blank verse, sometimes brocaded with ornament but often fresh and sweet, easy rhymed couplets and such other arrangements of rhyme as Shakespeare practised in his early plays. But he often erred through an attempt at Marlowesque magnificence and through the pride and pomp of pseudo-classical decoration. He lacked that humour of good sense, directed upon oneself, which warns a writer when he is in danger of falling into absurdity. His ludicrous scenes do not always assist the more serious or romantic matter of the play; they are too much of the nature of an interlude or divertissement. His feeling for what is laughable was somewhat primitive and crude; a vigorous bout at quarter-staves, a lusty drubbing, the extravagant pranks of a mediæval devil, were simple and unfailing receipts to shake the ribs of the groundlings. If Shakespeare was a pupil of Greene's in comedy, he was an intelligent pupil, who knew what to remember and what to forget.

Except as regards the form of his verse and prose it cannot be said that Shakespeare, as a writer of comedy, was ever in a true sense in discipleship to any master. He found suggestions, and used them, but he took his own way. The history of his development consists in great measure in the gradual coalescing of the various faculties from which poetry may be derived. In his latest

comedies intellect and emotion are fused together; wit has been taken up into moral wisdom; imagination in its highest reach is united with the simple, primary feelings of our humanity; gaiety and seriousness interpenetrate each other; tenderness and pity are alive in the breast of the comic Muse; the laughter is often the laughter of human sympathy and of a pathetic joy; if we smile at the quaint forms of the hieroglyph of life, we know that it has a deep and sacred meaning. From the outset Shakespeare thought of comedy as a mirror of human life, which should reflect things sad and serious as well as mirthful, and which by its magic power should convert pain into pleasure; but the two elements of Shakespearian comedy exist side by side in the earliest plays; they are not yet fused into one. In the main, Shakespeare at first relied upon his nimble brain, and aimed at exciting laughter by comic surprises, contrasts, and incongruities which lie upon the surface of things and are the offspring of accident rather than of character. His delight in wit-combats and word-play is a transference to language of the same feeling which made him delight in the errors and disguisings of his persons. There is a laughter which arises from no profounder cause than titillation; the harlequinade of words, leaping one over the other, parrying, riposting, and suddenly disappearing under a mask of invisibility, yet still striking, as it were, out of the shadow, serves as a titillation of the brain.

Shakespeare's Development as a Comic Dramatist. — In his earliest group of comedies, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, dating perhaps from about 1590 to about 1594, Shakespeare experimented in various directions. We might name the group that of his transformation plays. The comic surprise, the comic incongruity is that of man suddenly converted from his true to a false self or from a false self to a true. Human will is here the sport of nature or the sport of accident. Nothing is but what is not. The vowed students of Navarre are betrayed into the very opposite of their assumed selves by the power of nature and of love. Proteus, the servant of Julia, the comrade of Valentine, forsakes his mistress and his friend, and is as suddenly reconverted. The brothers Antipholus and the brothers Dromio are so shuffled together by the juggler Chance,

that we question if any personal identity will survive and reëmerge at the close. Whether Lysander and Demetrius will awake the rival lovers of Helena or the rival lovers of Hermia, or whether Lysander will love Hermia and Demetrius Helena, depends on the merest luck of fairy-land. But nature and luck are on the side of love; all will be set right before the end. And because women lie closer to nature than men, and their affections hold the bent with the directness and certainty of nature, they are true and constant to themselves, neither deluding their hearts with pseudo-ideals, nor changed by the play of circumstances from what they are, but using their woman's wit and woman's will to attain their proper ends.

Love's Labour's Lost has the air of a young writer's effort to be original, and to dazzle by unflagging cleverness; whence at times a tedium of wit. Shakespeare seems to have resolved to owe his plot to no man, with the result that it is somewhat too much a prepared vehicle for the exposition of an idea. The little cloister of culture, where education is to be a fine art removed from nature, is invaded by woman, and with the entrance of woman enters nature, which has more of wisdom to impart than all the academies or schools. The denouement must be as original as the general design; death arrives in the midst of mirth; there shall be no weddings in the fifth act; love's labour is lost; or, if not lost, its reward is deferred a twelvemonth; the scholars turned lovers are still infected with something of unreality and affectation, exhaling their sentiment in Petrarchan ingenuities, and one of them, Biron, with his mocking humour, takes life too proudly and wilfully; the mad girls of France are at heart serious, and they will test their lovers by a year of genuine probation, then, and not till then, the marriage bells shall ring. The Spanish fantastico, Don Adriano, towering in stature, though not in wit, above his minion page, and the learned schoolmaster Holofernes, much admired of his companion pedant, the curate, resemble stock figures of Italian comedy. Affectations of language — the decorated dialect of fashion, the pedantries of scholarship not too profound — are also departures from nature, and must submit to the laughter of good sense. Nature may, indeed, be mended by art, for nature in its first rudiments, as seen in honest Costard and goodman Dull, is not wholly

a thing of beauty and of joy, but the art which mends nature must be, as the wise Polixenes afterwards declared, an art that nature makes. *Love's Labour's Lost* — the *Précieuses ridicules* of Shakespeare, but with men for the presenters of preciosity and women as the exponents of good sense — is a comedy of dialogue rather than of incident. The stage is kept alive with much tossing about of brains in wit-encounters, with maskings and disguisings, and with that marred show of the Nine Worthies, a heroi-comic forerunner of the tedious, brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisbe, in which the hard-handed men of Athens appear before Duke Theseus.

The Comedy of Errors is a comedy of incident. Here Shakespeare accepts his plot, his chief characters, and their adventures from Plautus. But the adventures are complicated by his addition of the two Dromios, which more than doubles the possibilities of ludicrous confusion. The fun cannot be too fast or furious; the unexpected always happens; the discovery is staved off to the fifth act with infinite skill; the nearer each brother approaches his fellow, the more impossible it becomes for them to meet. Nowhere has Shakespeare ravelled and unravelled the threads of an intrigue with such incomparable dexterity as in this early play. But Shakepeare's imagination could not rest satisfied with a farce, however laughable or however skilfully conducted. His vein of lyrical poetry breaks forth in the love-episode, for the sake of which he created Luciana. And he has set the entire comic business in a romantic and pathetic framework — the story of the afflicted old Ægeon and the Ephesian abbess, in whom he discovers his lost wife. The play opens with grief and the doom of death impending over an innocent life; it closes, after a cry of true pathos, with reconciling joy, and the interval is filled with laughter that peals to a climax. This is not the manner of Plautus; but laughter with Shakespeare would seem hard and barren — the crackling of thorns under a pot, — if it were wholly isolated from grief and love and joy.

Shakespeare did not again attempt the comedy of mere incident. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* he struck into his favourite tune — the comedy of romance. Among its sources is the Spanish pastoral of Jorge de Montemayor, but the scene is Italy, the

woman-country wooed in this play before it was wed by the imagination of its poet in *The Merchant of Venice*. The theme is love, its fidelity and its infidelity — love with its incalculable surprises, love with its unalterable constancy. The characters are lightly yet gracefully outlined; there are the grave and reverend seniors; the contrasted pairs of lovers; the waiting-woman; and the clownish men-servants, to whom the business of laughter is intrusted. The persons are somewhat mechanically set over, one against the other, — Valentine the loyal against the fickle Proteus, Silvia the sprightly against the tender Julia, Speed the professional wit against Launce the unconscious humourist, whose filial affections and amorous desires for the milkmaid, who has more qualities than a water-spaniel, are only secondary to his devotion to the cur Crab, a dog, indeed, to whose share some canine errors fall, but endowed with more qualities than a wilderness of milkmaids. The disguising of Julia in masculine attire anticipates many such disguisings in later comedies. It is no frolic masking like that of the girls of France, but part of the serious-playful romance of a woman's brave and gentle heart. The blank verse is sweet and regular rather than swift or powerful in dramatic movement; rhyme is less frequently used than heretofore; the prose of Launce's soliloquies has a homely directness and vigour.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* comedy becomes lyrical. Character is subordinate to incident, but incident here has a dreamlike quality, which unites itself with the poetry of a fantastic world. It is a comedy of errors, — the errors of a night, — but the confusions are not external and material as in the adventures of the brothers Antipholus; they are inward and psychological; the bewilderment is one of passions, not of persons. The triumph of the poet lies before all else in the power which he shows of harmonizing materials seemingly the most incongruous. The magnificence of Theseus and his Amazonian bride, — power in the full tide of prosperity, — the crossed and wayward loves of youths and maidens, the minikin-mighty strifes of fairy-land and its roguish sports, the artistic pains and illustrious ineptitude of the crew of hempen homespuns — all these are wrought together in a dream which we accept with a tranquil and delighted wonder.

The power of the human will is, as it were, suspended in this play of elfland magic. Before *The Merchant of Venice* was written, Shakespeare's feeling for dramatic action and passion had been deepened and invigorated by his progress in dealing with English history and probably by the creation of a great tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, the tragedy of love and youth and death. *The Merchant of Venice* is Shakespeare's first, and perhaps his most remarkable, example of the comedy of character. Here we pass from the realm of caprice to that of human volition. A passive object, the merchant, is placed in the midst as a prize to be contended for by forces naturally adverse — the passion of concentrated revenge and the spirit of charity, armed with the brightest weapons of intelligence. The masculine and the feminine powers enter upon a single combat, and victory remains with mercy and love, the "Ewigweibliche." No such figure as that of Shylock had previously appeared upon the English stage. In his person Shakespeare not only lays bare the nerve and muscle of a wrestler in the game of life, but studies the darker and sadder features of a race. He is no incredible monster like the Barabas of Marlowe, but a man, whose origins and environment have made him what he is; whom, therefore, we understand and whom in his very pitilessness we are constrained to pity. Nor had the English stage hitherto seen any woman so complex in her various powers of intellect, emotions, will, so single in their harmonious coöperance, as the noble lady of Belmont. The same energy of resolve which makes her the armed champion of Antonio had lain hidden in her loyalty to the arduous conditions of her father's will. The dramatist in this play postulates our acceptance of certain external improbabilities; these concessions made, all things are wrought out in accordance with the laws of life. The spirit of tragedy here is neighbour to the comic spirit, yet observes the finest decorum. Two actions — that of the caskets and that of the pound of flesh — work into each other without a jar and become one. The characters are grouped with perfect freedom and with an exact, though unobtruded, ordonnance, for Shakespeare's art had now learnt to conceal itself. The fifth act of the play is a kind of lovely epilogue, where, after the strained anxiety of the trial-scene, joy is preserved from its own excess by the instinct of self-mockery.

It may be that the humbler humorous scenes of the English historical plays on which he was now engaged drew down the imagination of Shakespeare as a writer of comedy from romance to realism, and made him content to work for a little while in rougher material. *The Taming of the Shrew*, whatever its chronological place may be, is only a spirited adaptation of an older play, and is chiefly interesting as an example of Shakespeare's art in transposing, developing, enriching with detail, the ideas of a predecessor, and as a demonstration of the temper with which he could kindle a predecessor's *allegro* into an *allegro con brio*. With old Sly's son of Burton heath, the village sot, he was upon his native soil, and he could heighten his original with low-life reminiscences of Warwickshire taverns. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is a direct offshoot from the greater comedy of Falstaff which is incorporated in the historical plays. The tradition that it was hastily written by command of Queen Elizabeth, who desired to see "Falstaff in love," relieves us from the necessity of supposing that Shakespeare voluntarily degraded his indomitable jester into the flouting-stock of a bourgeois fabliau, "Well I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; . . . ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will." That Shakespeare should throw himself with spirit into his task was a crime for which he earns our forgiveness by its successful issue. The merry wives are honest buxom dames, without a grain of real malice in them. The French physician and the Welsh parson murder the Queen's English with as happy a valiance as that of Fluellen and the Princess Katharine in *King Henry V.* Slender is the most delightfully incompetent of wooers — a Romeo *manqué* of Windsor, whose amorous passion waits upon his cousin Shallow's promptings and whose wit is mislaid with his Book of Riddles. The buck-basket and the old woman of Brentford are very palpable jokes, which the crassest gentleman-usher or emptiest-headed maid-in-waiting could not miss. There are the proper topical allusions to call forth an interchange of smiling mutual intelligence. Altogether *The Merry Wives* was a comedy delicate enough for a queen. For such a play the proper medium was prose; verse is reserved for the slender love-episode of Fenton and Anne Page, and for the scenes connected with the fairy disguising.

As the pressure of the English historical plays lightened, Shakespeare could turn again to Italy and to romance. In *The Merry Wives* he had grouped his characters in a circle around a gross old self-lover, whom it was their business to delude and mock. Perhaps the same device could be refined upon and turned to romantic uses. Falstaff had professed love and had been convicted of sordid self-interest. What if a pair of high-spirited persons, touched with the egotism of self-sufficingness and wilful wit, and professing a superiority to the toys of lovers, could be ensnared into that deep mutual passion which was in truth written for them in the book of fate? But there must be something deeper here than a jest; such brave union of hearts must be cemented by a common effort to confront the sorrow of the world. At this time, perhaps, Shakespeare was concerned with his revision of *Love's Labour's Lost*. Might not Biron and Rosaline be reincarnated, and in place of that crude test of a twelve months' visitation of the speechless sick decreed for Biron, might not an immediate test of valiant manhood be discovered, and the newer Biron come to the happy ending of love's labour's won? In Beatrice and Benedick a brilliant centre was found for the play of *Much Ado about Nothing*. The high spirits, which gave life to *The Shrew* and *The Merry Wives* are here refined by gallantry and beauty, wit and grace, and by the presence of injury and pain. The other *dramatis personæ* gather around the hero and heroine to beguile them into love; the passion begotten of a jest is brought forth in sorrow, and sorrow at the close is converted into joy. With so much of quick and lambent dialogue as Beatrice and Benedick have to utter, we want no outstanding jester here; his speech would be an impertinence; but we need a counterfoil to wit in the unconscious humour of a Dogberry and a Verges; and these worthies assist effectively in the action of the play; Fate, the sphinx, assumes an ironic smile; the dulness of a blundering watchman unties a knot which has foiled the dexterity of the wise.

The comedy which followed *Much Ado about Nothing* is one of sunshine and dappled shadow under the greenwood of Arden. Landseer's companion pictures, "War" and "Peace," find a parallel in Shakespeare's *King Henry V.* and *As You Like It*, which probably belong to the same year; and the scene of both the history and the

comedy is laid in France. He would have left untouched a favourite theme of the Renaissance if he had wholly neglected the pastoral; but Shakespeare felt that the conventional pastoral alone, with its cruel shepherdess and sighing swain, however suitable for a piece of poetical tapestry, could not furnish the life and body and movement demanded by the stage. His Silvius and Phœbe, Arcadians of the mode and rhetoricians in verse, are presented with a certain reserved irony; the veritable rustics are William, whose pretty wit chiefly manifests itself in monosyllabic answers, and the wench Audrey, whom the gods did not make poetical. Touchstone, a clown among courtiers, is a courtier among clowns. The other persons of the comedy are of the high-bred class, in the midst of which the dramatist's imagination moved with most pleasure, but here they are transported into a delightful open-air environment, which breathes a freshness and sweetness into their spirits. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and especially of such adversity as that of Rosalind, which enables her, in her disguise as Ganymede, to assist in her own wooing and to play the part of a benevolent goddess of destiny for several pairs of lovers including Orlando and herself. We learn from a play of Ben Jonson's of the same date that melancholy was a genteel fashion of the day. Shakespeare, on the suggestion of a current affectation, created in Jaques a character which was wholly original. Humourist, sentimentalist, critic, and cynic, he is the self-conscious seeker for new experiences, the dilettante collector of curiosities to be labelled in his museum as states of a human soul.

The midsummer of Shakespeare's comedy is reached in *Twelfth Night*. Was it his effort to resist the invasion of sadder thought which raised its mirth to the reeling heights of Sir Toby's Illyrian bacchanals? We dare not venture such a surmise, for the light and warmth are at flood-tide. The voluptuous love-languors of the Duke and Olivia's luxury of grief fatten the idle soil for the blossoming of the rose. The disease of overmuch prosperity in the palaces of Illyria seems set over against the sanity of adversity in the forest of Arden. Viola, in her disguises as Cesario, has a harder task than the banished Rosalind; for instead of assisting at her own wooing, she is required to plead as an envoy of love

against herself. In place of the dilettante egotist Jaques, who would range through all experiences, we have here the solemn self-lover, Malvolio, pinnacled in his own sense of importance and his code of formal propriety, yet toppling from his heights to so grotesque a fall. Had Shakespeare encountered some starched Elizabethan Puritan, who looked sourly on the theatre, and thought that because he was virtuous there should be no more cakes and ale, and did the dramatist read a humorous lesson to his time on an error more deep-seated in the human heart than the excesses of a joyous temper? Was the comic spirit here a swordsman armed with the blade of reason and good sense? If such was the case, Shakespeare was assuredly no partisan, and Sir Toby Belch is hardly his ideal representative of a liberal humanism.

After the play of *Twelfth Night* we become aware of the first ebb of summer. It has been suggested that the events shadowed forth in the *Sonnets* took some of the joy out of Shakespeare's heart. It has been suggested that the fall of Essex, involving the disgrace of the poet's patron Southampton, tended to embitter his spirit. These are conjectures that cannot be verified. What is certain is, that he turned toward tragedy, and that his temper in comedy indicates a gathering of the clouds. The spirit of *All's Well that Ends Well* is as courageous as is the title of the play; and there is a need for courage, not of the gay and sportive kind, but serious and steadfast. The hero is no gallant Orlando or high-spirited Benedick. He has in him, we must suppose, the possibilities of noble manhood, but these are obscured by the errors and the vices of youth. The heroine is no glad-hearted girl like Rosalind, no scatterer of coruscating jests like Beatrice, but a woman, clear-sighted, strong-willed, and bent on achieving her purpose. She, the poor daughter of a physician, is a healer in a world that stands in need of healing. The bright-winged Cupid of nods and becks and wreathed smiles has been transformed into Love, the physician. Helena, honoured and cherished by all who know her aright, is rejected by the one man on whom her heart is fixed, and whom she rescues from his baser self with something of that maternal protectiveness, which in certain instances constitutes the nucleus of wifely love. The Countess is Shakespeare's creation, and nowhere

has he made age more beautiful. The comic business lies chiefly in the unmasking of the pretender, Parolles. It is required both by the action and the ethics of the play, but there is little to afford us pleasure in the humiliation of so paltry a *miles gloriosus*.

The atmosphere darkens in *Measure for Measure*. In the city of Vienna corruption boils and bubbles. From the Duke's deputy to the lowest drudge of vice, society is infected with the festering evil. To deal with the subtleties of sin, virtue itself must learn crafty ways; mines must be opposed by countermines. In Claudio the passions of youth, snatching too eagerly at unlicensed satisfaction, are brought into the presence of death; and to life, tender and florid, the vast regions of the grave are full of obscurity and uncertain horror. It is hardly a scene for the joy of love, though to two strong hearts love may come in the end as the sequel of a common struggle for justice and moral reformation. Rather is it a place for the trials and the victory of virgin chastity. The Duke moves through subterranean passages, guided by the dark lantern of moral prudence. Isabella illuminates the gloom with the light of an indignant saintliness. Here it is no pompous formalist who is humiliated; no common pretender who is detected and delivered over to laughter; the deadliest ambushes of evil are attacked; the heart, "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," is laid bare. Angelo, the self-deceiver, is exposed not merely to others, but to himself; he gazes down appalled into the abyss discovered in his own soul. We have travelled far from the fresh wild-wood paths of Arden and from the glowing gardens of Illyria.

No problems connected with the plays of Shakespeare are more difficult of solution than those offered by the satiric drama, in which matter from the story of Troy is handled in so enigmatic a fashion. Shall we place *Troilus and Cressida* hard by *Measure for Measure*, or date it some six years later, regarding it as a successor in comedy to the tragic study of the misanthrope in *Timon of Athens?* The evidence inclines in favour of the earlier date. Is some of the wood, hay, and stubble of the lost *Troilus and Cressida* of Dekker and Chettle imbedded in Shakespeare's play? Is it a satire of humanity or of contemporary individuals? Was this the "purge" which Shakespeare administered to Ben Jonson, and, with Jonson

disguised as Ajax, and Marston as Thersites, was the play one of those alarums and excursions connected with the war of the theatres, in which Marston, Dekker, and Jonson were the principal combatants?[1] Is Cressida a malicious portrait of the deceitful enchantress of the *Sonnets*, and was a satirical presentment of the heroes of Homer a retort upon the rival poet, conjectured to be Chapman, the translator of Homer, who had stolen away the favour of Shakespeare's young friend and patron. These questions remain unanswered. We can only say that the spirit of this comedy of disillusion is alien to that of genuine comedy as conceived by Shakespeare in his happier days. The young love of Troilus is betrayed by the courtesan born. Achilles is a dull-brained fellow, barren of wit, who sulks or wantons in his tent; Ajax is a clumsy elephant; Thersites lives on garbage, and spews his filth; Pandar is a lecher, incapable except by proxy; to fight on account of Helen is to set the world at odds for an harlot, yet on her behalf it is that Hector, knowing the folly of it, dies. Troilus is indeed a gallant youth, but his passion is a greenhorn's infatuation: let him be cured of it by surgical incision, however cruel! Shall we say that *Troilus and Cressida* and *Measure for Measure* are connected by a certain contrast and resemblance? In each the world is bubbling with corruption. The mighty persons of the earth in the one play are as ignoble as the mean persons of the other; the confraternity of Mistress Overdone includes the champions of the world and their renowned lady-loves; the worldly wisdom of the Duke is lowered and broadened into the all-embracing but wholly mundane experience of Ulysses; and in this sorry society it is from worldly wisdom alone that we can hope for any rescue or deliverance, for here we find no saintly Isabella, but a Cressida, offering her lips to every solicitor of the Grecian tents.

The spirit of mirth withdrew itself for a time from Shakespeare's art. He could still write comic scenes, but they were used to deepen the effects of tragedy. The grave-diggers of *Hamlet*, the porter turning the key of hell-gate on the night of murder in *Macbeth*, Lear's poor fool jesting across the storm upon the heath, the

[1] On this subject, see *The War of the Theatres*, by Mr. J. H. Penniman, 1897, and *The Stage-Quarrel between Ben Jonson and the so-called Poetasters* by R. A. Small (Breslau, 1899).

clown whose basket of figs conceals the worm of Nilus — these are humorous figures created in the service of pity and terror. Shakespeare did not return to comedy until his perception of the world and human life had been purified by the tragic *katharsis*. With every faculty of his mind labouring at its highest, he had pursued a long dramatic inquisition of the evil that is in the world and in the heart of man. He had not retreated into any facile creed of pleasant optimism, but boldly explored the face of night, and night had brought out the stars. Such love as that of Cordelia, such loyalty as that of Kent, could be fully revealed only in and through the darkness. Man pleased Shakespeare and woman also, when he wrote his tragedies, else the players would have had lenten entertainment; for a drama founded upon misanthropy would have been unendurable. In *Timon of Athens* the poet exhibits misanthropy as the evasion of weakness from the ruins of a self-indulgent optimism, and we may say that in *Timon of Athens* he bade farewell to gloom.

Shakespeare's latest comedies — *Pericles* (as far as it is his), *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest* — form a group, which is distinguished by a special character. The atmosphere is light and pellucid, like that which follows a thunder-storm. There is a great and wide serenity abroad; the heavens seem more spacious, and they bend down to embrace the margins of the land. The healing influences of nature are felt in the country lanes where Autolycus sings his tirra-lirra, and the meadows where Perdita follows her sheep, on the seacoast of Tarsus where Marina bears her basket of flowers, among the wild Welsh mountains with the gallant sons of Cymbeline, on the enchanted island full of "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not." The life of cities and courts had lost much of its attraction for one who perhaps was now finding repose and restoration among the Warwickshire fields. But Shakespeare did not plead, in the manner of Rousseau, for a reversion to the primitive conditions of humanity; he could smile at Gonzalo's imaginary commonwealth, where property has no existence; he saw in Caliban the rudimentary man not half informed with soul; he had faith in an art which mends nature, while yet it is an art which nature makes. And nature itself, with all of human life, seems to hang, dreamlike and yet real, in the encompassing

power of something that is above nature and that means well, however little we can trace its ways. Dian appears to Pericles in a vision, guiding him to her temple where joy awaits him; the innocence of Hermione is vindicated by the oracle of Apollo; Posthumus in prison is visited by Jupiter, giving him assurance of divine succour — "whom best I love I cross"; Prospero is aided in his beneficent designs by ministering elemental spirits. The growing resources of the Jacobean stage assisted the dramatist in scenic effects, to which he imparted a beautiful significance. The temper of these latest plays is a temper of reconciliation; the wrongs of life are present, but for those who can transcend the baser passions they work for good. Injuries are felt but are forgiven; broken bonds of affection are reunited; the lost are restored to hearts that have loved and suffered. "The oldest hath borne most," says Albany in the closing lines of *King Lear*. The old are seen in these last romances of Shakespeare as experienced in suffering, caused by the offence of others or by the errors of their own hearts; but they have learnt through suffering a certain detachment from the greed of personal gain, and they lean over the joy of young hearts, still immersed in the innocent egoism of youth, with a fond protectiveness. Cymbeline and his recovered sons, Pericles and Marina, Hermione and Perdita, Prospero and Miranda — it is the same sentiment, varied and repeated, in each of its exemplars. Certain indications that Shakespeare was loosening his connection with the theatre are present in these plays. He could, as in the instance of *Pericles* and perhaps in those of *King Henry VIII.* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen* contribute fragments to a drama in which, as a whole, he took little interest. In plays of which he is the sole author, his dramatic energy flags at times, to be renewed where the subject moved his feelings or charmed his imagination. The versification is breeze-like in its freedom, but sometimes the breeze falls away and sometimes it wanders with too vague an aim. The treatment of time passes from the extreme of romantic license, as in *The Winter's Tale*, to the strictest observation of the rule of unity in *The Tempest*. In *Pericles*, the earliest of these romances, Shakespeare cared only for certain scenes and situations. In *Cymbeline*, wherever Imogen, the loveliest figure in his gallery of portraits of

women appears, we are certain to receive his finest workmanship. Hermione and Perdita wholly possessed his imagination, while a crude sketch sufficed for the jealousy of Leontes. *The Tempest*, if we set aside the laborious jesting of Antonio and Sebastian (designed to express the barren brain that often accompanies a callous heart), is wrought with equal power from the first scene to the last.

Perhaps the conjecture is well founded that *The Tempest*, with its masque of wedding blessings, was written for the marriage of Princess Elizabeth to Frederick, Elector Palatine, in February, 1613. Perhaps it was Shakespeare's latest play. And it may not be altogether an idle notion of the poet Campbell, that in Prospero's breaking his magic staff and dismissing his airy spirits we have the farewell to the stage of the great enchanter who had summoned Prospero into being.

Shakespeare found poetic comedy in its rudiments; he left it fully formed. He brought together its various elements and organized them to fulfil the functions of a single living spirit. He made laughter wise, and taught seriousness how to be winning and gracious. Through no ascetic doctrine but by virtue of the spirit of life and beauty he purified the drama from the dulness of what is gross, and kept its temper above the seductions of sentimental morals and a nerveless lubricity. Wit, fancy, grace, constructive dexterity, are found among his successors. Shakespeare's sane outlook upon life as a whole, his gentleness of strength in dealing with the passions, his reserve of power, his moral wisdom, were lost to English comedy when Prospero abjured his magic and retired to the duties of his Stratford lordship of the soil.

Edward Dowden.

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